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High Times

June '78

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Infamous U.S. Tour
by Leslie Morrison

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GLUE CONFESSIONS:

Tubes, Bags
and Hallucinations

THE DISCREET CHARM OF MEXICAN POT

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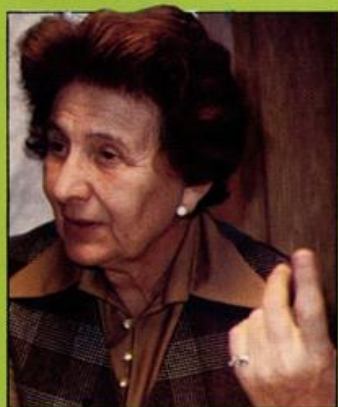
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High Times

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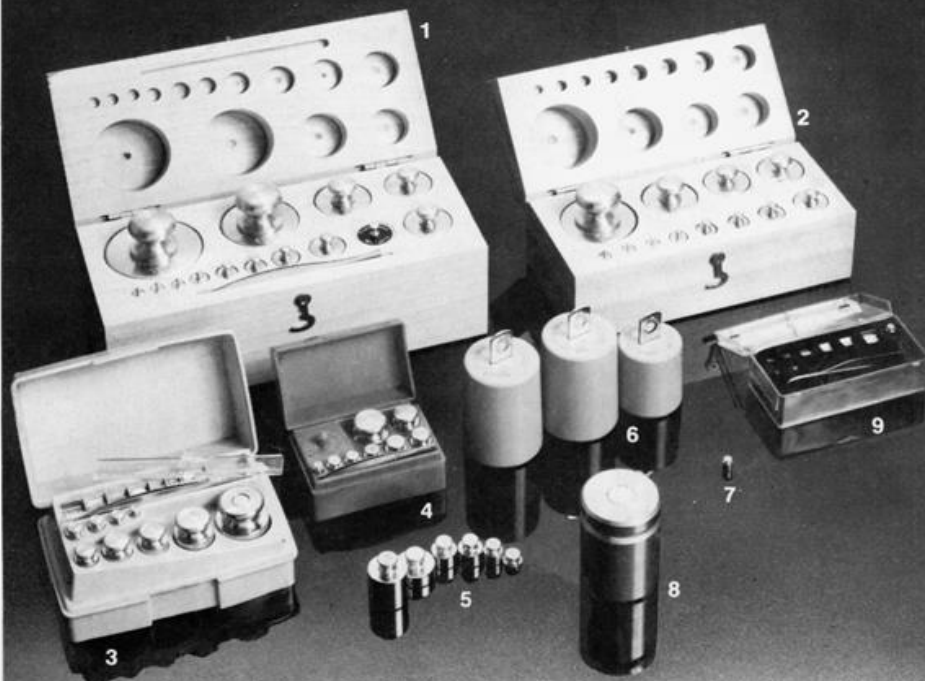
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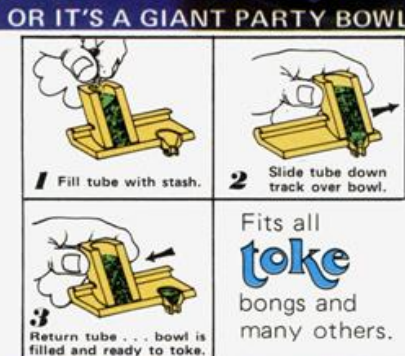
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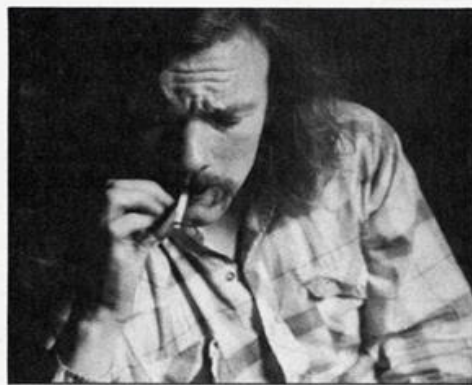
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S. 1437 is a Fraud, or, 1,001 Ways to Stifle Dissent

Some of the people who can be fooled all of the time are being fooled again by Senate Bill 1437. Before undergoing facial surgery the "criminal law recodification" was the pet project of Richard Nixon and John Mitchell—Senate Bill 1, later torched by angry liberals. Now the Frankenstein bill has been cleaned and resurrected following a deal between liberal and conservative forces, notably the Ted Kennedy and John McClellan camps. Such an amiable appearance resulted that even NORML's unwary Washington representatives dutifully endorsed the new version of the "recodification." They believed the bill, supposedly containing marijuana decrim provisions, had the best chance of passing into law. One lobbyist described it as "the best decrim we're going to get."

Whether or not S.1437, which provides a "criminal infraction" for 10 grams or less, is genuine decrim remains to be seen. At the annual December conference in Washington, NORML rank-and-filers unanimously denounced the son of S.1, not only because of its dubious decrim provisions but its overall effects on the civil rights of pot people and everyone else.

Recodification is a fraud. If the U.S. Senate had some reason for passing the bill—never mind some good reason, just any reason—they would have put it in the title, like "The Safe Streets Act of 1968."

But this is 1978. Law 'n' order, after Nixon, has become "recodification," one of those double-think euphemisms like "Vietnamization," designed to bamboozle people into acceding to something they'd never sit still for if they knew the score. Never mind the fact that the plight of marijuana arrestees would worsen every step of the way. S.1437 would go most of the way to entrapping the whole population in a web of security laws straight out of Nazi South Africa. Do you really think the government needs the power to:

- Make merely being present where a transaction is discussed, even one that doesn't go down, grounds for felony conspiracy, so long as the government could show someone takes a single step to do the thing (presumably through their informer)? Conversely, merely making an offer such as free pot at a smoke-in would be considered felony solicitation.
- Make both dealing in, and possession of, "smuggled goods" heavy crimes in themselves?
- Relieve police of having to advise you of your rights before they can use statements against you in court?
- Reinforce the worst inquisitorial features of today's grand jury system?
- Drastically increase actual time served on most offenses, end parole, mandate preventive detention (no bail) on crimes involving dealing "narcotics," which include pot, according to Senate conservatives, and give U.S. prosecutors powers to appeal "too lenient" sentences?
- Continue enormous loopholes in current wiretap statutes, which, for instance, empower any of 7,000 telephone-company security agents to tap your phone without a warrant, launder any evidence they find and initiate extracurricular prosecutions with their cop buddies?
- Turn into law the Burger Court decision that enables U.S. prosecutors to locate "community-standards" trials in locales so remote that many of our favorite publications will be banned?
- Arrest journalists for "reporting terrorist threats," à la Rhodesia?
- Enable any of millions of federal employees to declare acts of civil disobedience "against the public safety," making vigilantes of bureaucrats and legalizing May-day-style mass arrests?
- Bust demonstrators for "obstructing defense-related capability" during wartime or national emergency on sabotage charges?

These are but a few grizzly features. Truly, as Gordon Brounell, NORML's West Coast coordinator, who is a leading voice of internal dissent on the bill, put it, "the danger with S.1437 is that we'll end up smoking decriminalized pot behind bars."

To change the parameters of the great marijuana debate is one thing. For Washington pot lobbyists to squander the rights to smoke, grow and share marijuana for a promise of pie in the sky by and by, is another.

S.1437 may share the same fate as S.1. If it does, the U.S. will still have the criminal code it has now. Make yourself heard along with thousands of others on this vital issue at the White House Smoke-In, July 3rd.

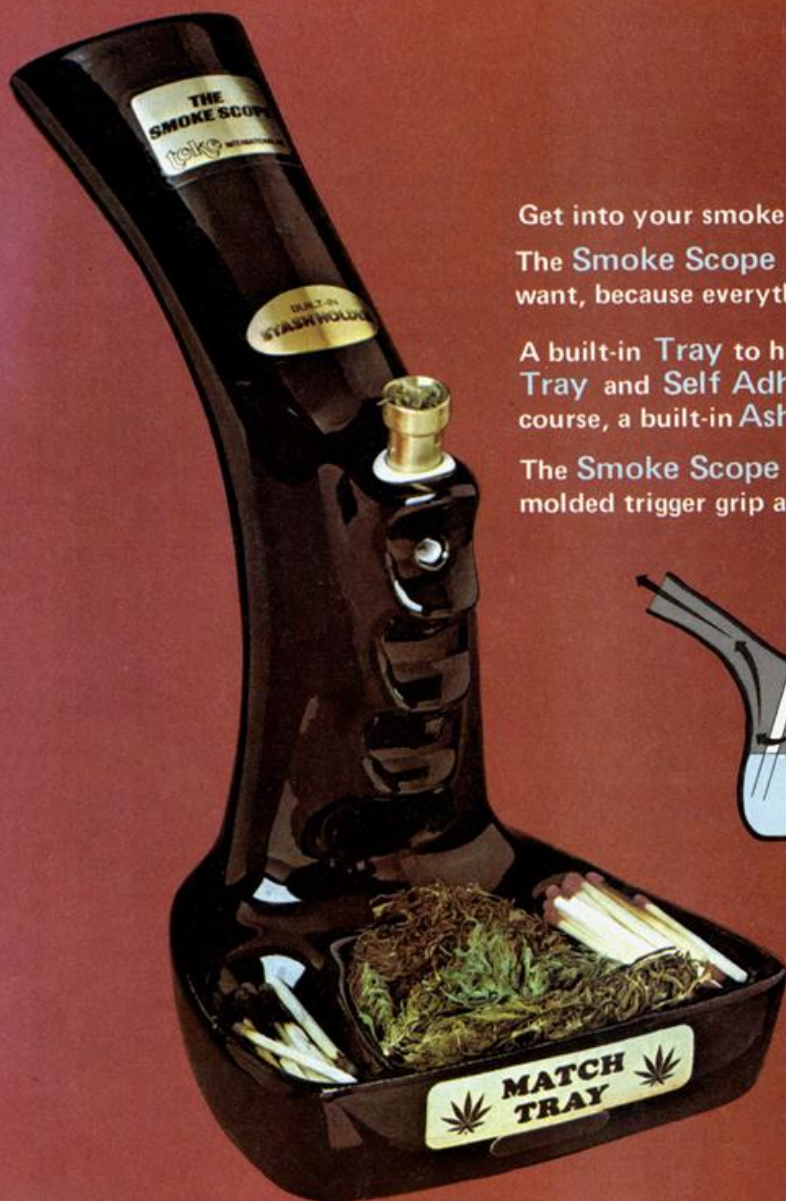
— Dana Beal

Dana Beal

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Keeping Tabs on Acid

Thanks for your article "LSD Now: A Generation Later" [*High Times*, February '78]. It is so very good to see and feel a consciousness that is not dying. I had fears that beer and Christianity would become the '70s' sole contributions to "awareness."

I am heartened by the continuing efforts to promote needed research with various forms of acid. Selfishly, I wish it were available in huge clean quantities but also think it could open hearts and minds in therapy and other mental health contexts.

I give whatever support I can. Here in Georgia I am told the legislature is voting on the legality of distributing your magazine. It seems the South is more paranoid than I am.

—Connie Smith, address withheld

Quoth the Führer

In regard to Danny Fields's "Opinion" [*High Times*, February '78] concerning Nazi symbolism in rock, I think some of its manifestations can be explained by what a token of long ago had to say. I quote Edgar Allan Poe in "The Fall of the House of Usher":

"There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis."

—Ronald Schaden, Rensselaer, Ind.

Hey Dudes

Joe Kane came up short the greatest dope song in rock history in "Dope Lyrics" [*High Times*, March '78]: The Beatles' "Hey Jude" was the world's biggest dope smash. Remember when the rumors flew that "Hey Jude" was actually the Beatles imploring then-retired Bob Dylan to get off his duff and the smack and get back into his music? I do, and I'm betting a lot of your readers do too and are disappointed by Kane's oversight.

In passing I'd like to add that the illustration for the article, with Alice in Wonderland gripping a set of works, was

a slander of one of rock's greatest eras. Why not Alice with a mushroom?

—W. Garrity, St. Louis, Mo.

U.S. Pots Office

I work in the U.S. Post Office, which has to be one of the safest places in the world to smoke. The law says you can't get busted by local authorities, because this place is considered government property and beyond their jurisdiction. We also benefit from union rules that say you must be given a chance at "rehabilitation" before they can even fire you (so said the union representative who deals all the dope around here)! We letter-sorting-machine operators fly high each night at our consoles after spending break time in the parking lot.

—Name and address withheld

Gun Shy

I'm bothered by gun smuggler Michael Quartermaine's description of an AK-47's firepower [*High Times*, March '78]. He says the effect is "like being in the rain, and you die." In 1972 I was caught by an AK-47 in a fire fight near Quang Tri in Nam (one of the few times I wasn't getting wasted on weed and doojie), and I can tell you that it cuts like utter hell and hurts in a clean, deadly way you never forget, if you don't die.

I know just where guys like Quartermaine are coming from. His is a dangerous business where you have to take a stand; then you reach for a weapon or get the fuck out. Which, after all, is what America should have done before I got the shitty end of Quartermaine's beloved AK-47.

—Pat Nultin, Buffalo, N.Y.

Many Are Chilled...

As a member of the Bay Area Cryonics Society, I'd like to clarify a few points in Gary Stimeling's "How to Live Forever" [*High Times*, February '78]. In particular his "Snow Thyself" insert. Twenty-five people *did not* have their "animation suspended." They were frozen *after* death, since it would be considered murder if the patients were suspended "alive." Secondly, besides the \$50,000 life-insurance policies, BACS suspension members provide a \$1,000 first-year life-time fee and \$70 per year thereafter to maintain equipment and standby services. Those with limited incomes have the option of paying a \$300 first-year fee, plus insurance, and an additional \$250 per year afterwards.

We immortalists don't want to cause the next world war by holding a monopoly on the eternal elixir. I think it safe to say we certainly hope the costs will come way down, bringing the techniques, when

they are perfected, within the reach of all who desire a long future. The prospect of future Francos notwithstanding, we accentuate the positive when speculating on what future society will be like.

—John B. Krug, Santa Cruz, Ca.

Station to Station

Gilbert Choate's yammerings about "Nonprogressive FM" [*High Times*, "Media," February '78] got me pissed. First, please ask him to share whatever it was he was smoking in 1968 to hear Rosco on New York's WPIX. As any self-respecting longhair could tell you, Bill Rosco Mercer worked at WOR-FM, then WNEW-FM, then the late WQIV.

"The Planet" is a good show, but dangerous too, because it represents a frightening new trend in FM radio. Nowadays uncreative, lazy radio programmers often rely on syndicated shows like "The Planet" instead of recognizing their obligations to the community and producing good shows themselves.

Radio is a local medium; it should reflect its listeners and area. Syndicated radio shows do not accomplish those goals. So if FM has gone "mellow" or "nonprogressive" as Choate suggests, blame it on national consultants and syndicators, maybe *High Times* itself, not individual stations striving for the creativity that brought FM to where it is today.

—Jim Cameron,

News and Public Affairs Director,
WCOZ-FM, Boston, Mass.

Gilbert Choate replies: I was smoking Brazilian gold; bananas, that is. As I recall, when Rosco sold them to me, he said he was on WQIV. Well, I haven't been able to get any good bananas since '68, either.



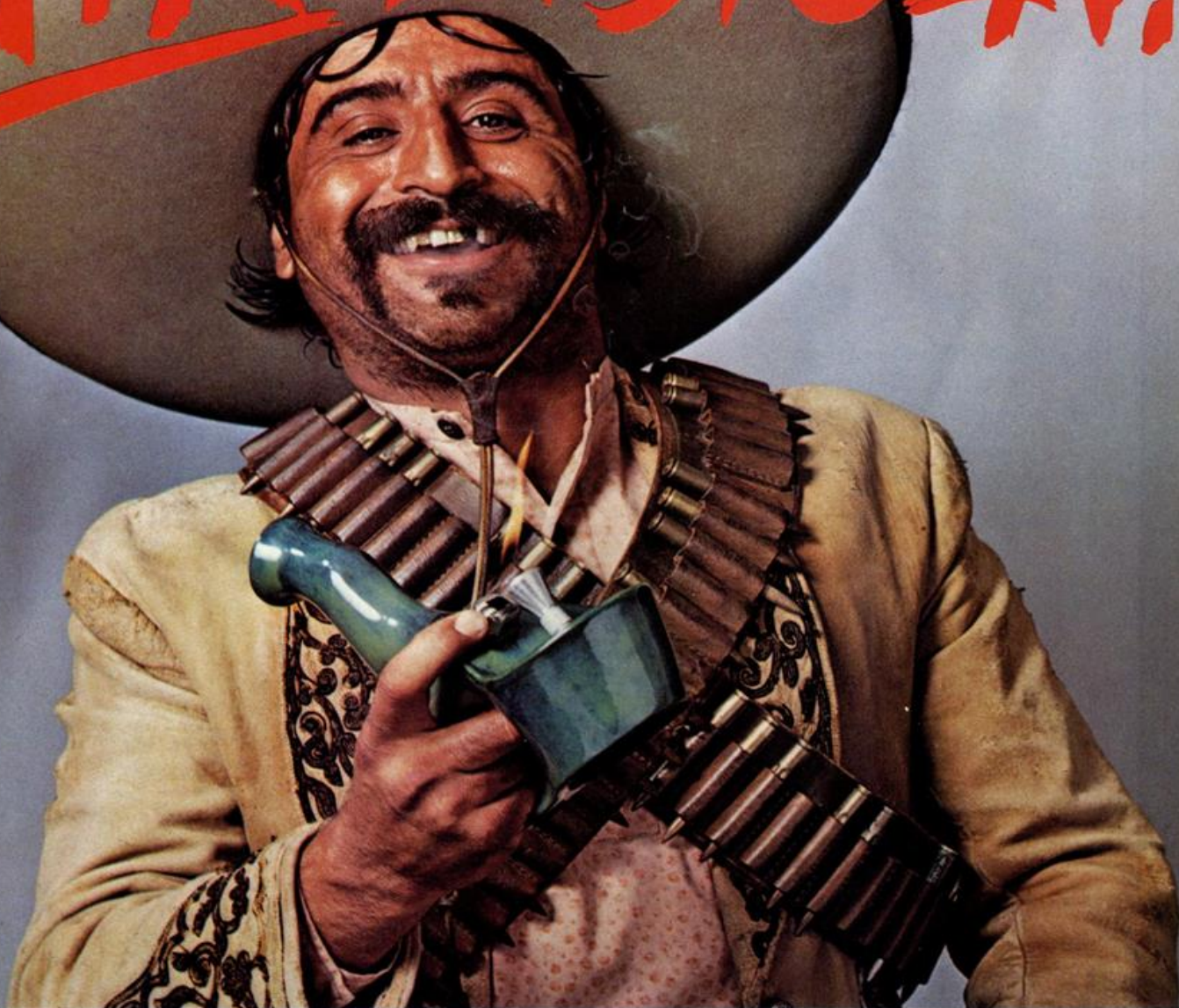
Steve Cooper

Heerre's Johnny

Johnny Carson asked me to write and thank you for sending along the "Joy of Tons" centerfold picture [*High Times*, March '78] to him. He enjoyed seeing it and plans to have it framed for display.

—Drue-Ann Wilson, Assistant
to Johnny Carson, Burbank, Ca. ■

VIVA PISTOLA!



Why is guerilla chieftain Alonzo Xavier Ernesto Miguel de Marijuano filled with joy? Well for one thing, he and his muchachoes have just taken the Presidential Palace. And for another, one of Alonzo's most loyal lieutenants has just handed him a Pistola.

Pistola is the latest in revolutionary bongos from Glass Head. It's made of beautifully-contoured, top-quality ceramic. It's equipped with a built-in butane lighter positioned to angle flame directly into Pistola's polished aluminum bowl.

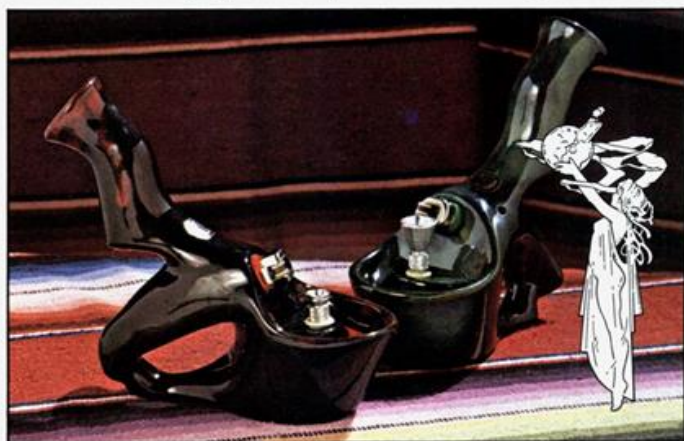
"Fantastico," says Alonzo, noticing how comfortably the bong fits his hand. "Muy bueno," says Alonzo, flicking the lighter wheel and igniting a bowlful of primo Maria Juanita. "Hasta la vista," says Alonzo, wandering into the Presidential bedchamber with the sultry, dark-eyed Carmelita. "Viva Pistola," says Carmelita, closing the door behind them.

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Q: What's the simplest, most economical way to extract and purify hash oil? Some say steam distillation is best, while others have told me purification with alcohol is better. — Name and address withheld

A: Solvent extraction, usually with alcohol, is really the only way to make hash oil. The simplest is the isopropyl (rubbing) alcohol method, evaporating the solvent in a hot-water bath, but this will yield only a crude resin and oil mixture, not a clear oil.

More sophisticated homemade methods are outlined in Mary Jane Superweed's Marijuana Consumer's and Dealer's Guide (Stone Kingdom Syndicate, out of print but worth searching for), David Hoyer's Cannabis Alchemy (Level Press, \$2.95) or, best of all, Michael Starks's recent Marijuana Potency (And/Or Press, \$4.95). Unless you already have a good chem-lab setup, the most economical way to make large quantities is to get an isomerizer. That way you can purify and recycle your solvents and process your oil for the highest possible THC content.

Panic-Free Performance

Q: I'm a dynamite jazz drummer—in practice sessions. But whenever my group lands a real live gig, I clamp up with stage fright. I've tried whiskey, pot and Valium—everything short of smack—to relax, but nothing works without also messing up my reflexes or time sense. It's ruining my career. Any help?

—Hammond Foster, Los Angeles, Ca.

A: Listen brother, even Bob Dylan gets stage fright. Why not just call it excitement and get on with it. Forget the Valium. Anyway, a new chemical called oxprenolol, recently tested in England, effectively quelled stage panic without affecting performance in other ways.

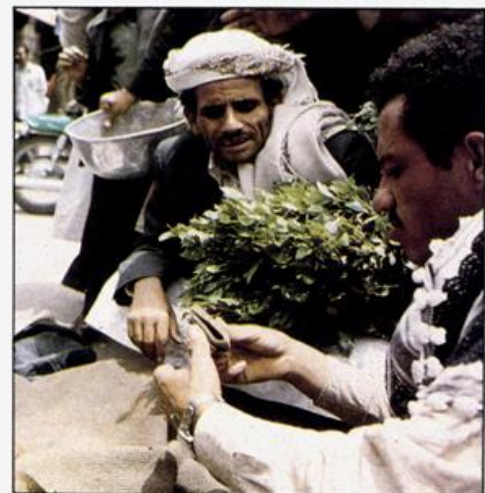
Two dozen violinists and cellists each gave two recitals at London's Wigmore Hall—one with the compound and one with a placebo. The 40-milligram doses were taken 90 minutes before curtain time. Two judges, who didn't know of the experiment, rated the performances. The oxprenolol solos were rated much better than the others, especially in intonation, smoothness and other aspects most af-

ected by nervous bows and fingers.

Information can be obtained from I. M. James, Section of Clinical Pharmacology, Academic Department of Medicine, Royal Free Hospital, London NW3 2QG. A full report on the experiment was published in the November 5, 1977, issue of the New England Journal of Medicine.

Khat Cultivation

Q: A. Craig Copetas's excellent article on khat in your February issue left just one question unanswered. Since the bush is still legal in the United States, how can we grow it; besides climate and soil require-



Black Star/Patrick Frillet

ments, can you tell us where to get cuttings or seeds?

—Name withheld, Richmond, Maine

A: Khat will grow outdoors in Florida and parts of California but requires a greenhouse elsewhere in this country. Remember: rich soil can kill *Catha edulis*. It thrives only on infertile land, dry but with good drainage, and is propagated best by cuttings or layering. There are currently no domestic suppliers for khat leaves, seeds, seedlings or any other part. See you in Yemen.

Pruning Tips

Q: I've heard that careful pruning can increase the yield of my pot plants, but I can't find any details on how to do it. Can you help me?

—Name and address withheld

A: When marijuana secretes its first resin after two months, you should pinch off the longest tops to produce a fuller, bushier plant. When flowering begins (after three to four months of growth), you can get your first taste of mature smoke by snipping the tops, at the same time forcing more uniform THC production throughout the rest of the plant. The hemp will regenerate another, slightly smaller top to replace each one you smoke.

Another technique: New leaf children

sprout upward from the apex where mature leaves join the stem; these will develop only if you remove the full-grown leaves, sending the plant's energy into the young ones. Don't simply pull off the leaf, because the attached hemp fibers will come off too, skinning the main stem and damaging the plant. Pinch or cut the old leaf as close to the stem as possible without damaging the new growth. Likewise, when pruning tops, you should bend the stem until it cracks, then cut it the rest of the way with a scissors or sharp knife.

Coca Quandary

Q: Maybe you can settle an argument for us. Some of my friends say all cocaine comes from only one kind of bush, but I've heard there are several different types of coca. Who's right?

—Allen B., Oak Ridge, Tenn.

A: You are. Most of the blow we see in the United States comes from the Bolivian, or Huanuco, coca (*Erythroxylon coca*), which has large dark green leaves with a yellowish underside. Huanuco also has a bitter taste because it has the highest concentration of cocaine. The Peruvian, or Truxillo, coca (*Erythroxylon novogranatense*) contains a more balanced assortment of alkaloids in its smaller, light-colored, sweet leaves and is preferred by most Indians for chewing. Truxillo was once commercially grown for coca extract in British Guiana, Jamaica, Java, Ceylon, Madagascar and India.

Beware of Falling Nukes

Q: That falling Russian nuke satellite got me wondering—how many pieces of hardware are up there?

—Angelo Thommasacci, Brooklyn, N.Y.

A: According to NORAD (North American Air Defense Command), which has the job of tracking all that junk, at press time there were 4,439 separate objects in orbit. That's counting rusty nose cones and defunct Vanguards as well as operational weather satellites and officially denied atom bombs.



Bug-eyed Canadian soldier in antiradiation suit heads for Soviet satellite crash site.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. □

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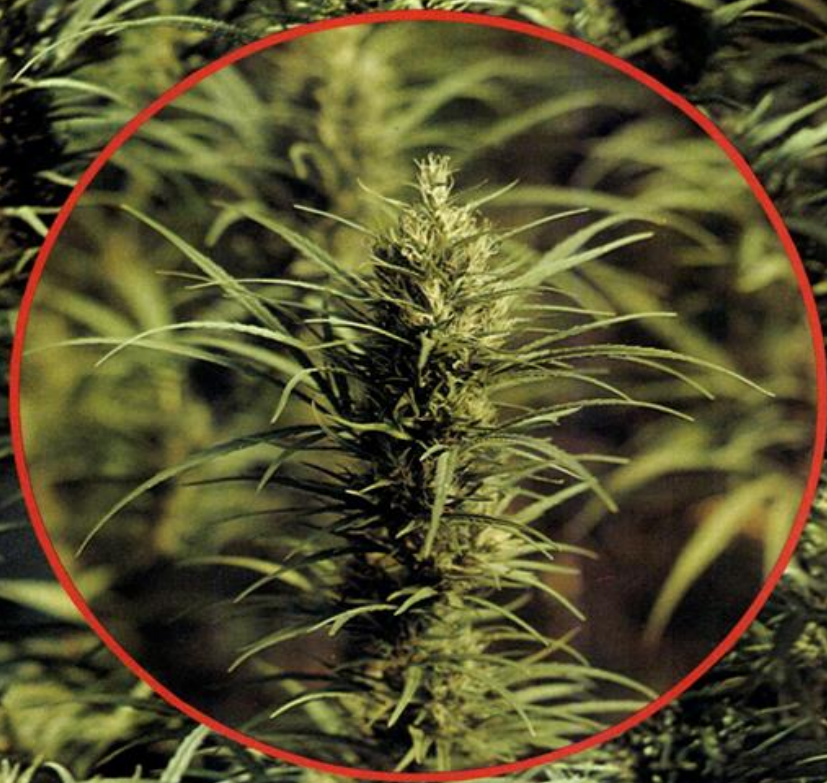
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The hills are alive with the sound of clicking shutters, the smell of developer is in the air and our mailbox is busting out all over from the overwhelming response to our High Times Dope Photography Contest. These are just a sampling of eligible submissions, more of which will appear in next month's "Stash."

Sand Pipers

Recently a 39-foot snapper boat loaded with Colombian pot ran aground, caught fire and exploded on the beach here,

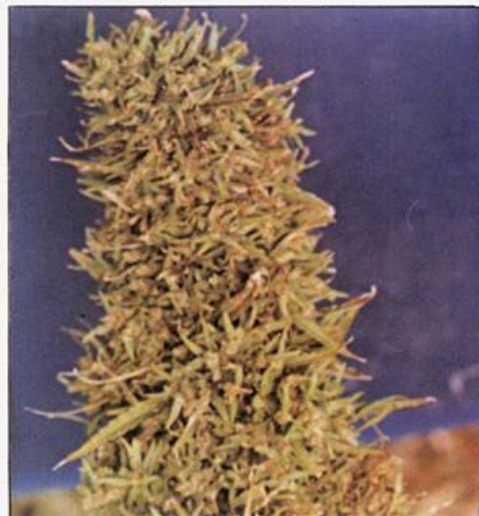


scattering the weed all over. This is just some of the stash we scarfed from under the watchful eye of local police and Customs.

—Wild Bill and gang,
Fernandina Beach, Fla.

Budding Virgin

Down here in Cajun country, food ain't the only thing we like spicy. This resinous



virgin was planted in swamp mud and cow shit, and it grew to a height of 12 feet. The smoke was sweet and the price couldn't be beat!

—Bozo, Baton Rouge, La.

Bombed Shelter

World War III doesn't scare me. When the nukes hit, I'll be down here working on a



blueprint for a new utopia, with a little help from Mary Jane, Gilbey and the Grateful Dead!

—Name withheld, San Jose, Ca.

Family Affair

Thought you might appreciate this lovely scene of a mother and her child joyously



celebrating the harvest. Up in their small northern mountain community, this horticultural pastime is quite popular.

—Pearl, address withheld

Field Trip

I stumbled across a patch of your end-of-article symbols while hiking through Colorado. Actually, that's genuine *Amanita*



muscaria, folks. Lately, I've been doing all my traveling at home.

—Name and address withheld

Smoking Section™

Welcome to the e-z wider® Smoking Section. This is the first of a series in which we plan to talk about rolling papers, music, smoking, hang gliding, surfing, old movies, people, racing cars, pipes, and other stuff.



We started e-z wider 6 years ago when we got tired of sticking two pieces of cigarette paper together.

"Why doesn't somebody make the paper twice as wide?"

"Why don't we?"

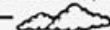
We told nine major paper companies we wanted to put out a double-width paper. They said, "No," "Can't be done," "Forget it," "It isn't done that way," and "You can't possibly be serious."

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He has won 26 major hang gliding contests, including the 1977 U.S. Masters. Tom is sponsored by e-z wider and is captain of the e-z wider flying team.



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L'Amour Toujours

by Jeff Goldberg

Love is erotic again and talking about it gets people off. What's more, a hot rumor has it that we are entering a "Summer of New Love" that promises to be sexy, satisfying and very high. Writer Jeff Goldberg asked some of *High Times'* favorite lovers for their candid opinions on the state of current *l'amour*. He found that love still hurts, still has no pride and still makes the world go around. But more exciting, people are discovering that love is all you need—it's the world's best aphrodisiac. Just what is this thing called love? Let's ask...



Carly Simon: James says love is a many splendored thing. I believe in love, although I do hate James.

James Taylor: Being a celebrity doesn't make love any different, it just makes people ask about it.



Rodney Dangerfield: When a man loves a woman, he shouldn't spend his whole life with her; he should spend maybe half an hour.



Robert Indiana (designer of the *Love* poster): Alone or with someone, one simply goes ahead and works. Whether it's as happy a life, who knows. I'm not one who's inclined to get carried away with romantic fluff. Everybody knows my *Love*, but they don't have the slightest idea of what I look like. I'm practically anonymous.

Alice Cooper: Love is a warm dog and a friendly fire.

Marshall McLuhan: Love is, in the Scriptures, the fulfilling of the Flaw. And so it is inclusive; it harmonizes everything. If we're told to love our neighbors as ourselves, that gets rid of all egotism. Spelled backwards, I guess it's evil. Or life spelled backwards is evil. "But," Mr. Yeats observed, "Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement." There are many contradictions in love.



Count Basie: Lemme tell ya something. Friendship. People are the biggest part of my life, musical or not. The greatest thing in the world is having friends come up and say "Hello, Count" and shake my hand or hug me. They can hear so much music today. But they're not mentioning whether the band is good or whether it's medium—they're just saying "Hi." That's it with me. That's love.

Jolie Gabor: No richness, no diamonds, no skyscraper, nothing is as good as love. But love can never make you happy unless it hurts. When your lover leaves you then you will never love again, never live again. Real love comes from the heart and breaks the heart.

Jamie Wyeth: Most of my emotional energy goes into my work. But I experience a very strong attraction to anything I paint, which I guess is love. I'm fascinated by strong emotions in my subjects, so I've fallen as much in love with the evil people as the good people that I've painted.



Wide World

Mickey Spillane: Probably the best way of telling if you had love is if it's lost to you. Then you know if you had it. Like the only way to tell a real pearl from a fake is to put it in a glass of wine. If it dissolves, it was real.

Pete Hamill: I used to be a narcissistic jerk. My idea of love was the kind you got from pop songs. But I've changed in the last five years.



Wide World

Marilyn Chambers: I love sex.

Sally Quinn: Politicians will make a lot of noise about what great relationships they have, because that's what the folks back home want to hear. In most cases it's a sham. Their careers come first, and their wives feel cheated. Washington is no romantic town at all.

Ray Bradbury: I loved the work of John Huston from the time his film *The Maltese Falcon* came out. I was 21 years old and people would say, "When are you going to write a screenplay?" and I'd say, "When John Huston asks me." Years went by. I met him one night when I was 28, but I was afraid of him and got tongue-tied. Then, after I published *The Martian Chronicles* and *The Illustrated Man*, I finally had dinner with him. That was February 14—Valentine's Day—1951. I looked him right in the face and said, "I love you and I love your work. I want to work for you someday." Well, I didn't see him again for two years. Then in L.A. in 1953, he called me up to his hotel and gave me the job of writing *Moby Dick* for the screen.

Lou Reed: Boy meets girl, girl meets boy. It's the oldest story in the world.



Wide World

Truman Capote: It's people like you that make me have to change my phone number every two months. ☐



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For Sale: The 60's

by Fenton Lawless

The Sixties will never happen again. Megaproducer Gary Marshall may sell ABC a Sixties-ish sitcom, "Happy Days" style, or ex-Monkees Mickey Dolenz and Mike Nesmith could reunite, but the Sixties? No way, bro. But, as Joe Kane, the author of *High Times'* own history of dope movies, remarked to me the other night, "Ah, the Sixties—they were too beautiful to live, too profitable to die."

Just why is the media fattening us already for the Sixties revival? This time for the money. They missed it live, but as a rerun it is just perfect for prime time. But they forget. To make the Sixties happen again they need a Vietnam, they need a Bobby Kennedy. We all need the Beatles. Who needs a Sixties revival anyway? At their best the Sixties were a spontaneous revival of early Christian love and peace. They were fueled by dope and unself-conscious lunacy, and any media-sponsored reincarnation must be bogus: a plastic epiphenomenon, a phony phenomenon of a phenomenon—just what we were supposed to avoid in the Sixties.

Who is pushing this revival anyway? Certainly not the *Whole Earth Catalog* people, not Bob Dylan or vegie-anarchists in Vermont communes, but NBC with shows like "What Really Happened to the Class of '65," Rolling Stone magazine and rock 'n' roll management companies like a group in New York named Leber-Krebs that produces *Beatlemania*, a Broadway hit that purports to recreate the "spirit" of the Beatles on stage. The four look-alike imposters in *Beatlemania* are talented mimics, but the show is a ghoulish ripoff of the original fab four. Which is all very Seventies, but not very Sixties. Making money is kosher in the Seventies; reheating the Sixties to get us to swallow again is drek.

Don't misunderstand me. I loved the Sixties. Some of my best friends lived in the Sixties. But what's the motive here? To donate the profits of the revival to the victims of the My Lai massacre, to get yellow sunshine back in the hands of the people or to spend the profits at Studio 54 on Dom Perignon and cocaine. You guess.

These Sixties-loving born-again capitalists are into something other than

denim. And god bless 'em, I say. Get down and enjoy yourselves and shake your booties. But c'mon, you knuckleheads, get out of here! The Sixties are a space in time we can never pass through again.

We had many opportunities to tune in back then, and transcendence was bigger than disco. Nowadays we "find" ourselves at spas like Esalen for a fat Seventies fee. The "new" Sixties look rife with old dogs with even older tricks. Consider the comeback of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and Transcendental Meditation (T.M.). He was the guru of the Beatles themselves, of Mia Farrow and the Beach Boys. Now he's onto a new scam—levitation. His media flacks now oraculate on David Susskind and Tom Snyder (the TV home of the Sixties revival), claiming not just inner peace but *levitation!* With their answer to the world's energy crises, you can literally lift your body from the confines of gravity and go about your business.

Unfortunately, this act cannot be demonstrated on television for the profane to

**"Ah, the 60's:
too beautiful
to live,
too profitable
to die."**

see. They must pay for the course, and would it not be sacrilegious to perform such a feat for an audience? Catholics do not perform miracles on TV, right? Wrong. Pope Paul VI turned bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus Christ on TV at Yankee Stadium in a High Mass. When? In 1967. See the difference? Pope Paul put his ass on the line in the Sixties, but T.M. won't do the same in the Seventies.

Hollywood—the barometer of society—is also getting ready to resell the Sixties. The town that brought us *Reefer Madness*, *Tony Rome* and "Ironsides" is dumping millions into a new *Hair* and *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (which stars Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees). The very same yahoos who rated *Woodstock* "R" so that the people who were in the movie couldn't see the movie without parental accompaniment are now tooling up their P.R. departments to sell us tickets to the remake of the stoned Sixties.

Will television be as successful at programming the Sixties as they were at reselling the Fifties? Is there a Fonz of the Sixties? When Richie, Malth or Potsie need advice on their very Fifties problems like chicks, poor grades, boy blues or whatever, the Fonz is there with cool and everything's thumbs up. But Sixties problems like bum trips, exotic V.D. and duty in Nam are still topics non grata on the tube, and I doubt if the Fonz has any answers for them.

We had too much fun, broke too many



Copyright © 1978 Jim Marshall.

Are there agents in rock 'n' roll heaven?

barriers back then, and there's no way it can be shown. The sex, the drugs and the political awakenings may be too much for even the networks to digest. When the Bible of Rock 'n' Roll (aka Rolling Stone magazine) did stage its television special celebrating its tenth anniversary, it managed despite all odds to make the Sixties downright boring; with guests like Gladys Knight and the Pips, Rolling Stone fell into the same-old-shit syndrome of prime time.

Maybe television will develop a series revolving around the exploits of a hip narc who infiltrates fraternities and subversive organizations; or better yet, every week he can pose as something he isn't, and he can bust a whole garden variety of longhairs and hippies and set them on the straight and narrow. But wait, they've already done that. Baretta does it all the time and gets dynamite ratings, too. For sure, television will concoct something. A sort of revisionary look at ourselves. The way we weren't.

The bottom line of Sixties nostalgia will be the cash return on the investments made by the usual soulless assholes in the corporate world. Fortunately, there is no simple formula for recreating a period as volatile as the Sixties. Yet the youth market today knows the Sixties only as well as they're told, and the most efficient medium for that is records. If punk is squelched, let out to dangle slowly in the wind, if we don't get mad as hell, the anger of the Sixties will be deleted, nullified. Without sex, violence, anger, dope and rock, any representation of the Sixties will be a fairy tale.

Why punk? When we have the music stars of the Sixties and Seventies on the Billboard Awards TV special gathered around the stage singing "White Christmas" in tribute to Bing Crosby it is hard to convince anybody that the Sixties were a time of revolt.

So in the spirit of the Seventies I give the entrepreneurs a good luck and a right on, and I hope everybody breaks even. But I wouldn't bet the ranch on it. ☐



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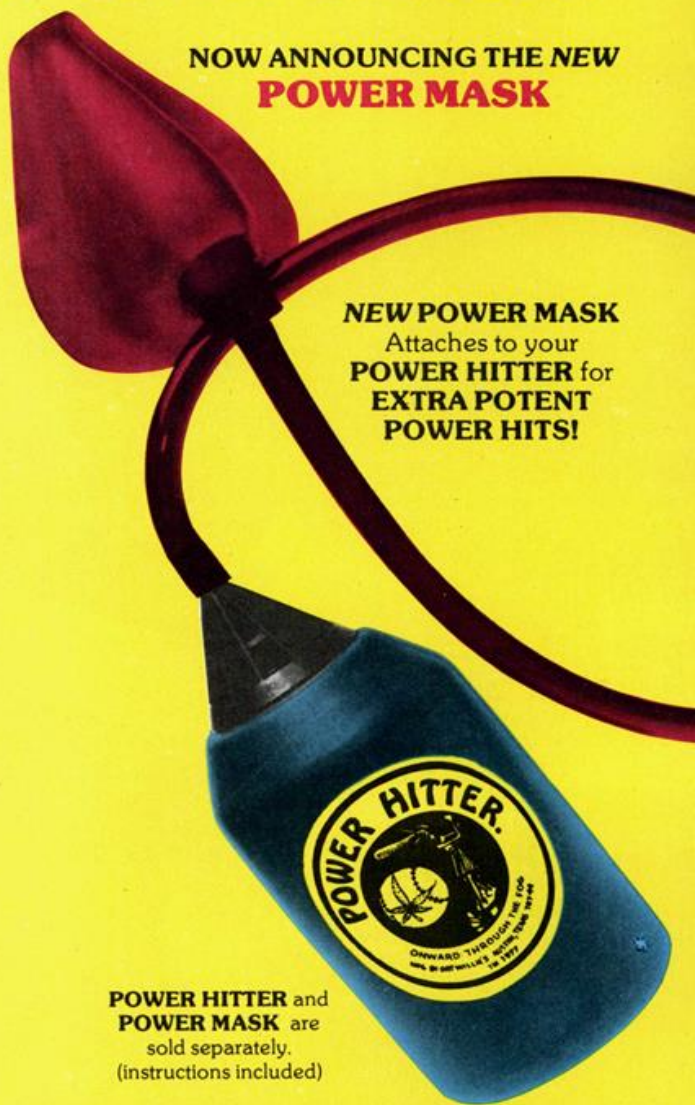
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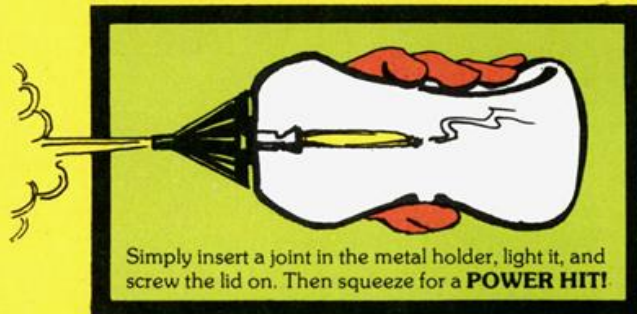
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by Gary Stimeling

Food Freedom Fighters

Every day millions of Americans are dosed with poisonous, nutritionless foods and cancer-causing additives. However, a grass-roots movement is fighting slow food poisoning and attempting to improve the way America feeds itself. Among these health lobbyists, the foremost and most effective organization has been the Nutrition Institute of America (200 West 86th Street, New York, New York 10024).

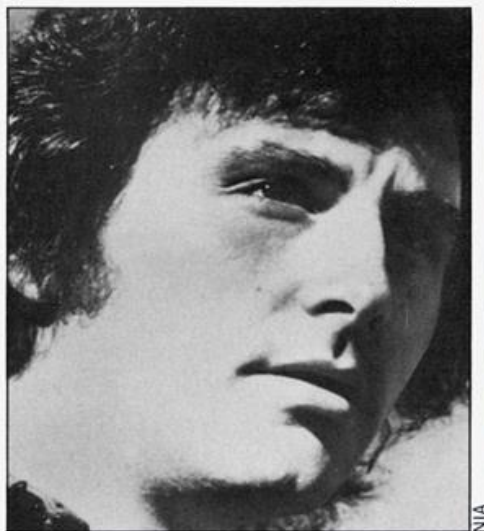
The NIA's driving force has been researcher Gary Null, and the group now boasts the largest staff of consumer-health advocates in the nation, all of whom donate their efforts for free. In order to preserve complete independence the NIA does not accept grants or monetary donations from anyone, deriving its operating income from sales of the 20 or more books written by Null and staff. These range from *Biofeedback*, *Fasting and Meditation* and *How to Get Rid of the Poisons in Your Body* to *The Art of Natural Winemaking*. Though they seem to be selling well through the publishers, Null gives away copies at every opportunity and makes the institute's extensive library and files available to other investigators by appointment.

Null also hosts one of the two radio shows in the entire nation that are devoted to health. "Natural Living," on New York's WMCA, is a combination of interesting guests and useful information that has set new records for audience response—up to 6,000 phone calls in 15 minutes, so many that the station had to discourage callers.

Null has spent years forming a network of journalists to aid in digging up well-researched exposés. The NIA was the first to break the news that a known carcinogen (carboxylcellulose) was being used in frozen yogurt, and the publicity got it removed. The organization has an ongoing investigation of psychic healers aimed at exposing the charlatans and publicizing those who actually have the power. It studies certain scientific questions that might not be investigated elsewhere, such as the possible usefulness of pyramids in

reducing the body's need for sleep and the exchange of electrical energy between people while making love.

NIA's methods are best illustrated by its work on the recent laetrile-test scandal at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York. The center, under pressure to produce the definitive word on laetrile, released results of two studies last June, both of which stated that the apricot elixir was useless against cancer. One of the tests was conducted on a special strain of mice that, due to a genetic



Consumer advocate Gary Null, founder of the Nutrition Institute of America.

defect, spontaneously develops breast tumors similar to those in humans. The report stated that laetrile was ineffective, while all eight standard anticancer drugs now in use work against the tumors.

One man, Ralph Moss, questioned the report, so Null's staff assembled 15 top-notch journalists to grill Moss for hours on his allegations. When they were satisfied they had a story, they placed it in various New York media. A further investigation by Richard D. Smith of *The Sciences*, the prestigious journal of the New York Academy of Sciences, led the academy's president to denounce the "inexcusable misinterpretation." It seems that none of the standard drugs has ever been shown useful against this type of tumor, and Sloan-Kettering was forced to admit this fact in the official publication of its report.

Null's views on the nature of society are quite utopian: he has no use whatsoever for laws or government, since both are created to protect the profits and images of various special interest groups. The only hope, he believes, lies in "proper moral and philosophical character development." Still, he refuses to subscribe to any conspiracy theories: "Someone in a major chemical company doesn't want to hurt you. He has kids. He's not going to intentionally allow a product that he knows could kill people to go on the market. But because he doesn't want to

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admit failure, he'll often let questionable products go through."

This assessment, of course, is belied by numerous cases of safety tests intentionally falsified for the sake of profit. Six members of the Velsicol Chemical Corporation, for example, were recently indicted for suppressing knowledge of the cancer potential of the pesticides heptachlor and chlordane. And the story of G. D. Searle Company's "lost" reports on the carcinogenic dangers of its Aspartame (a sweetener) and Aldactone (a diuretic) was carried by Caveat Emptor, of which Null himself is associate editor. Still, he's obviously right in saying the main problem is not where to place the blame in each case but how to produce a reverence for life throughout industry. After all, for every poison exposed by diligent muckrakers, thousands more glut the market.

Toward this end, Null concentrates on undermining the "expert syndrome": the control of the masses by the very few by convincing them that modern society is so complex they can't know anything for themselves. He hopes that as people gain control over one basic aspect of their lives—nutrition—they can learn to take over the whole political/social framework for their own benefit.

Solar Resourcefulness Boosts Crop Yields

Two recent innovations in farming promise to open up new croplands with minimal effects on the environment.

The first solar-powered irrigation system is entering its second year of successful operation near Mead, Nebraska. The largest bank of solar cells yet built powers a 10-horsepower pump that waters 80 acres of corn and soybeans. The system is used to dry the corn during winter. A federal grant helped offset the high installation costs, but project managers expect the system to be competitive with other irrigation equipment by the mid-1980s.

In Israel, scientists have tapped natural hot water reservoirs beneath the Negev Desert to heat greenhouses for winter crops. Engineer Elazer Rappaport and agronomist Dov Pasternak drew hot water from subterranean pools, pumped it between a double-layered plastic roof to heat greenhouse air, piped it through the floor to warm the roots and finally drained it into an irrigation system for outdoor vegetables. They expect seepage to return much of the water to its source.

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HIGHWITNESS

June '78 No. 34

186 Tons Busted!

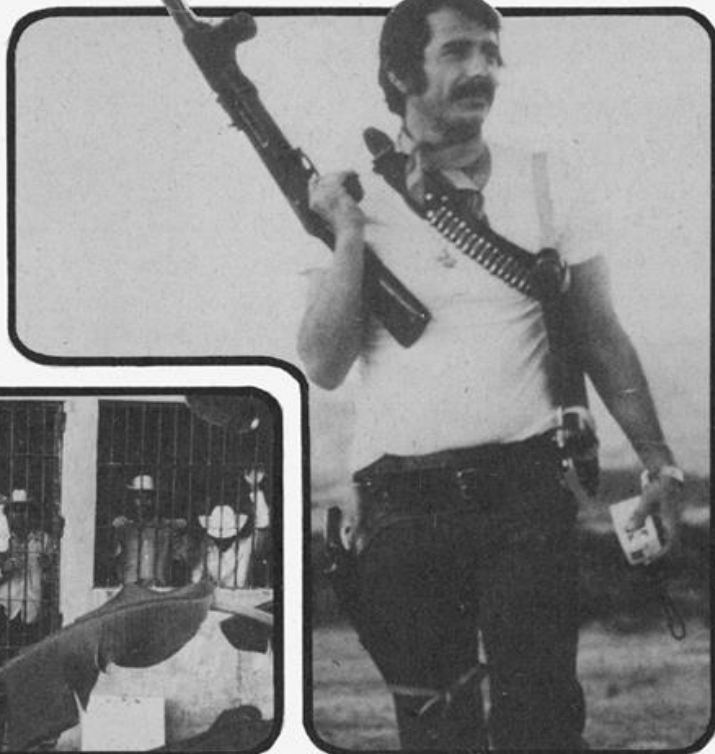
Growers, DEA Shoot It Out in Guajira

DIBULLA, COLOMBIA—At least four people are dead and 30 wounded after a two-day beach and inland battle between U.S. and Colombian marijuana exporters and the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) that netted 186 tons of marijuana, the largest single marijuana confiscation in history. The action occurred in the "golden triangle" pot-growing region of Santa Marta in Colombia.

The grass guerrillas, who export pot from Colombia's rugged Guajira Peninsula, made the first strike against DEA and Colombian narcs on February 1, when their anti-aircraft and automatic-weapon fire downed a spotter plane flown by DEA agent John Stevenson near the town of Dibulla. Another DEA agent later died from wounds incurred in the ensuing ground battle, while Stevenson made his way back to a clandestine DEA base in the city of Valledupar, according to initial reports from the grass-guerrilla camp.

The following day, 15 miles north of Dibulla at Menguaca Beach, another DEA spotter plane located some 40 cargo handlers loading canoes and launches with pot and ferrying it out to a mother ship for transfer north. Two platoons of government forces pounced, and a bloody beach battle followed, resulting in at least three fatalities. Reports indicated that four men escaped in the launches under a hail of carbine and heavy machine-gun fire while other wounded growers and dealers fled into the jungle. Nearly 30 arrests were made and 215 sacks of pressed marijuana—amounting to 186 tons—were confiscated. The freighter, carrying an unknown quantity of pot, escaped northward before air support arrived to aid the narcs.

The D-men had reached Colombia only two days prior to the conflagration to set up the base at Valledupar, located at the southernmost point of the triangle around the prime growing areas of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta. The first confrontation occurred when the flying narcs spotted a large cargo plane being loaded from trucks on an airstrip near Dibulla. The narcs radioed the position in to ground support troops and circled lower for a closer look, unprepared for the anti-aircraft fire that met them.



Mexican marijuana growers wait behind bars after being arrested by government and DEA troops.

NORML Calls on Gov't to Stop Spraying

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has demanded that the U.S. State Department and the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) immediately stop their participation in herbicide-spraying programs in Mexico.

NORML charges that the State Department and DEA have openly encouraged and supported the spraying of the herbicides paraquat and 2-4-D on marijuana and poppy plants for nearly three years without filing Environmental Impact

statements as required by law. These defoliants, according to a letter sent to the DEA, have the potential of doing short- and long-term damage to the environment.

Despite the apparent dangers, NORML director Keith Stroup claims that no U.S. government agency or official has ever thoroughly analyzed any of the potential environmental and health consequences that could result from the spraying, as is required under the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969.

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Coke Exporters Winning in Peru

by Stuart Levitan

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Peru is clearly losing the battle against cocaine exporters, according to recent studies by both the American and Peruvian governments.

"There has been an intensification of alarming degree in the illicit traffic of drugs," notes a report from the Peruvian Investigations Police (PIP). "In spite of the great efforts that the Peruvian government has made they have not been able to eradicate the clandestine cultivation of coca," an unofficial translation of the report continues, warning of the "frightening detriment to the human potential of the nation."

A new report by the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control meanwhile praises Peru for its "strong commitment" to enforcing narcotics laws but concludes that there is "considerable doubt as to the ability of the government to effectively control the cultivation of coca."

The committee criticized Peru, however, for failing to abide by the provisions of the Single Convention and for failing to enforce its own domestic laws designed to limit coca cultivation to levels necessary for medical use. "This law has largely been ignored," the report states, noting that more than half of the 25,000,000 kilograms of coca leaf grown each year is diverted into illegal channels. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration estimates that Peru, which is responsible for about 75 percent of all South American coca, produces about 34,000 kilograms of processed cocaine each year.

Peru is currently considering a massive land-divestiture program to limit to ten hectares (about 25 acres) the land allowed each person, but the plan "is not immediately viable because of the political unrest it would generate." Another problem the House committee found with crop substitution plans is that "the farmers themselves have neither the concern for, nor the knowledge of, the problems which their coca crop causes in other nations."

According to the PIP report, the problem has international causes and requires international solutions. The often emotional report speaks of "an invasion of narcotics traffickers of different nationalities... organized gangs that operate on an international level."

"It is necessary that the countries present a united repressive front," the report states, urging greater international exchange of information and coordination of police action.

An economics specialist in the Peruvian embassy stressed that his government was doing its best but would need increased assistance from the United States, particularly in the fields of labor, money and technology. "We understand what a very serious problem this is," he said, "and we want very much to do whatever we can to eliminate it. But we need your cooperation."

Although a million Peruvian Indians chew about 7.3 million kilograms of coca leaf each year, cocaine "is not locally a great problem. The reason," the House report states, "lies in its prohibitive cost."

Pot Found Zen Monk Busted

OSAKA, JAPAN—One of Japan's top-ranking Zen monks was arrested for cultivating a marijuana field in the back of a Zen temple. Toshitaka Aono, the 34-year-old son of a Zen master, was busted along with the owner of a strip joint for possession of 10 grams of dried leaves, six pipes, 50 square feet of marijuana and participation in what was described as a "marijuana party."

Aono, a member of the super-secret Sono sect, learned to smoke grass during his travels around the world, according to reports. He brought the marijuana seeds from Thailand and began his garden in 1972. Sono sect leaders claim Aono smoked the pot after severe Zen

training sessions where monks are denied food, water and toilets.

Police caught on to Aono's marijuana garden during a six-month probe of pot smokers here. Aono faces up to five years in prison.

To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: HighWitness News, High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Pot Prisoners Abused

by Kam Fong Hee

SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA—Over 200 marijuana smokers arrested here since 1976 have been sent to a primitive insane asylum on the outskirts of the city in what official sources describe as a "scientific study to determine how the brain cells of marijuana users can be saved." Korean pot smokers, known as "happy people," are forced to sign a prison confession admitting that they use pot. The prisoners are then transferred to the second floor of the Huang asylum for the so-called scientific study conducted by physicians and government representatives.

"There are no windows or doors," described one prisoner who recently escaped and is making his way to the U.S. "The guards kicked us in the groin, filled us with downs, threw us in cells with real crazies and fed us nothing but boiled vegetables."

"Everything was sold to us at five times the street price," explained the former prisoner. "When we threw cigarette butts on the floor the crazies would dive on them, roll them in strips of old newspapers and chew on them. After a while, everyone inside just starts beating each other to let loose."

This routine, according to the source, is only interrupted for medical interviews when research physicians ask questions such as: Why do you rock and roll? What makes you smoke pot? Are you a pot-smoking communist agent? Are you able to describe the sensation of rotting brain cells?

Forty-three South Korean men, arrested in the spring of 1976 for smoking marijuana, are still being interviewed inside the asylum because researchers claim to have discovered that earrings the prisoners were wearing denoted a sign of membership in a procommunist, marijuana-smoking cult.

South Korea's Draconian crack-down on marijuana smoking began in 1970 when U.S. Army brass stationed here pressured the government of Park Chung Hee to outlaw pot. In an attempt to frighten army personnel stationed here, a small fine was imposed until the Hanoi government overran South Vietnam. President Park linked pot to the fall of Southeast Asia, dubbed marijuana "international enemy number two after communism" and changed the penalty for possession of over an ounce to death by hanging.

"The police rarely caught anyone in the act of smoking marijuana," explained the government source. "Over 90 percent of the arrests came as a result of information beaten out of people taken in off the streets and the promise of a 10-percent reward to anyone turning in smokers."

"In 1976 the government realized more people were smoking marijuana than previously thought," continued the source. "Believing their own propaganda, the Park regime was angered over the loss of patriotism evidenced by all the happy people and decided to investigate brain-cell damage."



Spoon Holes Mystify Rome

ROME—Cafe owners throughout the city have taken to punching holes in their coffee spoons in an attempt to stop local heroin addicts from stealing them. Roman junkies, who currently number in the thousands, have discovered that the standard Italian coffee spoon is just right for mixing heroin and distilled water for a quick shot.

Cafes and bars from Santa Maria in Trastevere to Piazza Navonna were losing upwards of 350 spoons

a week before the spoon-punch plan began. Even now, bars still lose over 24 punched spoons a week.

"I've also seen some young louts hanging about on the squares with necklaces made from the spoons, and if the fashion catches we will be in big trouble," said barkeep Sergio Iannone, owner of the famous Iannone bar in Trastevere. "Tourists ask why our spoons have holes and, when told, pocket them as proof of the story when they get home."

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Despite Narcs

Moroccan Hash Flows North

by Maxine Feifer

TANGIERS, MOROCCO—Twice each week, the ferry boat *Agadir* makes its way between Tangier and Sete, France. And since 1975 over 6,000 pounds of Moroccan hash have been busted by French Customs officials who watch the converted German battleship 24 hours a day.

Most of the hash smuggled into France originates in the small Rif Mountain village of Ketama where the resinous pollen sells for between \$50 and \$100 a pound. On the streets of Paris, it will sell for 30 times this price. In America, the price will be 60 times higher.

Although there are busts made, the Moroccan hash business is no subterranean enterprise. Dealers and growers meet in the Ketama Hotel to do business. Both the hotel and growing land are owned by the King of Morocco and the royal family. The crop is for export and Ketama sellers specialize in concealing hash in cars for the ferry ride to Europe.

A car can travel from Morocco to Europe via three possible routes: overland and then by ferry to Spain, or by boat to France, either on the *Massalia* from Casablanca to Marseille or on the *Agadir* from



The Ketama market, scene of some of the world's largest hash deals.

Tangier to Sete. During tourist season, there are as many as 150 cars aboard the *Agadir* daily. Customs' rule of thumb is to completely search all vehicles driven by Moroccans, as multi-kilo shipments to Europe are usually part of the purchase price.

Coveralled Customs inspectors insert long, illuminated wands into engines and gas tanks, the recesses of the trunk, under the suspension and every possible crevice of the chassis. The car is weighed, and needles are stuck through upholstery. If the needle smells of hash the car is confiscated. If the gas level doesn't go down, Customs rips open the gas tank. Unpainted screws attract attention, new soldering

arouses suspicion and floor boards are ripped up.

As many Ketama growers have taken to manufacturing hash oil, Customs has instituted complete luggage searches of all suspicious travelers on the *Agadir*. In the past three years nearly 50 pounds of hash oil has been confiscated on board the *Agadir* and *Massalia*.

Narcotics agents speculate smugglers are now taking hash directly to northern Europe on their own boats.

Kif Flow Stalled

RABAT, MOROCCO—In the first major bust here in recent memory, over 25 people, including customs officers, narcs, two members of parliament and representatives of the Morocco Tobacco Authority, were arrested for exporting 60 tons of hash from the Rif Mountain growing region. The export group, according to reports, had been under investigation for a year by Interpol, the international police agency.

The 60-ton shipment, destined for Spain, was labeled as chocolate bars and health biscuits. The finely pressed light brown hash was then

shipped on small boats from northern Morocco to the Spanish port city of Barcelona. The export group had been working the route for at least five years, according to sources here, with the hash ending up in London and Amsterdam.

Three unidentified Americans were said to be involved in the hash bust, but no specifics were given by Moroccan authorities. Sources close to the Justice Ministry revealed that Interpol is following up leads that point to the Mediterranean isle of Ibiza, located halfway between Morocco and Spain.



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David Solomon Jailed in Britain

LONDON—David Solomon, former editor at Esquire and Playboy magazines, ex-colleague of Timothy Leary, campaigner for drug-law reform and author, is in jail here awaiting trial on charges that he conspired over a seven-year period to produce what police described as "half the world's supply of LSD."

The charges relate to Operation Julie, an 800-strong police acid swoop in the south of Wales. Carrying guns and smashing down doors with sledge hammers, police grabbed 121 people including two doctors and two chemists. Police had been planning the raid for over a year.

Codefendant Richard Kemp, 33, is said to have made a remarkable discovery in the course of manufacturing the acid. Kemp allegedly found a way to separate molecules to produce absolutely pure LSD. Since most "bad trips" come from impurities, this discovery was a boon to customers. British Home Office scientists were so impressed with Kemp's work that they spent some time discussing it with him after his arrest.

Police claim the conspiracy

began in Cambridge in 1970, where Solomon was living with Kemp and fellow chemist Henry Todd. Police allege Kemp went to work in a Paris acid lab with American chemist Ron Stark and that the pair were the first to make hash oil for import into Britain. Kemp returned to London and began to manufacture acid at various locations using ergot tartrate supplied by Solomon. In 1973 there was a split between Todd and Kemp, with Todd setting up his own lab in a cottage at Hampton Wick. Kemp moved to Wales and resumed acid production in 1976. Police disguised as hippies moved into a trailer opposite the Welsh lab soon after and began surveillance.

Police claim Kemp admitted to manufacturing and distributing 182,000 tabs of acid in his career. They further claim to have found Kemp's tableting boards in a compost heap and 105 grams of acid in a potato patch. The distribution of the acid was allegedly masterminded by Solomon and another American named Arnabaldi, who escaped. Maximum sentences could mean as much as 60 years.



The wreckage of a marijuana-laden light aircraft litters the northern Australian brush after being forced down by the Australian air force.

Aussies Boost Narc Strength

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA—The Australian government has decided to upgrade its narcotics bureau and increase surveillance capabilities with U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) assistance in the wake of the capture of marijuana importer Donald Tait.

An intensive narc campaign was launched after a marijuana-laden light aircraft recently crash-landed near Katherine in the Northern Territory. Three other men were arrested with Tait on charges relating to the downed Aerocommander

allegedly ferrying two tons of Southeast Asian grass.

The Australian cabinet has decided to increase by 50 the number of nars and give the Australian Narcotics Bureau the same powers as the Australian Security Intelligence Organization to tap telephones, bug houses and conduct apparently illegal searches of those suspected of smoking or importing marijuana. The bureau also intends to increase air and sea surveillance along Australia's northwest coastline.

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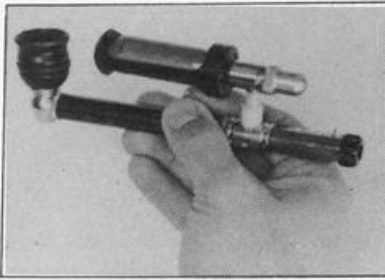
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Part of the 17,000 pounds of Thai sticks busted in Oregon.

NORML Backs Narcs

by Michael Kesten

BANDON, OREGON—In a baffling turnabout, the Oregon branch of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) ignored NORML's national policy and endorsed a recent government bust of 17,000 pounds of Thai sticks. A press release from the pro-pot lobby characterized the seizure as an "excellent investigation leading to the arrest of 17 suspects."

"If only 10 percent of the Thai sticks has been sold in Oregon," said NORML state director Bill Dwyer, "that would have meant a \$2-million drain on the state's strained economy. None of the suspects are from Oregon, and that indicates the presence of organized crime." NORML's West Coast director Gordon Brownell, who was unaware of Dwyer's statement concerning the pot bust, promises an investigation of the affair.

Although NORML headquarters in Washington said that endorsing busts was not national policy, Oregon NORML's Dwyer claimed his chapter was "semiautonomous" and that he was forced to "deal with the problems in a rational sense as we see them in Oregon."

The nine-ton Thai seizure began rolling after Customs officials received calls from residents complaining that ranch owner Arthur Allen would not permit hunters to cross his land to reach state hunting grounds. Investigators discovered that the 34-year-old Allen had illegally registered his jeep and began an aerial reconnaissance of the

farm, according to court papers.

Spotter planes soon discovered a series of amphibious-landing-craft tracks, lights moving up and down the beach at night and trailer trucks arriving at the farm. On New Year's Eve, Customs, Coast Guard and DEA agents struck the Thai import operation, seizing 17,000 pounds of sticks, three World War II landing craft and the freighter *Cigale*.

The alleged smugglers, who came from six states, were represented in court by Boston-based Joseph Oteri, who is considered one of the country's top marijuana and cocaine defense attorneys. He's a member of NORML's national advisory board.

Paraphernalia Moguls Give 67G's to NORML

NEW YORK—In less than one month the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) raised \$67,600 in pledges for the first three months of 1978 from the \$200-million-a-year paraphernalia industry. The amount is the largest single infusion of funds every made into the seven-year-old marijuana lobby.

The bulk of the \$67,600 came during a fast and furious series of pledges at the National Boutique and Fashion Show here. At a \$75-a-head NORML fund-raising reception given by paraphernalia distributor Bert Kaplan, glass-bong maker Maury Karp stood up and proclaimed a \$6,000 pledge if other paraphernalia moguls would do the

same. Before the evening was over nearly \$30,000 had been raised.

Donations included \$5,000 from the California-based Sarah's Family, \$5,000 from Nalpac, \$1,000 from Toke International, \$1,000 from Wodlet, \$1,000 from Lenter Enterprises Ltd., \$2,500 from U.S. Bongs and \$2,500 from El Dorado.

Two weeks prior to the boutique show \$25,000 was raised at a meeting of the NORML finance committee. The committee, chaired by Washington restaurateur Fred Moore, received pledges of \$10,000 from Adam's Apple owner Don Levin, \$5,000 from E-Z Wider owner Bert Rubin, \$5,000 from Thai Power owner Bill Kaufman and \$5,000 from *High Times*.

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CIA Sued for Industrial Espionage

by Harvey Yazijian

BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS—A small, highly specialized airplane manufacturer has filed a lawsuit accusing the CIA of industrial espionage. General Aircraft Corporation (GAC), based at the Air Force's Hanscom Field here, is alleging that the CIA illegally and covertly manufactured GAC-designed planes through its subsidiaries in Southeast Asia for 15 years without authorization or payment of royalties. General Aircraft is further charging the CIA with conspiracy to disrupt the world-wide sales of its products.

The suit marks the first time the CIA has been publicly accused of using clandestine activities against American business. As plaintiff, GAC may subpoena for evidence highly sensitive files on companies owned by the CIA and their paramilitary activities in Southeast Asia. Such information could shed further light on the CIA's involvement in Southeast Asian drug traffic, the origins of the Vietnam War, connections to American businesses,



General Aircraft's Helio STOL

political parties and organized crime.

GAC, also known as the Helio Aircraft Company, recently filed three suits in U.S. district courts in Virginia and Washington, D.C., against the CIA and several of their Asian proprietary companies, including Air America, Air Asia, Bird & Sons and Continental Air Transport. GAC is seeking a reported \$7.7 million in damages.

The planes in question are a special craft known as STOLs (Short Take-Off and Landing). Requiring runways no longer than a tennis court, they proved especially useful for the agency's covert para-

military operations during the late Fifties. By 1960, STOLs had smuggled a CIA hit team into Cuba to assassinate Castro and had flown extensively in service of the CIA in Southeast Asia, according to government documents.

In 1962, the suit contends, GAC's relationship with the CIA went sour when the agency demanded, through its Asian proprietaries, the blueprints and tools necessary to make their own STOLs. When the company refused to disclose its trade secrets, the suit contends, the CIA planted an agent in GAC's Washington office who stole them.

Following the theft and continu-

ing until 1975, the suit claims, the CIA engaged in the "improper, unlawful and illegal fabrication of GAC's planes and parts at its aircraft maintenance facilities in Tainan, Taiwan, without right, authorization or license from GAC."

GAC also claims the CIA ordered its front corporations to boycott and sabotage the sales of GAC products. For example, the CIA circulated inaccurate performance reports on GAC's planes to discourage buyers. The suit claims the CIA scuttled prospective deals with the U.S. Navy, Air Force, Nepal, Greece and Australia.

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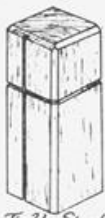
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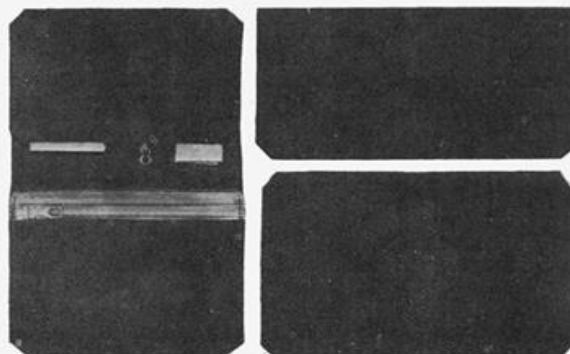
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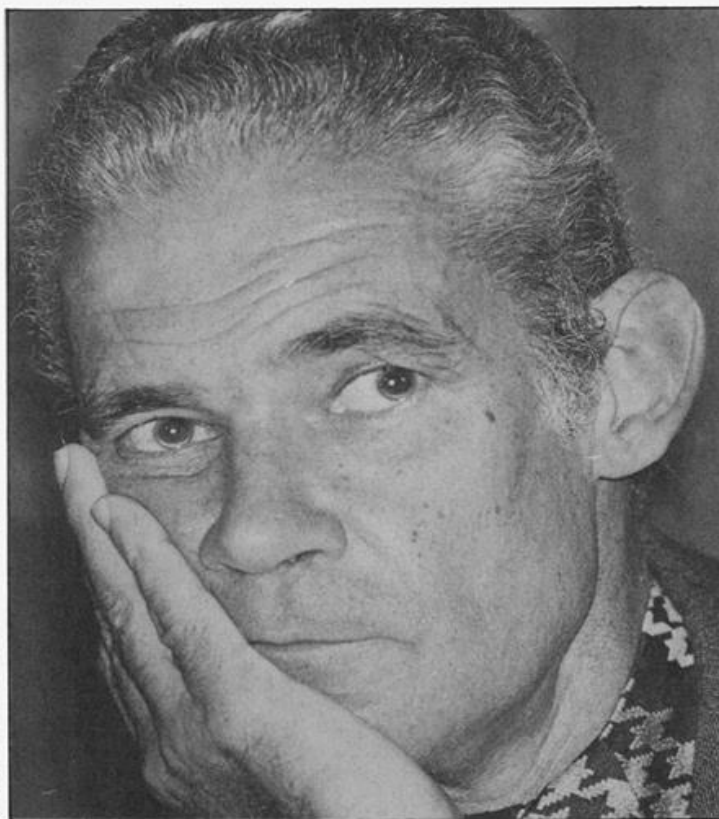
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Manley on Marijuana

At a recent White House press conference *High Times* interviewed Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley, whose Caribbean nation is exploring the ad hoc legalization of marijuana in order to lure tourists. Sources close to the prime minister, who in 1975 ordered the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) to stop the indiscriminate destruction of Jamaica's marijuana plantations, contend that legitimate marijuana for export is being seriously considered as a remedy for Jamaica's troubled economy. Although the United Nations Single Convention Treaty of 1961 prevents the free-market sale of cannabis products, Jamaican officials state that the days of legal pot may be as soon as five years away.

Said Manley: "The question of legitimate marijuana exposes me to extreme temptation. As you may know, Jamaica has a balance-of-payments crisis, and we have never been able to get the marijuana sales to pass through our central bank.

"We have been carefully looking at the marijuana situation, not really from the point of view of exports. That hadn't occurred to me. The majority of the Jamaican population tend to take the same view of marijuana as they do of alcohol.



Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley ponders pot politics.

They will not accept the distinction between the stimulant alcohol and marijuana. And this has concerned us for some time.

"We look at the experience of the U.S. during Prohibition. The majority of your population did not support that law, and as a result Prohibition developed a tremendous criminal apparatus to serve the need of a population that would not unite to support a particular law.

"We have a feeling that a lot of your criminal structure has its foundations laid in this contradiction between a law and a people that didn't accept the law, and the supplying of those needs. We feel that you paid a serious price for it and still pay quite a price for it.

"I have seen very worrying signs in Jamaica that the same kind of thing is happening. That a criminal structure is beginning to develop that breaks the law, and breaks it successfully, because you cannot mobilize the majority of the people to deal with the problem and support the law.

"We have to bring together some kind of synthesis of policy concerning marijuana. Other countries have to face this as well. It is a very complex thing to try and do."

Stanley W. Farrar

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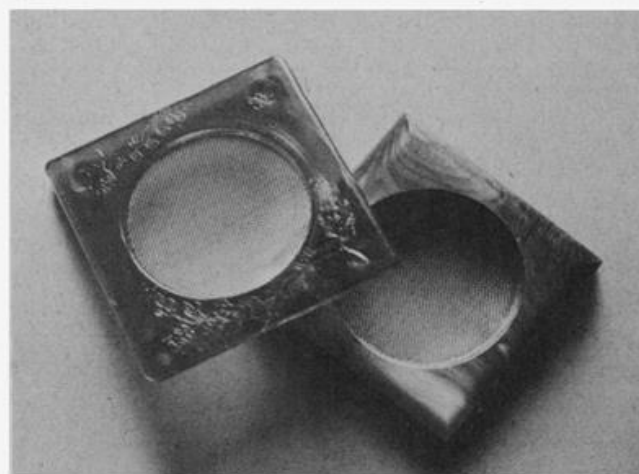


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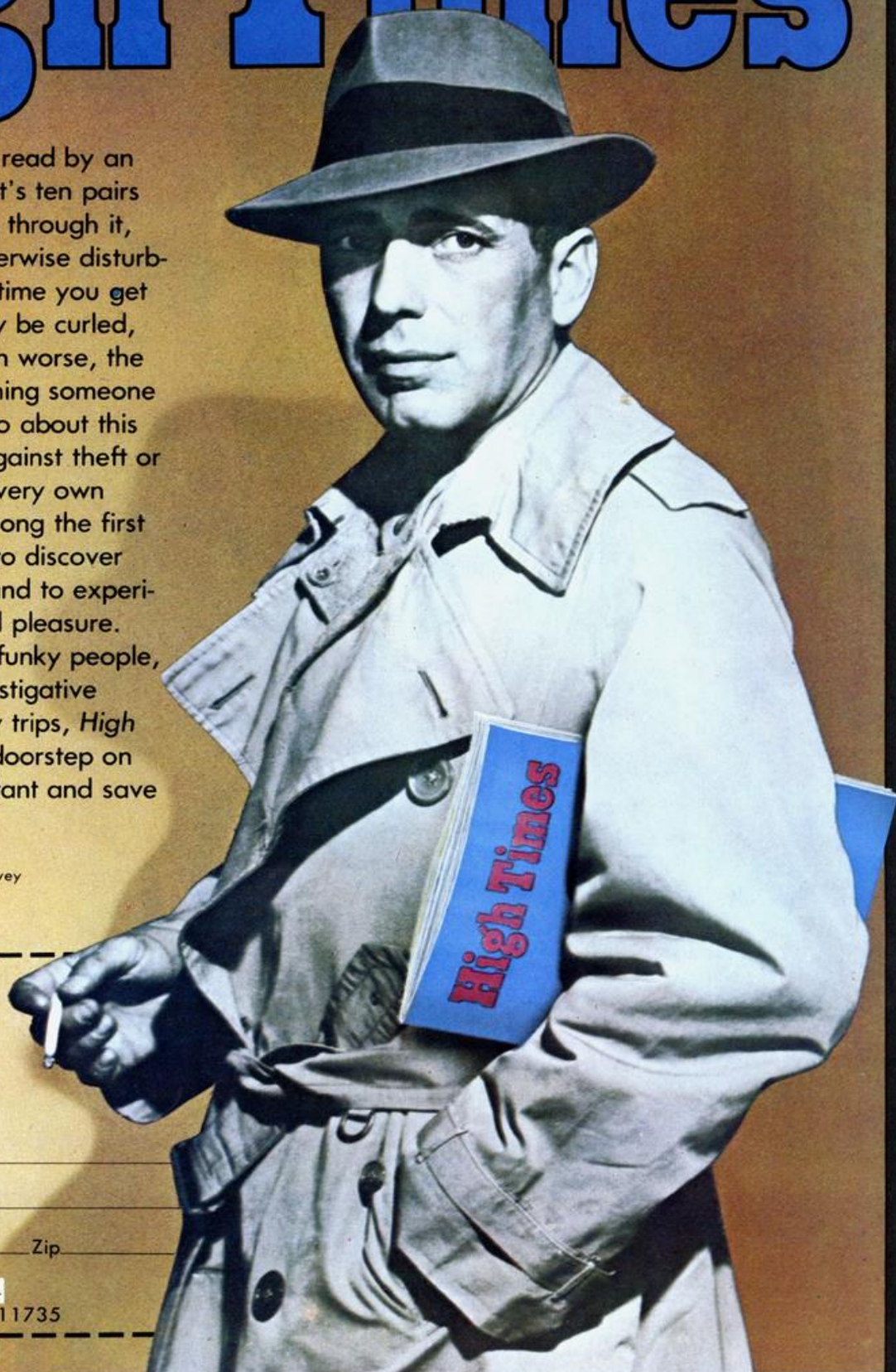
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A close-up portrait of Vera Rubin. She has short, dark, wavy hair and is wearing round, dark-rimmed glasses. Her right hand is resting against her chin, with her index finger pointing upwards. She is wearing a brown collared shirt under a dark, patterned blazer. A diamond ring is visible on her right ring finger, and a pearl earring is visible on her left ear. The background is a blurred cityscape.

Interview

*Vera
Rubin*

She says marijuana is harmless
by Glenn O'Brien and Gary Stimeling

When the results of Vera Rubin's ganja study became public late in 1974, it immediately drew heavy fire from antipot partisans such as Columbia University's Dr. Gabriel Nahas and the late Dr. Hardin B. Jones of the University of California at Berkeley. Hers was the first scientific research on marijuana that left the laboratory for the homes and countryside of people who smoke pot every day, and she uncovered no reason to stop smoking pot. Not only did the study lay to rest the reputed dangers of chromosome damage, amotivational syndrome, testosterone deficiency, brain damage and disease susceptibility, but it set the precedent for a series of similar studies in Costa Rica, Greece and California confirming that pot is a harmless and often beneficial high.

At the center of the furor was a soft-spoken anthropologist with over two decades of field work in Jamaica to her credit. Dr. Rubin was the logical choice to head a National Institute of Mental Health study of Jamaican smokers in 1970. At her Research Institute for the Study of Man, Dr. Rubin conceived a project that included an overview of ganja's history and its use as energizer and healer by the working class, an analysis of class bias in antiganja attitudes and a comparison of 30 smokers with 30 nonsmokers matched as closely as possible for age, weight, sex and occupation. Doctors studied the subjects' lungs, blood, chromosomes, urine and glands, as well as performing tests of personality, intelligence, verbal ability, memory, attention, coordination, sensory perception, motivation and abstract thinking. Brain waves were analyzed by electroencephalogram.

The result was *Ganja in Jamaica*, a classic of research and the prime authority on hemp in its natural setting. It was soon followed by *Cannabis and Culture*, an encyclopedic survey of the herb's cherished place in societies all over the world. As *High Times* spoke with Dr. Rubin, she was joined by her coworker in Jamaica and assistant director of the institute, Dr. Lambros Comitas. Their next target: talking to people who live a long time—longevity in the United States and the Soviet Union.

High Times: Dr. Rubin, your book *Cannabis and Culture* gathers evidence that cannabis is used in various societies to cure almost everything. Can you tell us more about the medicinal uses of the herb in Jamaica?

Rubin: It's a major part of the folk pharmacopoeia. I think we collected some 30 ailments reported as being susceptible to cure by marijuana, including asthma, colds, stomach disorders, fever, rheumatism and "to make the blood strong." The whole area of folk medicine is one that hard-nosed clinicians are very skeptical of. For example, a doctor who was just

here, who wants us to do a chapter in a book for clinicians, was discussing this with me. The only place that I know of where human beings have actually been used as subjects in experimentation on medical uses of marijuana is in Czechoslovakia. So, his only questions were "Have they tested this? Has this been verified?" With animals, he means!

What is considered valid evidence in modern medicine and what is perceived to be valid evidence in folk medicine are two different things. The point is that ganja is often especially important in developing countries, where availability of pharmaceuticals is often limited.

High Times: Doesn't NIDA [National Institute on Drug Abuse] have some sort of a board that controls the dispensing of drugs to researchers?

Rubin: They have their own laboratories. As a matter of fact, when we sent our Jamaican samples there for testing, they didn't believe the results because the stuff was so high in THC—up to 14 percent. But the NIDA stuff is carefully graded as to potency. Oddly enough, some of this was used in a recent project in Greece sponsored by NIDA.

**"We collected
some 30 ailments curable
by marijuana, including
asthma, colds, stomach
disorders, fever,
rheumatism and 'to
make the blood strong.'"**

High Times: Was this research on diseases or on psychological effects?

Comitas: Psychological effects. This research followed ours in Jamaica, but they had one thing going for them that we didn't. They were allowed to study acute effects also; that is, they were administering THC in their research. We were not permitted to do anything like that in the Jamaican hospital. In fact we had to make sure our subjects were clean before they came in, which was one of the funniest things. They complained they were the only people in the hospital who weren't smoking.

High Times: Hasn't marijuana been used for asthma?

Rubin: There has been no medical verification of this except in the Czechoslovakian reports—they are using it experimentally for asthma. But I understand, in discussing this with doctors in Jamaica, it does relieve muscle spasm. So, it may not necessarily cure the asthma, but it relieves the spasmodic reactions of asthma.

High Times: Do the Jamaicans distinguish between medicinal use as a tea and as a smoke?

Rubin: Yes, for illnesses or as a tonic, it's

usually used as a bush tea, although for asthma they may smoke it as well.

High Times: In *Cannabis and Culture*, in almost every instance the men are the smokers, the women take the herb as a tea—they take it for medicinal purposes or in ritual. Do you think pot affects men and women differently?

Rubin: We have frequently been asked why there are no women in the studies. Well, you don't find enough women who have smoked it for a long time. And they don't smoke as heavily as men.

Comitas: Women do it much more privately in most cases. As in any traditional male-dominated community, a Jamaican woman doesn't run around in public with a cigarette in her mouth, even though she may smoke.

Rubin: But urban women are beginning to smoke. Rural people working in urban areas will smoke where they're not seen by the community. There's still a stigma attached to it in Jamaica, because it's always been a lower-class phenomenon.

High Times: The Rastafarians say cannabis had been removed from the Bible by mistranslations, that there were references to King Solomon's priestly garments being made from cannabis fiber and that the original Hebrew religion involved use of the herb as intoxicating incense. Do you think the Rastas are right?

Rubin: I think that's a later embroidery, some new mythology. There is no way of doing an accurate historical reconstruction. People just didn't write about customs that everybody knew about. It appears in the Hindu scriptures and in the Old Testament because of the ritual and sacred aspects of it. But there's no great discussion of it that one could relate to specific time and place.

High Times: Is kali or ganja *Cannabis indica*, and is the lower grade of Jamaican *Cannabis sativa*?

Comitas: I don't think there is more than one species in Jamaica. I suspect that it's *Cannabis indica*. Shipping records indicate that some hemp twines were brought to Jamaica in the seventeenth century, as they were to all the colonies. But there is no evidence whatsoever that it was ingested for euphoria. We know from cargo records that East Indians brought ganja with them to Trinidad in the nineteenth century. I would assume it came to Jamaica the same way.

High Times: Do you think that the psychoactive compounds vary greatly from one variety of cannabis to another?

Rubin: They vary from one variety to another, even from one plant to another. And that is one of the serious problems in research. And this is one of the things we tried to do, to measure all the actual cannabinoids and cannabidiols in our samples. But the regular users know the difference. The Rastas call themselves the "chemists of the plant." And they know all these points about rainfall and soil....

High Times: They are very against fertil-

izer. That is one of the lyrics in "Legalize It": "Legalize it, but please don't fertilize it." There seem to be some different opinions as to whether or not marijuana used as a food has any psychological or medicinal effect.

Rubin: Well, it has been used through the centuries. It was used in monasteries in the Middle Ages. The Czechs report that they made cannabis pies for tuberculosis patients; they think it's very beneficial.

Comitas: So much of the effect depends on cultural conditioning. We had gone to some middle-class party in Jamaica where they were all supposed to be high on Alice B. Toklas cookies. Vera took one and sent it off to a lab to be analyzed, and it had no trace of anything. But these people thought they were stoned.

Rubin: All the reactions are based on the interaction between person and plant. In traditional societies, the use of it is highly structured—who can use it, who can't, under what circumstances and what's expected to happen. The working people in Jamaica, for example, take it in the morning before breakfast to energize them. They have a break in the field or wherever they are at work during the day. We have a coffee or cola break; they have a ganja break to stimulate energy.

Then, when they go home, they may have some before dinner to stimulate their appetite. Then they take it at night to sleep better. This is the same plant, same cigarette, same quantities—and it works. When we asked them, "Does it make you sexy?" they said, "Well, if you feel to, it does; or if you're 'mongst women, it does." They understand the situational conditioning. But this is after decades of use and a certain amount of practical wisdom.

High Times: Some laws in this country are written against *Cannabis sativa*, and so there are some people trying to cop a defense angle based on using *Cannabis indica*.

Comitas: A different version of this ploy occurred about six years ago in Jamaica. The law was that only the female plant was illegal, not the male. So then defense lawyers started making the government chemists analyze everything they confiscated to see which sex it was. It really screwed up the works because they couldn't get a very clear answer. That held for about a year, then they reworded the law.

High Times: How did you get started on your Jamaican research?

Rubin: We were actually invited by the federal government to do the study. During the Sixties the congressional papas became concerned about their own children and funded huge amounts of money for research on marijuana, which had never been studied in a systematic way. But most of the research was pharmacological, biochemical, metabolic and also survey research. There was no research with human beings—certainly not on a large scale, because of the illegality of the



"Most of the original antimarijuana laws were where there were Mexican migrants—it was used as a class control against them."

subject—and no research from overseas.

Elinor Carroll, a sociologist at the Center for Narcotic and Drug Abuse, decided to try to introduce into their project a study of long-term traditional use in another country. We got a call one day asking if we would do a study in the West Indies. We explained that the West Indies was a large place, but we suggested Jamaica because there is a medical faculty in the university hospital. And it's the place where it's used most, as we know.

But we said that before we undertake to do this we have to go to Jamaica to find out if everything is feasible—if the university could do it, the medical people can do it, the hospital can take in subjects, and if subjects would be willing to go. And one of the major reasons was they wanted to find out what effects it had on them. We had no problem in finding subjects.

And the subjects were very serious about it. Ganja is part of a very intricate life pattern, and they appreciated the fact that the university people were interested in them and in finding out the herb's effects on them.

Comitas: It's not so strange, really. These guys were doing the most grubby, menial, manual kind of labor—it's no joking matter. The study was kind of interesting fun, a break in the monotony.

Rubin: One of the things we found was the reversal in thought patterns while smoking and when not smoking. While smoking, something like 65 percent of their thoughts were related to the work itself, exactly the reverse of what they were thinking about when not smoking.

High Times: That sounds like a pretty good motivation right there.

Rubin: Two other cross-cultural studies have now corroborated our findings, including a very extensive one in Costa

Rica. This research also shows increased motivation and no pathology whatsoever. It was the same kind of study, only it was two years or so later, so they were able to incorporate additional material that had been reported, including the testosterone business, which was not reported in the literature at the time we were in Jamaica. And they found no changes in testosterone levels.

Neither study found any evidence that ganja lowers the smoker's desire to make it in the society. Now, our critics—who are legion and vociferous—claim that that is because the smokers are lower class and couldn't go any further down anyway. So it depends on your social biases. But we know this society. We've been working there for 20 years. And these are not the derelicts or vagrants or criminals or in any other way bearers of social pathology.

They say we purposely selected our sample to include only healthy people. Well, we had no way of knowing in advance if they were healthy or not. But, in any event, some of them have smoked for 37 years and seemed none the worse for it.

Comitas: The point is, in any society, there is a transitional period when people are working out what they expect to get out of the damn thing. Marijuana has been extensively used in America for only 10 or 12 years. That's why it's so valuable to have these studies of other places where it's been used for a hell of a long time. That gives you some idea how its use might stabilize, without waiting for a hundred years to go by to actually assess the situation.

Rubin: In addition to that, we must recognize that there is a very significant social class and generational bias attached to marijuana. This is evidenced in the scientific literature for the first time in the 1893 report of the Indian Hemp Commission. They called in some 1,200 witnesses, mainly middle- and upper-class people. And the ganja users were referred to as ganjaries—a term equivalent to our drunkard, a term of contempt. And the people who were calling the working class ganjaries were themselves using opium. You have a similar situation in Egypt in the Middle Ages.

Then in this country marijuana was originally introduced by wetbacks, then was picked up by black jazz musicians in New Orleans. It was associated with lower-caste people, so to speak. Most of the really severe original laws were in the states where there were many Mexican migrants. It was used as a class control against these people. But then in the Sixties you have the young middle-class people using it, and it becomes associated with a counterculture.

So you have a history here of original use associated with lower classes, then by the children of the upper classes. William McGlothlin, one of the important writers on this whole subject, had pointed out

that marijuana use was a symbolic symptom of the counterculture, not the cause of the so-called amotivational syndrome. You have the same situation in Jamaica. Nobody cared about it when only the workers were using it. Now that students are using it and wearing their hair long and so forth, it becomes a serious matter for the middle class.

High Times: Are you planning to go back to Jamaica and do more research?

Rubin: Not now. No, the situation there is politically very tense. We were there at a very fortunate time.

Comitas: Our presence could have been like a torch indicating the way for the police. We were extraordinarily lucky, and the situation was benign enough to let us do it without getting anybody into trouble—and that's very important to us.

High Times: Were any of your subjects Rastas?

Rubin: Some were; we tried not to include Rastas, because then there would have been another kind of bias.

Comitas: It wouldn't have biased the research, it would have biased the acceptance of the report. Because if you say "Rasta" in Jamaica, they say, "Oh, you're dealing with a lunatic fringe."

Rubin: A confirmed Rasta will not go into a hospital anyway.

High Times: Did you investigate whether there was any relationship in Jamaica between violent crime and ganja?

Rubin: Yes, that's important. Because of what we saw happening in the scientific literature, we went into everything as thoroughly as possible: personal history, family history—including alcoholism, mental illness and so forth. It turned out that, of course, all the smokers had some convictions for possession. But the non-smokers' convictions were for violent crimes. The interesting thing is that marijuana is accused of leading to both apathy and aggression. It's accused of both increasing and decreasing sexual activity. They should make their minds up which way it is. It's as though all the sins and ills of mankind derive from the use of this one substance.

High Times: I thought one of the most interesting parts of the study was that marijuana was found to be a benevolent alternative to alcohol.

Rubin: We didn't expect that. Everybody in the West Indies drinks rum, except Christians. A West Indian Christian is a fundamentalist and a teetotaler. Rum is a national drink, right? Especially in the working class. So we didn't expect to find anybody who did not drink. But our subjects definitely drank less than non-smokers.

High Times: Didn't your book *Ganja in Jamaica* indicate admissions to hospitals for alcoholism are considerably lower in Jamaica than in other islands?

Rubin: Unquestionably. The Bahamas are very proud of the fact that they're second only to France for alcoholism. And ganja



"Marijuana is accused of leading to both apathy and aggression, of both increasing and decreasing sexual activity. They should make their minds up."

is not used there. Alcohol tends to be the middle- and upper-class stimulant or soporific, while ganja is the lower-class stimulant and soporific. It has also been suggested, as long ago as the British Hemp Commission study in India, that alcohol interests may have been influential in the prohibition of ganja in many countries.

High Times: Do you think that in most countries where cannabis is the drug of popular choice, it's illegal merely because of U.S. antagonism?

Rubin: Well, the United States and the U.N.'s World Health Organization have had an enormous influence on illegalizing cannabis.

Comitas: I can't think of any country in the world that could be independent in this respect. The economic pressures alone would force most nations to toe the American line. But also, in the underdeveloped countries the aristocracy is going out for education and coming back to rule; they think of marijuana as a degrading vice that their country should not have. Some of the least knowledgeable people are those in the upper levels of these societies.

Outlawing a popular custom is also a very convenient control device. The ganja legislation in Jamaica is very clearly like the legislation against illegitimate children or against obeah, a particular form of lower-class religion. It can be used by the elite to control the lower classes with no loss in world opinion.

High Times: How much do you think marijuana contributes to the national economy of Jamaica now?

Rubin: Well, I don't know how one would determine that, since there are no records. But we found that for many of the small cultivators it was an important source of cash income, and that where possible

some of the cash would be invested in a legal enterprise.

Comitas: Then you get into large-scale cultivation, which we didn't investigate at all. Now the government is clamping down on ganja again because they claim it's being used as barter for small guns. There are some very terribly serious social problems in Jamaica. You can't blame them on ganja, but, like any government, this one needs to blame its problems on something.

High Times: Do you think that legalization would cool off the political situation there?

Rubin: There, no. One has nothing to do with the other. What is basically involved in Jamaica right now is the general economy. Very high unemployment, even higher underemployment, particularly among young people, and a great deal of dissatisfaction. One party is undoubtedly trying to whip up tension, and the incumbent party responds. This has nothing to do with ganja per se.

Comitas: Jamaica has got to be crazy to legalize unilaterally.

Rubin: They can't, they never will.

Comitas: It would even be hard for the United States to legalize pot unilaterally. It almost has to be done internationally. It will happen very quickly once it goes.

High Times: Do you know what the marijuana situation is in Cuba?

Rubin: This is an interesting point. When we did the cannabis and culture conference, we wrote to the Soviet Union to try and get the Russian scientist who had first done the study of the various species. We were told he was very old and unwell, and he couldn't come. I am not sure that that was the only reason. We wrote to China to ask somebody from the medical community to talk about historical medicinal uses of marijuana. We wrote to Czechoslovakia to try and bring in the scientists there who were experimenting with it medically. They didn't even reply. The socialist countries have a very stern morality, and marijuana does not fit into their picture of the new citizen. But I don't know whether it is being used.

Comitas: You know, there is not that much marijuana use anywhere in the West Indies except in Jamaica and possibly Trinidad, which has some East Indians.

Rubin: Its use on the other islands is a recent custom acquired from American tourists.

Comitas: Personally I doubt whether they were using much marijuana in Cuba even before Castro. I think it would be a mistake to make a correlation between ganja and the political ideologies of Jamaica. Sure, there are revolutionary or socialist sections of the population who are confirmed ganja users, but I doubt if it is ganja that induces the ideologies.

High Times: I was thinking that if the ruling party, the PNP [People's National Party], was able to legalize ganja, that

(continued on page 77)

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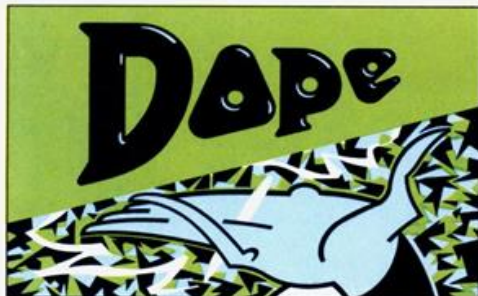


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Bring Back Mexican

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

In last month's dope connoisseur column you may recall I discussed the sad state of Thai sticks these days, how America's most expensive smoke has become a shadow of its former self. But I think it's important to emphasize that when it comes to cannabis, being a connoisseur doesn't mean being a snob; it doesn't mean concentrating only on luxury specialty items like Thai. In fact, this month's column will be devoted to a tribute to that much neglected, least expensive and most underrated dope on the market. I want to start a campaign to bring back Mexican dope.

You sneer. "Mexican dope," you say. "Who bothers with such uncool, uncultivated weed these days?" You'd be ashamed to offer it to your friends, you probably think. Besides, you can't even buy it in most major cities. Dope smokers all over New York burst out giggling when the New York Times ran an "exposé" of "the Mexican marijuana connection." There just isn't any Mexican around in New York City to connect to any more. It doesn't sell for enough to make the cost of transporting it to the city worthwhile. Who would want it if it did? Since the early Seventies hardly anyone would buy Mexican when there was Colombian to be had.

I had a somewhat similar snobbish attitude toward Mexican until last summer, when I had a revelation about the nature of Mexican, a vision of what we'd been missing and how to bring it back again.

There was a mini dope drought in the Big Apple. Not a serious summer drought but a kind of depression in the market, when the only Colombian around was that dark, moldy-smelling, overpriced commercial weed that seemed to have stayed in the bottom of the cargo hold of a big mother ship for too long. It was selling for \$45 an ounce, even though it was almost too boring to bother rolling up. Yet people were buying it because there was nothing else around.

It was on a chance visit to Cambridge, Massachusetts, that I had the good fortune to get reintroduced to the delights of Mex



John Farrell

weed. I was walking through Harvard Square when a street dealer sidled up to me.

"Loose joints, lids," he hissed.

Now, since I've learned that for some inexplicable reason, in times of drought loose-joint dealers will sometimes have far better dope than big dealers, I decided to check this guy out.

**Colombians are unexcelled
for contemplation, but
there's nothing like good
old Mexican for laughter
and sociability.**

"What kind you got?" I asked him as we headed for a doorway.

He took out a baggy with something bright green inside.

"Mex," he said, "Twenty-five a lid."

I almost turned it down, but the price was so low compared to the inflated New York market that I decided to get it, just for laughs.

It was green and it was dry and it was twiggy and seedy, but it was crackling with energy. Just one joint and I suddenly felt high in a way I hadn't remembered getting high for years. It was a far more upbeat energetic high compared to the depressing lowland Colombian mold I'd been smoking, but it was more than that. It had a refreshingly unique personality of its own, an ecstatic silliness that reminded me of the first times I got high.

Remember the first times you got high, how much you laughed, how delightfully fresh and fascinating and, above all, funny all the phenomena of the world suddenly seemed? How wonderful it was

to discover it all with a group of giggling people. That's probably because you started out smoking Mexican dope.

When people started switching to Colombian varieties in the early Seventies because of their "strength," as compared to Mexican, they were losing something. Because some Colombians are unexcelled for inspiring contemplative philosophical states of mind, and some are amazing for the emotional and sensual intensities they evoke, but there's nothing like good old Mexican for laughter and sociability.

In fact, it's unfortunate that more people don't start out smoking Mexican dope these days. People who have missed Mexican and started off smoking heavy Colombian often have their cannabis sensitivity stunned into a stupor by the sudden strength of some Colombian varieties. But to start by smoking Mexican, one gets introduced to many subtle initial levels of a high, subtleties that can be obscured in big bong blasts of Lumbo. Mexican has a delicate up-tempo, mariachi-like, rhythmic complexity that few "heavier" dopes can duplicate. For those for whom it's too late to be initiated, I recommend asking your local dealer to help you get hold of some Mexican dope. It will put some perspective on the high-priced stuff.

But it won't be easy. It'll take a lot more demand on the part of us ounce-buying consumers to bring it back on the market. As soon as I got back from Cambridge I visited my dealer friend "Crosby," whose posh dope speak-easy has been celebrated previously in some semifictional tales I wrote for the Village Voice and by *High Times* ("The Night They Raided Crosby's," Winter '75).

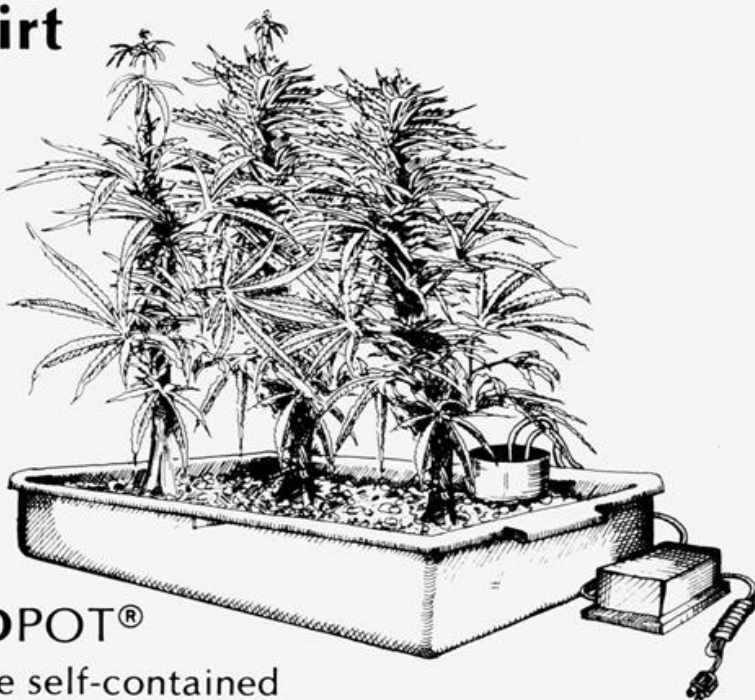
"Mexican?" Crosby asked with one of his mysterious grins. "I may just have the last Mexican left in New York. I used to sell 50 pounds a week to a New Jersey motorcycle gang called the Trenton Road Dogs, but even they don't take it any more. You can have what's left for \$15 an ounce." I snapped it up. Perhaps the last ounce of Mexican left in New York. It was delicious smoke: brisk and refreshing with the exhilarating eye-opening effect of fine espresso on a summer Sunday morning.

After rolling and smoking a few, I asked Crosby what had happened to the Mexican market. "It's all in the packaging," he said. "The Mexicans grew the dope for years, let it lie around, smoked a little and shipped a little. But when the Colombians got into the business they knew packaging, they knew mass marketing. Look at this," he said, picking up a kilo-sized brick of commercial green and tan Colombian. "See how it's compacted. That's a 40-ton hydraulic press these guys are using to get the maximum weight into a cargo hold. The Mexicans, they don't know from 40-ton hydraulic presses. The Colombians find out Americans like light-colored dope, they'll turn out several thousand tons of all-standardized, light-colored dope. Not much personality, but that's mass marketing."

Crosby and I reminisce about the many rare and wonderful gourmet Mexican varieties no longer available because the Mexican market is in such a sad state. Magical, mysterious Michoacan. Subtle, intriguing Oaxacan. Tangy Torreon, glorious Guerrero, and of course the legendary long-unattainable Acapulco gold. Buoyed up by memories and Mexican, we talked about the theory I advanced in last month's column—that the shift in the marijuana market from Mexican to Colombian might be a hidden factor behind the gradual shift from Sixties to Seventies sensibility.

But Crosby has a vision, a way to restore Mexican dope to its proper prime place in the sun. He takes out a beautiful plump "colita" or Mexican bud from his private stash. "Look at this beauty," he said. "Mexican dope is naturally fine, we just need to work with the Mexican growers to get them to pay a little more attention to quality. The Colombians have modern irrigation systems, everything. If the Mexicans put in a little more care and the market was prepared, we could have some very very fine dope coming out of there that wouldn't cost any more than this commercial Colombian. My vision is to go down there and use the soil and climate and a lot of care and turn out Mexican dope that's so fine it's a specialty item once again like Acapulco gold and Michoacan used to be. Colitas like this, sold in boxes like fine chocolates. We could start the Sixties all over again, only this time more exquisite, more intense." I'm ready. Bring back Mexican dope. ■

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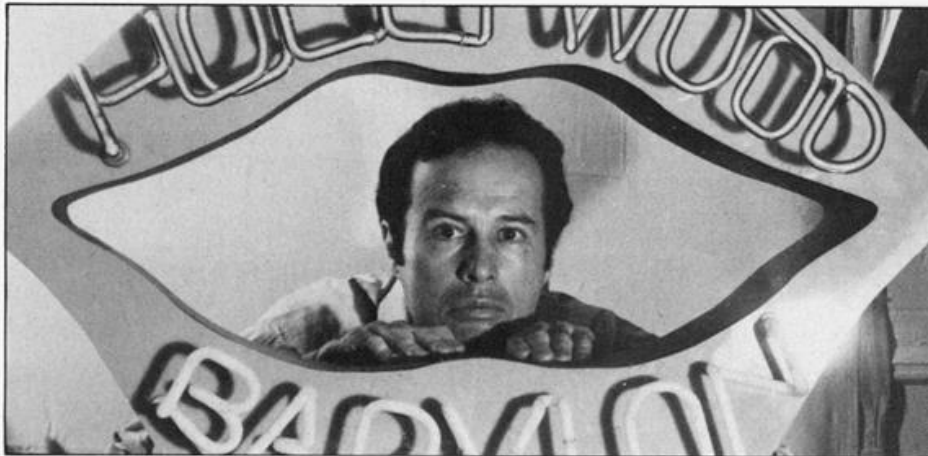


Wide World

Richard Hongisto, San Francisco's hippie sheriff, is about to turn his flower power on Cleveland. Whether the Mr. Nice Guy tactics will work in the city of monkey-wrench murders and burning rivers is a subject of hot discussion among cops and robbers alike, but **Dennis Kucinich**, the equally unconventional 31-year-old mayor, has thrown full support to the incoming sheriff. Local heads are ecstatic.

Heinz Meynhardt, an amateur biologist in Burg, East Germany, is compiling a tape-recorded dictionary of pig language.

Kenneth Anger's sequel to *Scorpio Rising* is in the can, waiting for the soundtrack. *Lucifer Rising* will remain loyal to the Anger motif, sources say, with all the eerie touches. "I gave up on **Jimmy Page** for the soundtrack after waiting a long time for him to put something together," Anger says. "I couldn't communicate with him any more." Page has since been replaced with longtime cohort **Bobby Beausoleil**, currently languishing in a California jail for his role in the Manson antics.



Michael McKenzie



Charles Gatewood

Punk comix? Yep, the New York Comic Arts Gallery is busy cranking out a comic on the punk scene that should appear any day. **Al Weiss**, who did the Marvel edition of the Kiss comic book, will be chief pen wielder. Artists, writers and tattooist **Spider Webb** recently joined **Helen Wheel's** band at a rehearsal to capture the spirit.



Wide World

Phillip Agee continues to be the spy without a country. Previously expelled from Britain and France, the former CIA agent has now been bumped from the residency roster of the Netherlands. Agee says he will continue to name names in the intelligence community and may return to the U.S. in the near future.

You'd think the ex-manager of the Plaza, at least, would have a sense of humor, having catered to the meatballs who come and go at the poshest of New York hotels. But not so with **Salomone Alfonse**, on the dealing end of a million-dollar slander suit against **Anne Beatts**, **Deanne Stillman** and **Judy Jacklin**, anthologists of *Titters*, the femme laugh book. He claims an allusion to a "Mr. Alfonse, the child molester" has given him a bad name. A "Free the Titters Three" defense campaign held an auction of original art in a SoHo loft, where the likes of **John Lennon** and the "Saturday Night Live" crew bid against each other.



Wide World

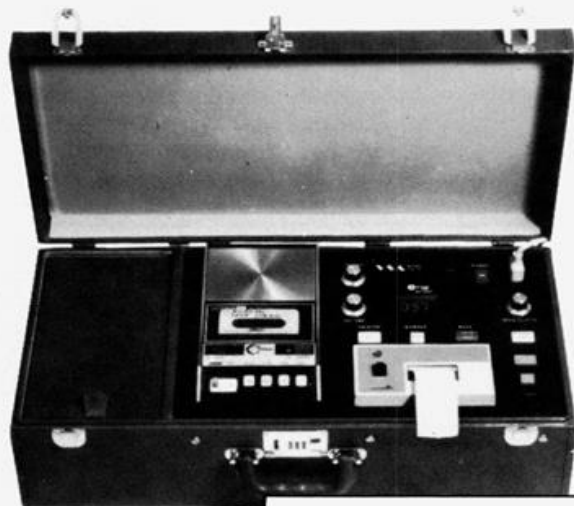
Monty Python fans will be delighted to hear the group is not on the rocks as rumored, but is working in earnest on a movie to be filmed this summer. The irreverent limey flick concerns a person who, in Python member **Graham Chapman's** words, "wasn't quite Christ, who was born in the manger next door and missed out all through his life." Proposed titles are *Brian of Nazareth* and *The Gospel According to Saint Brian*.

—Michael Chance

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Three Racy Ladies

by Scott Cohen

In the super macho world of race-car drivers, Shirley Muldowney, Kitty O'Neil and Janet Guthrie are three of the fastest.

Shirley "Cha Cha" Muldowney is the first lady of drag racing. Her sweetheart, a pearlescent pink wedge-shape dragster with a 250-inch wheelbase, weighs 1,400 pounds and is capable of 2,500 horsepower. Shirley, an attractive 37-year-old divorcee from Clemens, Michigan, wears a pink fire suit and matching helmet. When she pulls the brake chute a bright orange parachute bursts open.

During the semifinals at last year's National Hot Rod Association's Summernationals in Englishtown, New Jersey, Shirley, who they also call "Bionic Beaver," tore up the quarter-mile asphalt track in 5.71 seconds. This was well under the previous Summernationals record of 5.94 seconds set the year before by Richard Tharp of Dallas, displacing him as the No. 1 Top Fuel driver. Richard Tharp was quoted as saying, "I'm not above punching her out."

Shirley's been getting lip from male drivers since she began racing in Schenectady, New York, when she was 15. She married Jack Muldowney, an ace mechanic, when she was 16, and they had



Raceway Park, Englishtown, N.J.

several children: a low-budget stocker, a gas dragster and a funny-car. After a few years of touring, Jack decided to quit; so one night Shirley put her funny-car on the trailer and left for Detroit.

Until 1975 Shirley had no sponsor to cover the expensive costs of professional racing, so she worked on the cars herself. She drove her truck 50,000 miles a year, once driving from New Jersey to Seattle in

52 nonstop hours to make a race.

This year Shirley beat Richard Tharp in the semifinal grudge match at the Summernationals and melted her engine in doing so. She won the N.H.R.A. finals by default when the other finalist's \$45 battery wouldn't start his engine—thus becoming the first woman to win a world championship.

Kitty O'Neil is the world's fastest woman, not only on land but on water, and this spring she will go after the air-race record as well. Kitty holds 22 world records: acceleration for the quarter mile, the kilometer, half kilometer, from a standing start, etc. She went 275 mph in a boat. She is in the *Guinness Book of Records*. Her most famous race was at the Alvord Desert in Oregon, where she zipped 618 mph—4 mph less



Worldwide Enterprises

than the current world record set by Gary Gabelich at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, in 1970, the fastest speed recorded by a wheeled vehicle.

Kitty wears a yellow, blue and red custom-made Nomex fire suit. Her hydrogen-peroxide rocket looks like a missile on wheels, is 38 feet long, has 22,000 pounds of thrust and 50,000 horsepower and uses \$1,500 to \$2,000 worth of fuel just to run one race. Kitty hit 618 mph in only her seventh race.

At 618 mph Kitty's adrenaline doesn't surge, her breathing is normal, her heartbeat doesn't increase and her mind is in total concentration, which she has mastered because she is deaf (a handicap unrelated to racing). At 618 Kitty feels like she's going underwater at a very high speed. Everything's blurry. That's what the visual outlook is. Kitty is concentrating on the markers down the course so that she knows where she is and when to deploy her parachute—stopping at 618 mph is harder than starting.

Kitty probably would have broken the land speed record on her eighth run had her sponsors not pulled her out. Kitty's sponsors own the car and pay for the fuel and other expenses. In return, the sponsors get to put their decals on the car, which can be very lucrative when seen on national television. Kitty's sponsors—the Gabriel Toy Company, Marvin Glass, a toy-development company and the P.R. firm of Aaron Cushman and Associates—never thought Kitty would go over 300

mph. The sponsors pulled Kitty because they thought it would be degrading for a woman, especially a deaf Indian who weighed 98 pounds, to hold the world land speed record.

All totaled, Kitty's 22 world records and 62 national records cost, including equipment, staging of the events, timing of the events and an airplane suitable for challenging the world air record, \$2.5 million. So far, the amount of money that Kitty has won is zero.

In addition, Kitty holds the world record for a high fall while on fire at 112 feet. She is the top stunt woman in Hollywood, which she accomplished in less than a year—another record. She met her husband, Duffy Hamilton, also a stunt person, at the track racing motorcycles. When they went out on dates, Duffy drove. They have two children, a girl and a boy who has been racing motorcycles since he was four years old. Sitting on the front lawn of their southern-California ranch is the motorcycle Evel Knievel rode when he crashed in the fountain at Caesar's Palace. Kitty's husband built it.

Ironically, Janet Guthrie, who has never won a major race, is better known outside of racing than either Shirley Muldowney or Kitty O'Neil. At 38, Janet, whom they call "The Girl," is the first woman to actually drive around the Indianapolis Speedway—the ultimate macho proving ground. In May 1977 she became



Ron McQueeney

the first woman to qualify for the Indy 500. Her average speed was 188.403 mph, which she did in a Coyote-Foyt loaned to her by racing's great A.J. Foyt, who wanted to see for himself "that a lady can drive a racing car."

After her rookie test in May 1976, the four veteran United States Auto Club drivers judged her as "shaky," "afraid to go to the wall," "frightened" and "the smoothest rookie I've ever seen," capping a week-long ordeal that began when American Airlines lost her luggage with her driving suit and helmet.

The 5'9", 135-pound Miss Guthrie is the daughter of an Eastern Airlines pilot. She has been driving fast cars since 1963. She is single, lives in New York and is a physicist. She was one of four women considered for astronauts by NASA in 1965. She has competed in over 120 auto races. Although she didn't win the Indy 500, she did disprove the cliché about women drivers. □

Hollywood Rat Pack

Remembering the Rat Pack—Hipster Saints of the Booze Culture

by Jim Hoberman



Yes, this candidate for all his record, his good, sound conventional record has a patina of that other life, the second American life, the long electric night with the fires of neon leading down the highway to the murmur of jazz... America's politics would now be also America's favorite movie, America's first soap opera, America's best-seller.

—Norman Mailer on the nomination of John F. Kennedy in Los Angeles, 1960

It was early in 1960 when Frank Sinatra and his pals—Dino, Sammy, Joey and Peter—came to Las Vegas to kiss the Eisenhower Age good-bye. Afternoons were spent working on Frank's new film, *Ocean's 11*. The project was a certified gas in which they—the rat pack!—were gonna get to knock over Vegas and make millions of dollars. Each evening the gang regrouped at the Sands (Frank, and later Dino, owned a piece of it) to play the Copa Room with an act Frank called the "Summit."

Sammy says that "within a week after our Summit was announced there wasn't a room to be had in any hotel in town. People flew in from Chicago, Los Angeles, New York...." Night after night the losers with C-notes in their hands vied with visiting VIPs for a chance to bask in the "wild iconoclasm" of those whom *Playboy* would soon designate "the innest in-group in the world."

For columnist Ralph Pearl, the Summit was the culmination of the 10,000 shows and 20 years of heartburn he endured to become "the conscience of Las Vegas." Does anyone remember the night Frank and Dino came on in war paint, or the time that Peter strolled across the stage in



"Rats are for staying up late and drinking lots of booze," said Pack founder Humphrey Bogart. "We're against squares and for lots of fun and being real rats."

his boxer shorts before Sammy hit Joey upside his head with a birthday cake? No sooner did Sammy break into song than Dino's voice boomed offstage: "Hey, where the hell is the toilet—I gotta go real bad!" If Ralph Pearl discovered the meaning of the word *riotous*, Milton Berle experienced his "greatest night in show business," as the clan goofed all over each other's material and slipped hip new lyrics ("You made me love you, you woke me up to do it") into the classics. They were boozing it up onstage, too, some nights (thought Earl Wilson) even more than the audience.

"Hey," Martin might exclaim with a gesture toward Bishop, "ever see a Jew jitsu?" Not to be outdone, Bishop would threaten the "Italian bookends" with his own mob, the "Matzia." If these ripostes failed, there was always Sammy Davis, self-ordained "greatest Jewish Mau-Mau dancer of all time." Frank might order him offstage to change his clyde or stuff him into a handy umbrella stand, and Sammy had to be excused for a while when he was hospitalized for nervous exhaustion.

One night Dino picked Sam up and presented him to Frank as "an award from the NAACP." Frank took his trophy out into the audience and dropped him into the lap of Peter's brother-in-law, Senator John Kennedy. After the show the presidential candidate had a close encounter of another kind when he got together with a girl in Frank's entourage named Judy Campbell Exner at a party up in the suite.



It isn't rock 'n' roll, but I like it.

"Hell hath no fury like a hustler with a literary agent," Sinatra would later say of her after she published her memoirs.

That spring the clan Leader's voice rang out from sound trucks all over America with the Oscar-winning JFK theme song, "High Hopes"; and by summer the hippest stars in Hollywood were going ring-a-ding-ding for Kennedy at the DemCon in L.A. Once his buddy was nominated, Sinatra really threw himself into the fray. Some credit him with carrying New Jersey for the senator, and he erased the entire campaign debt in one night by staging an expanded version of the Summit as a preinaugural benefit at the White House. "The joke going around," a former Kennedy aide told Sinatra's biographer Tony Sciacca, "was that Frank wanted to be named ambassador to the Vatican."

With the entrée that Sinatra and his middle-aged band of booze-culture hipsters now had to the world's number one superstar, the merger of show biz and politics that had been brewing in space-



Sergeants 3: Cold-war cowboys.



4 for Texas: JFK-Nixon allegory?

age America was complete. Kennedy realized that the national public drama had become a B-movie and that politicians would be more typecast than elected.

After JFK, movie stars would run for public office while hip politicians would court stars as their alter egos for specific demographic groups: Betty Ford would appear on Mary Tyler Moore or dance the bump with Tony Orlando, Jimmy Carter would speak of "my friend" Bob Dylan. But Washington had never seen anything like Frank and the rat-pack generation. One year after Good Housekeeping ran a sanctimonious article warning of Sinatra's growing power in the entertainment industry, there he was in 1960 *taking over the world!*

Back before American pols got confused with movie stars, Frank Sinatra used to spend a lot of time over at Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall's place in Holmsby Hills, Hollywood. Bogie, who loved to play the tough guy, had stuck by Sinatra when the singer's



Robin and the 7 Hoods: 1920s Chicago as a proto-Vegas.



Only in it for the money, booze and broads.

career came apart during the Korean War; and he dug Sinatra's feistiness. "Sinatra's a cop hater," Bogie said. "If he doesn't know who you are and you ask him a question, he thinks you're a cop." After Sinatra's comeback as an actor in *From Here to Eternity* (1953), the two formed the nucleus of what became the most coveted social group in Hollywood. "There was nothing goody-goody or hypocritical about the late Humphrey Bogart," Ezra Goodman wrote. "He did not pretend to be raising civic and moral standards on the one hand while he was actually raising Cain on the other."

The press tagged Bogie's circle the "Holmsby Hills rat pack." Once asked by a reporter just what the rat pack was about, Bogart (who called himself the group's "Director of Public Relations") answered, "You might say that rats are for staying up late and drinking lots of booze. We're against squares and being bored and for lots of fun and being real rats." Lauren Bacall later recalled, "We had principles. You had to stay up late and get drunk, and all our members were against the PTA."

This radical rhetoric was a factor of the changes that had affected the movie industry since the war. Divested of their theater chains and displaced by TV, the once omnipotent studios had fallen on hard times. Big stars were fighting their contracts and becoming increasingly free to make deals for themselves. As a result, the ironclad control that studio bosses exercised over the images their stars projected began to weaken.

Given the context of the Holmsby Hills rat pack, which did little else than provide Hollywood journalists with good copy, Sinatra was an organizational dynamo. In the spring of 1955, for example, he led an expedition of rats (including the Bogarts, Judy Garland, David Niven, Ernie Kovacs and Angie Dickinson) to catch pack pal Noel Coward's Vegas debut. The whole operation had a paramilitary quality. Sinatra chartered buses and planes and bivouacked the group at the Sands, all



Sergeants 3: Disgrace to their uniforms.



Oceans 11: Crime pays.

rooms adjacent to a communal suite. Everyone was required to move with the group, and there were different arm bands for different activities.

The party began when room service brought up 300 Bloody Marys and continued for several days and nights. Niven and Garland were dropping speed to keep up the concentrated self-indulgence, but ultimately only the Leader was able to stand the pace. In the aftermath, Lauren Bacall is said to have examined the survivors and cracked, "You look like a goddam rat pack," branding them thus for all eternity.

After Bogie died of cancer in 1957, Sinatra was the model for a new clique of younger stars—many of them unreconstructed ethnics who had paid their dues as night-club entertainers. It was he who turned guys like Eddie Fisher, Peter Lawford and Tony Curtis onto driving Dual-Ghias or collecting pre-Colombian art. Sinatra taught his followers in a mixture of Italian-Yiddish-teenage-beatnik-bebopper slang to confound the squares, "bunters" and "harveys" of the world, and he also moved the new rat pack's nexus from Holmsby Hills to Las Vegas. "That," said film director Vincente Minnelli ("on the fringe of the group while I was married to Judy"), "made a whale of a difference."

Minnelli had to contend with a fully Sinatra-ized rat pack—Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, songwriters Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, Leo Durocher—when they descended upon Madison, Indiana, during the summer of '58 to work on his film *Some Came Running*. Madison (population 10,500) had once been named the "typical American town" by the Office of War Information, which was tantamount to saying that it was nowhere. Soon enough, though, reporters were wiring out tales of Sinatra strolling its sweltering streets with a drink in his hand, making pungent comments on the local talent. He spurned an invite to the dullsville country club and chose instead to lead an excursion across the

river to the wide-open town of Newport, Kentucky, supposedly in search of a floating crap game.

Meanwhile, the women of Madison—enflamed by the presence of a superstar in their midst—besieged the house that the rat pack had rented for the duration of the shoot. "One night," according to Shirley MacLaine, "a woman broke through the rope barrier outside the house, crashed into the hallway—knocking over two lamps—and ran toward the living room where Frank and Dean and I were watching television. She pinned Frank to the couch, jumped on top of him and started to kiss him. Her husband came rushing after her...."

As the Fifties waned and Sinatra closed in on 45, the former teen idol was all but a secular American god: top box office in Hollywood (playing an interesting mixture of GIs, gamblers and show-biz hipsters), the biggest draw in Vegas history; both towns defined a square as "a girl who hadn't been to bed with Frank Sin-



Desert rats: 5 for Vegas.

tra." He had gone corporate, forming his own record label (Reprise), and was taking a greater interest in film production. Jack Warner, last of the movie moguls, saw Sinatra as a potential successor. Sinatra evidently had similar ideas himself. Picturing his life at 50, he told a reporter, "I see myself not so much as an entertainer as a high-level executive."

Sinatra's presence onstage had once stimulated thousands of adolescent girls to come swooning in their seats, and who could judge the effects of a power like that on a man's ego? Who will ever know the secret tests Sinatra passed or failed to justify to himself the adoration he had received while the world was at war.

The child of immigrants, Sinatra learned the hard lessons of success in America, and he sought contact with those whose luck, power or glamour might possibly equal his own. Later in life he would sometimes maintain that only music had kept him from living a life of crime; and as he moved through Hollywood, surrounded by an army of pals,

Sinatra and Lawford used their millions to go into movies and politics—the only two pursuits that Joe Kennedy said "get into your blood."

flunkies and bodyguards, he might have imagined he was Little Caesar or Il Padrone himself. At the same time, Sinatra was a natural resource whose consoling voice emanated from barroom jukeboxes, a national cupid whose husky versions of "Come Fly with Me" or "Witchcraft" aided couples in their love-making across the land.

When Sinatra got wind of a project that would allow him to lead a regiment of Hollywood stars on a magical-mystery-tour "mission to liberate millions of dollars," he reanimated a friendship with Peter Lawford that had soured some years before, bought in and took command.

The idea for *Ocean's 11* (actually a near remake of Phil Karlson's 1955 *Five against the House*) had been bought by Lawford from a Beverly Hills auto mechanic, and it has the feel of an ultimate working-class fantasy. Ralph Cramden might have dreamed up such a scheme, in which a gang of fortyish former World War II commandos get together on New Year's Eve to claim their piece of the action by staging a bloodless ripoff of five Vegas casinos on the pretext "why waste all those cute little tricks the army taught us just because it's sort of peaceful now?"

The script was in constant revision to accommodate all the friends that the Leader wanted to get into this film. "Recognizing the potential in our combination," wrote Sammy, "Frank formulated what he called the five-year plan; assuming things continued as it seemed they



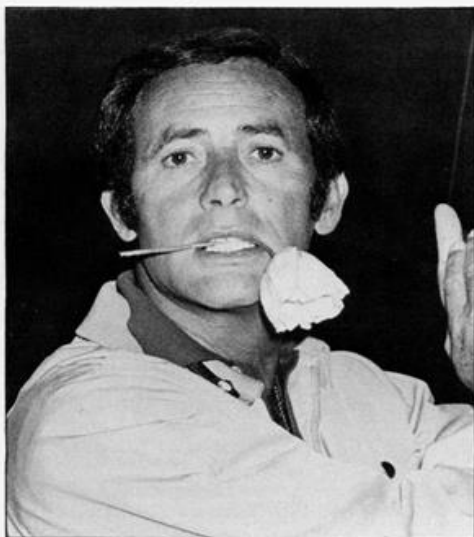
Ring-a-ding-ding!

Chairman Sinatra was an organizational genius. He chartered buses and planes to Vegas. The party began when room service brought up 300 Bloody Marys.

would, we'd make five pictures together, one a year."

As the ads ("Frank! Dean! Sammy! Peter! Angie! Who else could make such terrific excitement and have such fun doing it!") suggested, it would be a whole new Hollywood based on the evocation of a lifestyle: wall-to-wall cashmere, sexy masseuses, playful long-distance phone calls and jokes on the Beverly Hills Police Department, off-handed references to a bit of hey-hey in Rio or "those rum drinks at the Trader's." With the exception of Sammy (who plays a baseball player jim-crowed out of the majors and into the life of a grease monkey), the stars live like they have the money already.

The secret star of the film, as most reviewers noted, is Las Vegas itself. It all comes to life as the camera rolls through the casinos that Mario Puzo (whose depiction of a Sinatra-like singer in *The Godfather* once prompted the Leader to threaten him with a fork) cites for their "mistlike, fairy-tale quality," accompanied by brassy Cahn-Van Heusen songs with Sex Pistol lyrics like "we're gonna live, live, live until we die" or "tell me quick, ain't love a kick... in the head," pausing to feast on coins, cleavage or Frank giving Peter a playful judo punch on the shoulder. In Europe such surroundings had been the prerogative of the aristocracy; only in America, as Puzo notes, was Las Vegas "opulence available to anyone regardless of race, class, appearance or religion."



Ocean's 11 is "fun" writ large, a wonderful world to win where the charmingly soused broad out in the Sands' parking lot is (uncredited) Shirley MacLaine. The institutionalized wide-open town—a star-spangled, space-age marriage of Dodge City and Disneyland—is the setting for all the rat-pack films (or "clanbakes," as Time called them) through which Sinatra projected his visions. Both *4 for Texas* (1963) and *Robin and the 7 Hoods* (1964) are period pieces with elaborate proto-Vegas locals, while *Sergeants 3* (1962) features the rat pack in "look, Ma!" cavalry drag playing their Copa Room selves in the middle of Bryce Canyon.

In the case of *Sergeants 3*, most Brechtian of the clanbakes, the rat pack—having triumphantly drawn the new administration into their sphere of influence—celebrated with what was criticized as "the first \$4-million home movie." In an aggressive colonization of Hollywood's past glory, they transposed the plot of *Gunga Din* (1939) to John Ford country, and featured Sammy Davis as the faithful



water boy. Reviewers were as taken aback by *Sergeants 3*'s rapid oscillation between slapstick and violence (including one genocidal sequence in which Frank, Dino and Lawford used fists, wisecracks and dynamite to pulverize a screen filled with screaming Indians) as they had been by *Ocean's 11*'s casual amorality.

Sinatra's harried performance befitted his real-life role as the film's producer, while further alienation effects included the use of modern slang ("Quit clowning around or you'll get us busted!") and the carefree cross-cutting between the Painted Desert and a painted backdrop. The use of Vegas comics Hank Henry, Buddy Lester and Bing's dissolute Crosby boys in supporting roles, and a series of ritualized drinking gags, left one bemused critic with "the strange impression of never having left a Las Vegas night club."

What did the harveys of the press expect from a Saturday-afternoon boys' film that advertised itself with "Man, this one's the wildest!"? In retrospect it can be



seen that *Sergeants 3*'s campy nihilism anticipated the spate of comic Westerns—*Blazing Saddles*, *Cat Ballou*, etc.—which expressed American disorientation throughout the Vietnam War, but at the time of its release this all-out Vegasization of Fort Apache—as blunt in its way as Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys* (1968)—was misunderstood as being downright amateurish.

As if stung by this criticism, Frank and Dino teamed for a more "authentic" oater the following year in *4 for Texas*. The result was a thoroughly money-obsessed Western in which the star's private fantasies again took precedence over any need to perform for the public. With Dino a crooked lawyer and Sinatra a professional enforcer who lives like King Farouk (attended by adoring handmaidens as he sips champagne for breakfast) and each the master of a top-heavy tootsie—Ursula Andress and Anita Ekberg respectively—the pals battle for control of the gambling casinos of Galveston, Texas (clearly a sort of 1870s precursor to Vegas, where deals are made over lunch at Orlando's—"the only place in town where the women are young and the bourbon is aged"—and the Three Stooges or Arthur Godfrey are apt to stroll onto the set at any moment).

But contrary to the situation of the Wild West, in the Hollywood of 1960 crime, however hip, could not pay. Although *Ocean's 11* successfully short-circuit the Las Vegas metropolitan area and knock over the five casinos in the three drunken minutes it takes everyone to sing "Auld Lang Syne," one of the 11 (Richard Conte) drops dead of a coronary, and the next day Cesar Romero—a retired gangster gone society—puts two and two together and tries to shake the boys down.

In the upshot, *Ocean's* remaining ten restash the loot from the Vegas city dump to Conte's coffin, only to watch it go up in smoke when the bereaved widow decides to have him cremated. The similar evaporation of a fortune in *The Treasure of the*

(continued on page 78)

The Saga of

Bold Red Kelly

"Give us a tale o' the Frozen North," he spat, with a twinkle in his eye—
"Of a man, a woman and a big police dog, 'neath the large Canadian sky."

Love Canadian Style
by Johnny Bob



As some High Times readers may know, High Times has been banned in Canada for nearly two years. Before that, we sold about 50,000 copies of High Times there every month. In an attempt to penetrate the Beaver Wall, we herewith present another story in our continuing

crusade to expose Canadian fascism, the second most virulent force on the continent (the first being U.S. fascism). Author Johnny Bob, however, would like to state that he does not agree with these sentiments and is now, and always has been, true to the Maple Leaf.

When it has been a particularly bad week for Johnny Bob, and the afflictions are dropping into his heart like relatives into the home of a lottery winner, the Nootka Indian likes to recall the story of Bold Red Kelly. For all he was a white man, and an ordinary Joseph at that, Bold Red's tale is one of the most instructive that Johnny knows and contains either 13 or 16 enlightening elements, depending on how well Johnny remembers the tale at each instance of its telling.

Several summers ago in an area of Canada Johnny shall disguise with word paint for fear of being discriminated against with sticks upon his return, Johnny found himself in sole charge of Bob Brothers Guaranteed Fish and Moose Guide Agency. Truth prods Johnny to reveal that there were no Bob brothers, as Johnny has no wish to count half brother Rupert Bob, who is upside down with liquor half the day and night. Johnny ran the agency in a solitary fashion, counting on wise ads in sporting periodicals to lure

American hunters north.

These ads your story-relating Indian took great delight in producing himself. Some were small, secret, sort of personal ads: Hunters, seekers after flesh, mountains and barn-sized moose; Indian guide knows where to find what you're after. Going rates. Top-of-the-rope service. Phone.... Others were even more lyrical—Johnny wanted to attract a better sort of hunter: Peer on tiptoe into the trout-clear eye of the grizzly. Indian will teach you to stalk like the snowfall, to eat the

smoke from your cook fire.... Naturally these ads didn't do too well. The ad that succeeded read this way:

Bob Brothers Guaranteed AAA Hunting and Fishing Lodge. Quality guiding for fish, moose and mountain cat. Real Indian cooking. Seaplane dockage. Phone....

Johnny is particularly pleased with the real Indian cooking, all of which he did himself in a pot (singular and dirty), making novel dishes such as peppermint tuna spaghetti sauce. This dish, served in combination with a local red wine, saw several American bwanas doubled up on the dock below the lodge regurgitating into the lake. In the morning if you walked onto the dock, metal smooth with dew, you could look down to the lake bottom and see the trout nibbling cautiously at the white vermiform spaghetti. Naturalist Bob suggests trout are a little shy of taste buds but welcomes discussion in the scientific spirit.

Bold Red Kelly, retired amateur hockey player, unemployed miner, hero of this tale, lived in a small town about 40 miles from Bob Brothers Hunting Lodge. Bold Red would be proud to tell you himself that he was a victim of Canada's economic recession.

"It takes a superior sort of man to find work in times like these, Johnny," he would later say in hiding in the Bob Lodge woodshed. "I am not a superior sort of man. I have drunk too much beer and eaten too many microwave meals in the gin mills to have any ambition." It was Bold Red's belief that microwave cookery killed the spirit and that his was pretty near dead.

Red was what other people, though certainly not Johnny, would call a shiftless son of a bitch. He collected unemployment insurance as much as possible and, it was alleged by some, under a variety of names. In the afternoon you could find him hanging out at the pool hall shooting a little eightball and teasing Mike, the moon-faced idiot who swept up the Export "A" twists and butts and the spit Bold Red left in his wake. "Mike is so slow," big Red would say to anyone at all, "that he takes his right hand out to the movies afore he baps himself off." Mike would blush and sweep faster.

Around dinner time Red would take a walk down the main street of town, stopping in at most of the little stores and cafes to say hello to the girls and generally inquire after the well-being of his neighbors. He would wind up more often than not with a girl, or a girl's promise to meet him there, in the beverage room of the Anchor Hotel, known locally as the Flaming A. The hotel acquired this name after a curious sport engaged in by a handful of intrepid patrons one icy winter night. Stripping their pants off in the parking lot, they clasped a twist of newspaper between their legs. Once both the head and tail sections of the papers were set afire, players would try to run across

the parking lot and back without dropping the papers or crying out. Bold Red had been victorious several times.

There in the Flaming A, Red generally stayed till closing time. The night in question Red did not stay till closing time. At about eight o'clock, as Red sat with Jane from the drugstore, a brawl broke out in a far corner of the large crowded room. It raged and twisted about, touching down like a tornado at various tables, igniting havoc, loosing torrents of beer and head-tingling salvos of glassware. Red reports he broke one of the cardinal rules of pub craft that night. He fought against the house! Said he'd been fighting with the house so long he just had a hankering to see what it was like to fight against them and, after some sharp encounters, remembered why he had made the cardinal rule in the first place. He found himself with Jane from the drugstore, sitting in a pickup truck in the parking lot.

Jane was fairly new to Red, he didn't

**It was Bold
Red Kelly's belief
that microwave
cookery killed
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was pretty
near dead.**

like to spend too much time with the same woman. "People like me," said Red, "can't afford to get habituated to one woman. Minute a woman learns all our tricks she's miserable. Habituation just makes for mathematically more misery."

As they sat in the truck with the heater on, looking at the glowing circle the parking-lot light dumped on the fresh snow and listening to prereigious Johnny Cash on the radio, Jane told Red about Derrick McTargle's party. Mr. McTargle was proprietor of the town's largest and onliest department store. He was, Jane said, going to announce his candidacy for the Canadian parliament, running on the conservative ticket.

"Imagine that," says Red. "What a bold original idea. If he plans to announce it at his party tonight, it is a matter of concern to all voters and particularly to me as former scrutineer of the Communist Party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist)."

"You can't go," said Jane. "Not like that...." She gestured at Bold Red's red-plaid lumberjack shirt, which hung open revealing a black T-shirt beneath.

"Don't give me that, woman," said Red. "This fine jacket matches me thermos. And the note that came attached to that

thermos said its plaid was the battle tartan of Clan Campbell, to whom I am distantly related through the marriage of my aunt to a Scotsman. My late mother also claimed to be of Scottish descent, though she was so sketchy about it I suspect we must have been sheepdogs or furniture in some laird's castle. I'm going."

"I'm not," Jane said loudly and jumped out of the truck.

Mayor Niel MacIntyre was at the party. "Hello, mayor," said Bold Red. "How's yer hammer hanging?" Van Durban of Van's Vanguard Van Sales was there, as was Police Chief William Donald, starched up in a white shirt and a brownish tie. "You ever try using handcuffs in sex, chief?" inquired Bold Red as he shook the man's hand. "Drives some girls right up the wallpaper."

Bold Red circulated through the guests. He didn't have much choice really. If he stayed in one place too long, an empty pool developed around him. Nobody was willing to say much to Red. He was wearing that ludicrous shirt, he was pretty aggressive, obviously no use to business, and McTargle didn't like him at all.

Eventually Red came to rest almost unobserved in the den, his back against McTargle's black Naugahyde La-Z-Boy recliner-lounger, his right cheek inches away from the lotion-soft leg of McTargle's 16-year-old daughter Annie, who sat there as alone as Red, watching television, reading a Kurt Vonnegut novel and listening to Aerosmith as loud as her father would let her, all at the same time. Annie lifted her almost invisible blond eyebrows at a number of Red's stories and took quick determined sips at the glass of scotch he offered her.

"Yah can never tell," said Red later, "why a girl like Annie does what she does. Mostly she's so young an' confused an' headstrong she don't know her own self. I don't know why she took to me, but she did in a big way. Could be 'cause I dress like a tough kid, could be 'cause my nose has character. How the hell do I know? Anyway, after we talk for a while she gets up and closes the door to the den. Then she sits back down in the chair and asks for another sip of my scotch."

"While she's sipping like it was cod oil, she reaches down with her free hand and rubs it up her leg, pulling her little blue skirt way up on her belly. You may think I didn't notice, but I did, Johnny, and the hairs on her stomach were like sunlight on dust. I was ready to run, I tell you, and ready to stay too. My heart must have sounded like a mine explosion sounds in the timekeeper's office far above ground. Then Johnny, you Indian, she pulled her cotton skimpies down to her knee dapples and calm as you please held out the glass of scotch to me, which glass I immediately put down upon the rug so as the better to help her pull her shorts down those long legs and over the socks, one of which I also pulled off and stuck in my back

pocket as a souvenir of the affair.

"I then proceeded to lick her in and out in a most detailed fashion, with a stamp collector's care. Oh, Johnny Bob, she loved that. Shortly she began to say in a voice she must have heard somewhere else, sounded like a rough C chord, 'Please, yes, please, fuckmemememe-' and more of the like. Well, I dropped pants around boots and I was striving to push in right there on the lounge, but damn trays kept popping out from the sides and what have you as I circled for position.

"Hastily we adjourned to the floor, and before you could say 'workmen's compensation' I was hilted and she was beginning a slow moan that rose to me ears like auditory incense. I regret to say that seconds later, as the books would have it, her warm inner passages were drenched with my creamy spending. She lay there beneath me, her eyes clenched shut, lashes locked like a couple of Venus's-flytraps, pipestem legs wrapped around my back.

"You can imagine that I now felt the need to, um, escape from this compromising position. Perhaps to leave with Annie for another place, not the den floor. But she wouldn't let go. What's a gent to do? I decided to wait it out. She was humming softly. I could hear Aerosmith. The TV was reflected in the wax shine of the yellow cedar veneer paneling. The door opened briefly and then closed sharply. *Oh shit.*

"I disengaged, steam whistles and bugles blew retreat and abandon ship as loud as a car wreck. I pulled my pants up and was running across the den, Annie was flat on the floor dripping the usual mixture onto the carpet. The door burst open. It was the old man—unarmed, praise Jesus. I dove through the den window. I heard shouting as I bellied down into the snow on the garage roof. Thank Christ for that snow or I'd still be prying gravel bits out of my stomach with a fork. I jumped up and ran like a son of a bitch.

"I made it to the truck. People were pouring out of the house like bees. I slammed her in gear and drove. A couple of cars were chasing me. Blood was running down my forehead. My jacket and a good chunk of my right arm were cut through by glass, but that did not affect the performance of my fine Dodge truck. They are hard to beat. I lost both my pursuers near the highway and doubled back to Doug Farndale's."

Fortunately for Bold Red Kelly, the Farndales, Doug and Karen, looked with sympathy upon the unemployed miner's crime. "Shit," Karen said, wiping Red's head free of blood and glass. "We better ditch that truck of yours. They'll be looking for that." It dawned on Red that he was a wanted man.

"You have committed statutory rape," mouthed Doug Farndale solemnly. "No doubt you will be allowed to plead guilty

to a battery of far more serious charges. For instance, and don't think I'm being nosy, if she licked your dick they'll get you for sodomy, which in this province is punishable with 40 strokes of the cat and life imprisonment."

Red's situation, Johnny must stress, was not in the least humorous. The next day the Eagle carried the headline "School Girl Raped in Father's House, Local 'Problem Youth' Sought." Johnny read this at his hunting lodge, which was at the time unoccupied by hunters, perhaps due to the fame of Chief Bob being excessively bruited about in American sporting circles.

For the next month Bold Red evaded the police and kinfolk of Annie. The whole town knew he was still around, and he became something of, hell, he was, a folk hero, especially after Annie told a couple of girl friends he was "an exquisite lover," a pardonable overstatement in a girl her age. As yet, the town's younger children knew nothing of the case's details but by and large sympathized with

"Alsation cocksucker," added Red, kicking weakly at the dead dog.

their parents' views, the general drift of which was that Bold Red was being hounded by powerful enraged father and mindless authoritarian police chief. The kids played a game called "outlaw." The strongest kid played the hero, Bold Red Kelly; others were reduced to playing Mr. Targle, or "Chief Nasty Baster."

Winter grew deeper, as did the snow, and one winter night patrol car number 1 (of the town's seven) noticed a shaft of light coming from beneath the door of an electric-utility shack. The officers, proceeding on a routine check, opened the door of the shack to discover Mr. Charles, known as Red, Kelly locked in a carnal embrace with Miss Jane Trethewy, employee of Nelson's drugstore. The officers pounced on the couple, prompting Red to say, quoting Robert Conrad, "Hey, why don't you guys get your own girls."

The proud officers escorted the couple to the squad car. They then made the fatal error of handcuffing Red's hands in front in order that he could smoke.

While one officer radioed that they had caught Bold Red, the other gathered up the clothes and sleeping bags scattered

around the utility shack. It was then that Jane made her break for it; pushing open the door, she began to run bare-ass through the thigh-deep snowfield. When the officer in the car jumped out after her, Red slid into the driver's seat and with a roar from the heart spun his snow tires viciously and was off.

Halfway down the side road on which the utility shack was located Bold Red saw the lights of a second cop car behind him, its red light flashing. He watched it approach in the rear-view and saw that it contained three cops and Jane. Red figured the only way to get away was to head into town and try to lose them in a jumble of traffic, which at that time of night he rightly figured would be mostly other cop cars.

Tearing along the main highway he switched on his roof light. The radio was busy as more squad cars joined the pursuit. Red put on the cop hat beside him and as a squad car came towards him got on the radio. "He's got a bunch of his friends; they're in the car behind me; try and block 'em off!"

The second car swung loosely through the snow behind Red, blocking the road as he raced toward town. He heard a crash and the red dome light of the police car blocking the road bucked crazily in the rear-view mirror as the other one crashed into it.

"He's had an accident off Drainage Road #2," said Red into the mike; and the radio sparked a rebuttal: "He hasn't, he hasn't! Cars numbers 3 and 7 in collision, Kelly's heading for town!"

"Make up your fucking minds!" It was the chief's voice, out there somewhere in his canary-yellow cruiser. On the outskirts of town Red saw another car streaking along a cross street. Switching off his dome light he reported, "Suspect proceeding east on Heart's Ease Avenue with dome light flashing."

Could he have seen it, he would have seen the car he reported pick up speed. "He must be just ahead of us," said the driver. Further down the street all available units began to converge on their own car, while on the other side of town, the chief was pursuing his own victim stealthily, lights off. The car the chief was pursuing picked up speed and the chief, slightly fuddled with rye and seven, lost control of his vehicle and, passing over the sidewalk sideways, entered the closed garage of Dick Millard. About the same time, three police cars reported each other trying to run each other off the road.

Bold Red chuckled gracelessly at the radio squawks as he drove deliberately away from town in the general direction of Bob Brothers Hunting Lodge. He abandoned the car, as the Eagle later reported, in a densely wooded area. Snowfall was said to be hampering tracking efforts.

Constable Bob Handberg was awakened personally by the chief the very next

(continued on page 82)

D.O.A.

Inside the

Sex P Inf

Will failure spoil Jo

A journal by
Leslie Morrison



La Guajira, Colombia January 3rd

I laid back, closing my eyes, listening to the ducks quack in my private bathing pond in the Hermann Goering Suite at the Juan Hotel in La Guajira, a thousand miles inside Colombia, where dope, emeralds, guns, white slaves and every type of contraband known to Interpol flow freely through open markets and blockade-free ports of entry. Deals are made casually over 12-course orgies on the hotel grounds, and aging smugglers nurse their drinks in leather-upholstered saunas, mixing freely with embezzlers, crooked dictators and war criminals wanted on five continents. After two weeks in town, you just lay in the bath all day drinking Lizard's Breaths and listening to the ducks quack.

Airborne January 4th

The plane steered neatly past stray cattle as we waved to the local mariachi band playing us a farewell serenade. I was catching a free ride to the United States.

In the shadow of the recently installed radar tower, the anti-aircraft crews were smoking gold. A 1,000-pound payload weighs down a twin-engine Beech like salt on a sparrow's tail. Takes half an hour to get to 1,000 feet, the flight to Atlanta took ten hours, and I hardly knew I'd left my duck pond.

Atlanta, Georgia January 5th

We drove into Atlanta. The natives appeared friendly, so we checked in at the Peachtree Hotel. At about four in the morning a short black kid in a powdered wig and scarlet livery knocked on the door, bearing a silver salver with a card engraved:

*Mr. Drake
requests the pleasure of your
company at the Sex Pistols
concert tonight — Merck will
be served.*

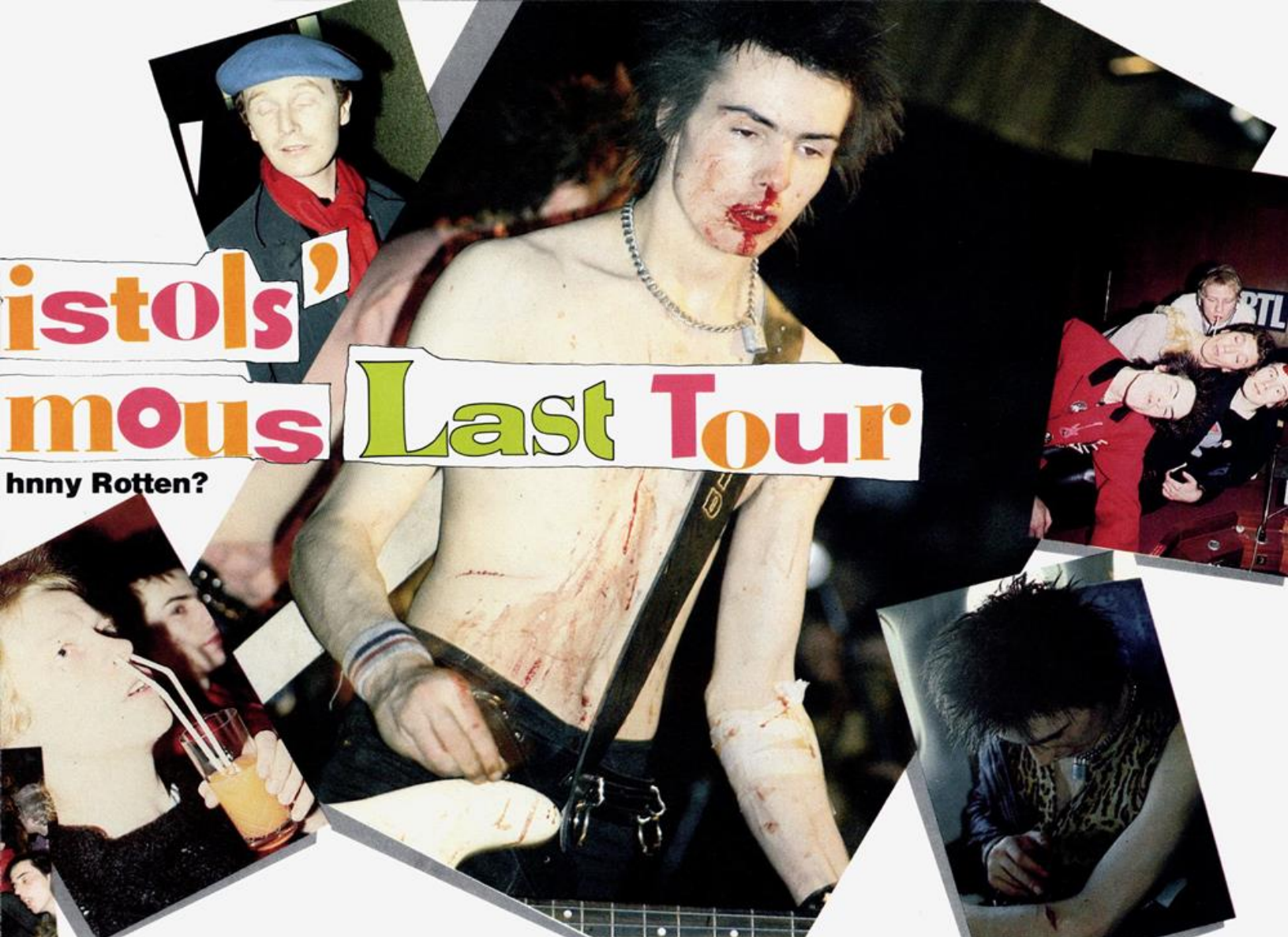
The society of Drake is one of the few things that could have lured me out of the tequila splendor of the Peachtree. Educated at Princeton and Oxford, a specialist in Arabic studies, Drake ran the hash show in Afghanistan for a few years, came back to the States in '69 to help put on Woodstock and ended up putting on ten more festivals. Drake probably turned on more people more ways than Owsley, Leary and Ken Burnstine put together. With his shoulder-length black hair, aristocratic features, lacy white shirts and blue velvet fox-hunting jackets, he looked more like Lorenzo the Magnificent than a crazy hippie.

Fifteen minutes later we were breathing white lightning with this legendary prince of hippies, a man so cool that he smoked his joints with the pinkie of his hand extended as if sipping a cup of tea. A man who was on first-name basis with the Red Chinese ambassador to the U.N., the Mafia's capo di tutti capi, Weatherwomen and some of the top FM DJs in Philadelphia.

"Look at this," Drake exclaimed, waving a torn copy of the Atlanta Bugle:

istols' mous Last Tour

hunny Rotten?



Sex Pistols To Play Tonight "I'll arrest them if they spit" —Sheriff Cracker

A picture showed four guys on a hot-rod decal. Ugly, nasty, mean-looking punks who would have been kicked out of the SS for bad attitude.

There was nothing on the front page but the weather, a four-ounce dope bust and six columns on the Sex Pistols and their foremost fan, Sheriff Mickey Cracker of Decatur County. The local hacks had done a thorough clip job: the Sex Pistols were juvenile delinquents, teenage rabble-rousers, rock 'n' roll anarchists, deformed glandular psychopaths.

Drake and I dropped a dozen bootleg 'ludes (distilled from all natural vegetable-chemical sources by some genius from UCLA now supposedly on the California Board of Regents) and donned formal attire for the big do that night.

The crowd was made up of about one-half cowboys, rednecks and colorful truckstop characters (about half of whom had come for the violence, while the rest turned up for the express purpose of

walking out on the Sex Pistols) and about equal parts Southern hippies and Southern punks—presumably hippies who'd read about the punk look last week in Rolling Stone and spent an afternoon shooting buckshot into their T-shirts and piercing their ears with nails and safety pins. Atlanta radio wasn't about to play "Anarchy in the U.K." and the album didn't hit the shops till the middle of the tour, which was sort of typical of the way Warners bollixed the whole expedition.

The crowd was filled out by an elite delegation of rock czars like critic John Rockwell (who established some kind of record by filing eight doting dispatches from the tour to the New York Times in the course of about two weeks), John Holmstrom of Punk magazine, Robert Christgau of the Village Voice and other notorious behind-the-sceners. But even amid the array of Southern punk chic, hippies and shitkicker finery, I think Drake took the cake when he made his drop-dead entrance from his armored boat-tailed Packard speedster with two tuxedoed desperadoes in white ties and pinned ears in the front seat; his bodyguards.

Well, we parked and left the limo on self-destruct and sashayed into the hall, in time to catch the opening set. The Pistols were very democratically mingling with the fans and telling them what they thought of America, of Atlanta, of Warner Brothers, of country and western, of their manager, Malcolm McLaren, of each other and of the fans, which was basically that all of the above sucked, and when anybody disagreed, Sid Vicious would riposte, "Fuck you!"

Every member of this crowd was optimistically hoping for a brawl, including the 300 private guards and the crews of 50 patrol cars assigned to the American debut concert of the Sex Pistols. We reconnoitered and noted the exits.

The Pistols remained backstage for some 40 minutes, where, according to rumor, they took a few drugs, had a few drinks and beat the shit out of the backup band. So that by the time they finally walked onstage, they were good and angry; and when the Sex Pistols go on stage angry, they play great. The audience wasn't in a very pretty mood either. That night a blizzard buried most of North America, and the Winter of Hate was off



to a great start. "It's gonna be a great show, man," Drake assured me. "I wouldn't be surprised if somebody gets killed tonight."

"I wouldn't have missed it for a dozen sex offenses with Mackenzie Phillips," I agreed as drummer Paul Cook walked—lurched?—out onto the stage, tripped over an amp and collapsed behind his drums.

As if Cook's drums snapped them out of a stupor, guitarist Steve Jones and bassist Sid Vicious staggered onto stage next and picked up their instruments and started to, not tune them exactly, but run out a couple of riffs that didn't appear to satisfy them and didn't please the audience either. Still nobody left, and after Jones had played a classic punk chord (E) and moved his fingers around uncertainly as if to suggest he might segue into another, the stamping, whistling, cheering, shouting, laughing, screaming, crying, belching, squalling, booing and audible cocksucking abated enough for a bluesy melody to be heard. And there was no mistaking it. Jones, the heir to Keith Richards at 19, better yet, the first axeman to make Richard's style his own and even ruin it a little, rough it up a little, to get back the energy

and black magic. And Richard, I understand, owned in his day a nice temperamentally insolent approach to tone himself. Yes, magnificent anger screamed out of the Sex Pistols tonight.

Mr. Drake's ivory coke holder passed around. He claims he bought it from a 95-year-old elephant hunter now a distinguished Member of Parliament (in South Africa), but even at this word rate, Mr. Drake and everything about him is clearly another story.

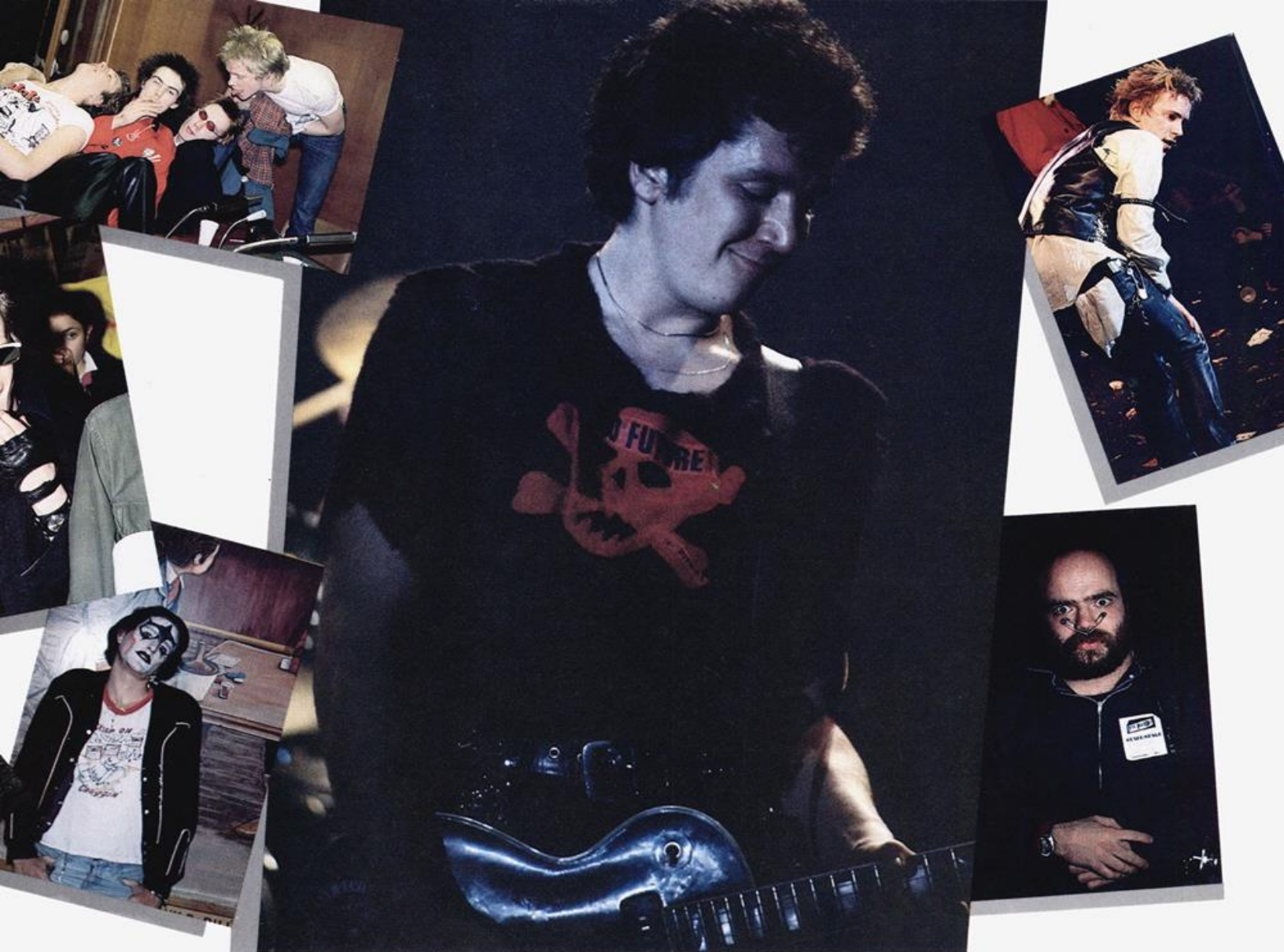
Vicious snarled, grunted and uttered a few words that were inaudible but clearly obscene and looked out upon the audience like a thin David Berkowitz stalking lovers' lane. The audience noise slowly diminished, Sid's evil gaze calming them like a loving mother duck.

Sid is merely a 17-year-old street kid from the slums of East London. His life's ambition was attained when he was named bass player to replace Glen Matlock, an original Sex Pistol. Those who claim to know, however, say that Glen, although very articulate and intelligent, is at heart a poof and other things that a British punk gentleman ought not to be. Having examined the photographic

record, I'd say that Glen just doesn't look like the kind of guy who'd throw a crippled widow in a wheelchair down a flight of stairs, whereas Sid... Sid would drag her up the Great Pyramid and slap her 40 times first, as long as there were photographers around.

Well the Sex Pistols are jamming and riffing and making a noise like a boilerplate factory, when on comes the one and only Johnny Rotten, who is the ideal culture hero for kids of the white middle- and working-class varieties on two continents, if only because nobody else can stand him. Bernard Brooke-Partridge, distinguished Member of Parliament (Conservative) for Havering-Romford, told the world he felt "unclean" for a period of 48 hours after meeting Rotten. The moral of which is that Rotten is traveling in pretty influential circles considering that his natural constituency, the unvoting, unworking, dope-sucking, hard-drinking, good clean violence-loving youth of today, have taken him to their bosoms and given him the highest gift it is in their power to bestow—superstardom.

And Johnny never disappoints his fans, never fails to discharge the duty he is



sworn to, to express what is, after all, a pretty well-founded hate and contempt for the phoney airs and graces of the great, the rich, the beautiful; to radiate the miserable joy of living, drinking and whoring in the awkward, poignant nuances that they're known by to the average working fish of the untalented mass of us failures.

In role, a shocking "fuck you" emanates from a supremely confident star as Rotten takes the microphone and calmly announces, "I'm John. This is the Sex Pistols!" Sinatra couldn't have done it better.

A new age begins. Cook leaps forward in classic rock guitar-as-gun motion, enhanced by a drunk's version of a ballet split, and unleashes a deafening chord at which, as the entire audience goes mad, Johnny and the lads sing of the wretched plight of the British working-class youth, mentioning rising unemployment, the lack of purpose in growing up in the Kingdom, the idiocy of the archaic feudal social structure by which individuals are still oppressed in the British Isles and several other topics of burning interest to young English punks and, more or less, kids throughout the industrialized West.

Drake and I watched the band stiff, silent and stunned, our jaws hanging open like sheets drying on the line. Only a few times before had we been present, and known we were present, as history was being made. Rotten was in a spine-twisting spasm, dodging vegetable and aluminum tributes from the audience, sneering, glaring, snarling, threatening, taunting, mocking, pulling his eyebrows up like a mongoloid and drawing his lips back like morgue sheets to expose a dental disaster area—his teeth looked like Stonehenge—and also jumping, stooping, never actually dancing, mind you, *writhing*, but more in agony than anything approaching rhythm, and working his way through a gamut of gestures that made him the absolute king of defiance.

Rotten was clad in a red-blue tartan zoot suit—probably prison issue; you'd never find them in any shop—ripped and torn *a la mode punk*, both too small here and too large there, with a matching *loincloth* over his equally tortured trousers, orthopedic shoes and a few glinting pieces of metal hung around places even Bob Guccione wouldn't wear jewelry.

There hasn't been a rock star to hit the fashion industry like Johnny Rotten since the *Sergeant Pepper* jacket came out. And when a fashion fad moves in the way punk clothes have, it means an expression has taken place of the latest, most advanced twist in the morality of the most liberated section of the population, that a new, in-group attitude toward life in general and money and sex in particular has come out of the closet. Fashion heralds deep changes as certainly as music, and with even more lasting effects. Among other things, punk attire says: "I'm into sex and don't care about money, though I like it and I'll take it, robbery and prostitution not excluded, at least they're honest work, as opposed to, say, being an FM DJ."

The punk look as such suggests a truly degenerate intention to live like a garbage-dump rat and take the same chances for survival (there'll always be plenty of garbage). It's the inspiring uniform of the economically displaced class suffering from enforced leisure, having ruled out all boring, pointless and also purposeful but boring work, in other words all work to begin with, and it discounts the masses who've signed up for accounting courses

as unlikely to have much impact on the future of civilization as an art form. The sentiments precisely of the best part of the generation that's inheriting America as we go to press.

Leading punks openly enact the most suicidal behavior ever beheld by all the adolescent psychiatrists in the world, their thrust mounting to a blind orgy or psychotic ecstasy of inner-peace-through-violence and miscellaneous forms of abandon as orchestrated by the Sex Pistols. Punk means, or probably means, getting rid of all bof (boring old fart) behavior and responses bred by any instincts of a purposeful, profitable, teleological origin, giving in to immediate gratification and presuming that nothing terrible will happen and even that it's OK if it does. Like the hippies, punks assume that there will simply be a system and a society and an accounting class to supply them with an endless diet of nourishing garbage, gathered in spreading mounds where nothing is forbidden and nothing can be lost.

Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious are just kids, after all. As such, their whole production of rage and terror is pretty familiar to observers of the infant mind. Sid and Johnny are protesting among other things a kind of social setup where young people are coerced, persuaded and seduced by just about every institution to remain infantile, to refrain from work of any conceivable godly purpose, to soak up several artificially prolonged decades of education of little interest or apparent use and to become economically mature, at last, in jobs where advancement is tied up for the foreseeable future in the hands of their entrenched elders. Or, in a half-assed rock band for instance, to struggle for an identity and image that confers superstardom—and this they will never find because they're not fit, as only a few in a generation are, to sustain themselves physically and mentally in the long run as rock stars.

Time was, you went down the mines at the age of three; time was, a man was a man when he discovered the purpose of his organ of generation; these are overwhelming facts of life in the modern world that shape the artificially delayed, hypocritically avoided economic and sexual maturity of the human being, that imperfect antecedent of the machines and, it now appears, the clone. So Johnny Rotten, by any measure known to science a man in every sense of the word, as is Sid Vicious, a mature specimen if not by universal agreement actually a human one, is a suppressed adult whose most pressing emotions, fortunately for business, are those of insecure teenagers—or of obscurely threatened children. For the teenager is a biologically nonexistent creation of the industrial revolution, designed to stabilize society by suppressing a section of the working and procreating overpopulation by extending childhood

through the third decade of human span. Drake and I know we are watching the age-old ritual of the infant crying for attention, specifically in the forms of security, warmth and even punishment, which is better than indifference.

By the time our ancestors were 19 they had long since gone forth and multiplied and, if they had anything on the ball, increased their belongings by a cow or a dog or a couple of shrunken heads. By the time Johnny Rotten was 19, all he'd had to his name was about 400 acid trips and an art school degree even he knew he couldn't eat, though he probably tried.

The Sex Pistols have done some very uncouth and some very destructive things to get attention, and they've gotten more than their share of it, and they're going to get it long after the band files for bankruptcy, and, you know, they're still not happy. The more attention they get, the more miserable they become. They hate everyone else and they hate themselves. Of course, they and their audience will never be satisfied with whatever attention they get, not even 24-hour surveillance in maximum security, because the growing-up process they're acting out in their

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thwarted way had too much to do with the *withdrawal* of attention, not cold turkey but gradually, in order to let the tyke figure out how to do things for himself.

If Johnny Rotten's success brought him enough attention to make him feel happy and secure to any satisfactory extent, most of the problems facing Western civilization would be more or less resolved automatically as a result. But you don't have to pin the fate of the universe on it to see Johnny and Sid crying, crying for attention. Any mother could tell you that. I'm not sure about Sid, but he must have come from somewhere.

Anyway, the crowd went crazy and a good time was had by all and, to the best of my knowledge, no one was actually killed or seriously wounded. The fuzz left empty-handed but stimulated by the Sex Pistols' violent message, whatever it is. Blue-wrappers were seen leaving the area with top lights on, sirens blaring, in the direction of one of Atlanta's many fine old residential black neighborhoods.

Memphis, Tennessee January 6th

And as the tour marched on, it left vast stretches of the Southland, taking cues in advance from pictures in Gig and Rolling Stone, standing around the truckstops and cotton fields and dirt farms whistling, "Dang, don't Ah look tuff!"

The Pistols had wanted in their stupendous, incredible, God's fool innocence to play America's black ghettos. They wanted to play for the audiences they could identify with, Harlem, Selma, Watts, their soul brothers, their class allies, the original unworking-class punk mass. And someone from Warners had to tell them that they couldn't do it, there'd only be trouble or nobody would come, or however they chose to put it.

Warners, having had some experience in record sales, outlined a tour that would hit New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and other reliable rock venues. Fuck you, replied the Sex Pistols. Finally, Malcolm McLaren negotiated a compromise itinerary: the Sex Pistols agreed to play a series of small halls mainly in the South and West, where they would feel at home among the turmoil of white working-class youth well known for its equal love of parties and riots, its inability to distinguish between the two or have one without starting the other, its inbred intelligence to the spirit of the Rebel Yell.

And watching Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious, whose face is a mask of ageless evil, the first thing you pick up on is the arrogance and evil and all the familiar exaggerated punk poses.

But mostly the Pistols remind me of the incredibly innocent, naive, idealistic, angelic nature of rock 'n' roll, the Christ-like hope, the everlasting, ever-renewing, ever-danceable promise of those enduring, purifying teenage emotions: love and being misunderstood. And the Sex Pistols are not much more or less than the latest restatement of the old paradox that lies and twinkles and beguiles from the heart of rock 'n' roll: love eternal, embodied in a high-school ring or a safety pin, like rock 'n' roll will never die.

When the music's on, you're a teenager, and even being insecure isn't so bad because, being a teenager, you're going to live forever. That's as close to the key to rock's persistence as anyone's ever figured out, and rock will never cease to appeal to anyone brought up on it, grown old on it and still sitting around in the year 2000 remembering how great things were back in '58 or '78. And teenage innocence, the happiest and most confident time of most people's lives, even if it seems like hell at the time: nothing captures it in amber like rock 'n' roll—the more decadent, depraved, dirty and destructive, the better.

So, as it turned out, the South was amazingly ready for the Pistols. A million
(continued on page 74)



High Stakes

A bunch of the boys were shooting it up in the Crazy Horse Saloon. It was Las Vegas, 1960, and the boys were Frankie and Sammy and Dino, and these boys kept their hands to *themselves*! Shooting for top stakes, too, namely about three ki's of hand-rolled Nepalese temple hash balls.

Frankie made the break, dropped the two ball on the opening shot, picked up two more in the corner pocket, then sank the cue on the the third shot, giving the table over to Dino. A three-five combination would've set him up for a good long string, except he forgot to chalk the cue. Sammy looked like he could run the whole table counterclockwise.

But damn if Sammy hadn't eaten the nine, twelve and five balls. That dude was so fucked up he couldn't put any more English on the ball than a Swahili, and he lofted the cue ball clear off the table. Frankie won, of course, and Dino came in second. Hashish billiards sure is fun! □







Glue Confessions

Stick or treat, it's toluene! All-true glucinations 'n' sho'-nuff huff stuff—a brown bagful of vapor capers 'n' acoustic tube-aid Testor's Acid!

by Joe Schenkman

Martha and George are about to sit down to a sumptuous dinner when someone rings the chimes of their elegant colonial house in the posh west-end district of Richmond, Virginia. A long-haired youth enters uninvited and ceremoniously removes his trench coat, revealing himself naked save for floppy unlaced boots to the shocked middle-aged couple. He seats himself at their Steinway grand piano and with the pomp of a symphony soloist begins a haunting etude with his right hand. In his left hand he holds a brown paper lunch bag. Before Martha and George can recover their senses, the young glue sniffer has finished his piece and vanished into the night.

Glue sniffing. It's called many things—huffing, whiffing, wheezing, sniffing. And it comes in all shapes and sizes, from 15-cent tubes of Testor's (Old Faithful) to five-gallon steel drums of industrial toluene, with all kinds of sprays and liquids in between. Each huffer has his own particular brand of poison he swears by (with the usual qualification that the glues contain either toluene or toluol), but they pretty much agree on one universal item: the rolled-down, crumpled-up, brown paper lunch bag that the solvents are sniffed from.

Of course, there are exceptions. I've seen young Puerto Ricans in New York pour Carbona onto a pillow, then bury their heads in it and stagger around the room. Over in Japan, gunk punks wear flu masks soaked in paint thinner. And Slim Jim over in south-side Richmond told me he once used a plastic Wonder Bread bag for sniffing glue. "Problem was, the glue would melt the bag until the damn thing was scraping the floor; you had to keep rolling it up while you were huffing, till finally it was stuck smack to your face and you had glue all in your hair and everything. When I came to the supper table with my face all glazed and stinking like glue, my parents knew *something* was funny."

Iwent down to Richmond, Virginia—huffing capital of the Confederacy—to get the story. Richmond: the town that brings you Reynold's Aluminum, Marlboros and Hostess Twinkies. Lots of folks down in Richmond have been into sniffing glue. Many still are. Why? "It's a good party drug," was as close to an accurate answer as I could find. "Gets you real loose." Also, it's cheap, available and legal (well, almost). But contrary to my preconceived notions I found many people who huffed *voluntarily*—not for lack of anything better

around—and who actually *preferred* it over other drugs, of which Richmond has always had a plentiful supply.

"Copping glue is a breeze," says Charlie, a veteran Richmond huffer. "There's no middleman, front money or waiting for the Man to show. Just step up to the counter, and, if you don't mind the teacher's dirty looks, it's in the bag. We'd pop into the 7-11, grab a package of lunch bags and order up a case of Lepage's glue. A case is 24 tubes, 15 cents apiece, and you got exact change! Woman behind the counter says, 'What're you gonna do with all that stuff?' and we'd say, 'Sniff it!' This went on for two years—we'd buy up to a hundred tubes a day if we could afford it. I grew my thumbnail real long so I could slice off the tops of the tubes in a hurry and get 'em in that bag—put two or three tubes in a bag at a time. Got so we were so well known in the 7-11s all over town that we'd just walk in the door and if they was out they'd say, 'It'll be here in two days!' without us saying a word."

"We soon went on to the harder stuff," Charlie's friend and longtime huffing companion Stick tells me. "We'd buy industrial toluene in gallon cans (similar to the cans paint thinner comes in) in one of the many paint stores around town. We'd soak a sock in the toluene, drop it into a triple-lined lunch bag and huff all night, the nighttime being the right time for huffing hallucinations." Stick maintains that he huffed somewhat less than Charlie, who at a "conservative estimate" huffed "no less than five years straight, five nights a week. That's a couple hundred gallons! We actually made plans for buying a 55-gallon steel drum of toluene (the largest size available for industrial use), trucking it out into the woods and stashing it there so we wouldn't have to hassle scoring all the time."

Like many of their glucinations the 55-gallon drum never materialized. Still, Stick and Charlie show no ill effects from half a decade spent behind brown-paper bags and can recall in glorious detail their teenage huffing adventures. Their huffing friends also came through the ordeal relatively unscathed. With a few exceptions.

Duane is a thin, wasted toluol junkie with skin like death warmed over a can of Sterno. He lives in one of the many rooming houses along West Grace Street. Rooming houses for broken men who've traded in dreams of young pussy for old empty pints of Mad Dog 20-20. Men with their wisdom teeth in their pockets and no change. Duane wheezes

(his own term) Tuffilm (an artist's fixative with a toluol base) out of a brown paper bag. "You wanna talk wheezing, ah'll talk wheezing all day, 'cuz shit, you come to the right ol' boy," he tells me as old bums walk in and out bumming his Camels. "There's this one old boy wheezing Pit Stop deodorant gets so crazy on the shit he walks out into the night and kills the first man he sees to get more money for his wheezing habit," says Duane between whiffs. A dime-store 3-D picture of Christ winks at me off the wall. Underneath Christ is a Magic Marker sketch of the Devil that Duane has drawn. He interchanges them depending on his mood.

Now 25, Duane first turned on to glue back when he was a country boy of 14 down in Suffolk, Virginia. "Went up to Privitt's Trading Post, bought some paper bags and two tubes of Testor's. Ah took to it lak a duck takes to water. Ah'd finally found something worthwhile in life—*getting fucked-up!* Next day ah go back an' get 14 tubes of the damn stuff. Ah'd take mah portable phonograph back to my room, put on some shit like "Ballad of the Hip Death Goddess" by the Ultimate Spinach an' git all kinds of fucked-up wheezing the Old Faithful.

"When ah went to college here in Richmond—'71, '72—people was *into* something. They was *tired* of stagnation and wanted *change*. Damn! Seems now'days, no one cares about nobody but themselves—they go out drinking, smoke some dope and chase after pussy. It's *disheartening*. What happened to peace and love?" says Duane, putting down his paper bag and gazing out the window into the rain from his old armchair, which sits amidst piles of old pulp magazines like Stag and For Men Only. A lone blue flame on his stove burns full blast for heat.

Charlie, on the other hand, thought the hippie days were some kind of cosmic joke. And he decided to play the clown behind his bag. "We used to sniff glue at this hippie pad on Cary Street across from the old Wonder Bread factory. I'd look out the window at all these tall buildings—the Holiday Inn, the Sheraton Motor Inn, Franklin Towers—and they'd take on this *metallic glaze*, man, and suddenly there wouldn't be no old Wonder Bread factory but, like, some sort of *cosmic interchange*, and we'd be in the twenty-fourth century! I'd think, 'This is neat as shit! They got this museum of 1960s hippies for the generations of eternity!' So I'd ham it up, you know, do everything hippies were s'posed to do, so we could earn our keep in our swell museum—fuck on mattresses on the floor, listen to Grateful Dead albums, smoke pot and drink wine. I'd be, like, a *parody* of a hippie."

Charlie was sent up to the state farm for sniffing glue just two months after his eighteenth birthday. State farm for sniffing glue? Right. Charlie and his brothers Hank and Jesse were picked up at four in the morning and charged with inhalation

of noxious chemicals (there is such a statute on the Virginia books). "At our appeal," says Charlie, "our lawyer establishes that, by the cop's own testimony, there was no proof I was in the car sniffing glue. Judge says, 'Look, when I see a drunk man, I don't need to see the bottle he's been drinking out of. Anyway, that *long hair* is reason enough for him to go to prison!' And it ain't no fun in jail when people ask what you're in for and you gotta tell 'em, 'Sniffing glue!'"

Virgil was a huffing buddy of Charlie and Stick's. He managed to get locked up more than anyone in their clique for whiffing. He'd sometimes go off and whiff a whole gallon of toluene by himself and get so polluted that his friends suspected he'd go out in the street with his bag and deliberately get himself popped by the first cop he saw just so he could straighten himself out in the can. "Virgil was the cave man of our group," Charlie tells me. "Sometimes he'd go off

**"Copping glue's
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and whiff for days at a time without going home. Hal's mother'd be hanging up the wash in her backyard and here'd come Virgil, stumbling out of the woods like a wild man, saying 'Water! Water!' He'd turn the hose on, drink about a gallon of it, spray it all over himself, stagger back into the woods. Virgil thought he had an automatic sprinkler system in his head that'd come on when his brain got overheated.

"Once Virgil's walking down the boulevard in broad daylight, sniffing glue. Someone saw him and called the cops. Cop comes up to him, Virgil just keeps walking with his bag to his face. Cop starts walking 'longside of him saying, 'Hey, kid?! What're you doing?!' 'Sniffing glue! Fuck you!' Virgil tells him, still walking with his bag to his face. Cop grabs him by the arm, Virgil yanks loose. Then he spits on the cop's uniform, rips the cop's badge off and takes off running with it!"

Virgil has been busted no less than 15 times for glue sniffing, and his days in the slammer haven't been kind to him. "Sent him up to an all-nigger tier in the city jail, and they stomped him so bad he's now legally blind. Still manages to play cards though," Stick tells me. Still manages to whiff glue, too.

Not too much is known about sniffing glue. The popular notion that it causes brain damage, even in excessive amounts, has been proven bunk. Huffing is sort of like a poor man's nitrous oxide, though rougher and more dangerous. It's a breathing trip that takes you out of your body, and as with nitrous you have to keep doing it constantly to stay high. Though glue sniffing has yet to earn the *High Times* seal of approval, the whiffer hellbent on his own destruction should heed one realistic warning: stay put! Huffing and running, or any sudden activity, have caused hundreds of deaths. Huffing sensitizes the heart so acutely to adrenaline that any sudden burst of activity can cause heart arrest and subsequent death. Glue sniffers have some reputation for violence, but as Charlie explains, "We'd get into fights a lot when we was whiffin', but hardly ever anybody'd get hurt, 'cuz *nobody* gonna drop their bag."

Hallucinations from glue sniffing can be incredibly vivid, bearing a dreamlike quality that the huffer swears at the time to be reality. "The big difference between glue tripping and acid tripping is that on acid you might be freaking out but you'll be thinking, 'Why am I tripping this?', trying to analyze it," says Stick. "Whereas on glue, if you're faced with something, whether it be beautiful or horrible, you're sure it's there." Paranoia, hostility, amnesia, weight loss and increased salivation have also been known to occur.

Testor's has enjoyed by far the most popularity and notoriety among glue sniffers, probably because of widespread distribution and availability. Certainly not because of its pleasing bouquet—they were the first of the commercial plastic-model cements to cut the glue with mustard in response to a rash of glue-abuse awareness in the late Sixties. It seems that most huffers can cut the mustard and have gone right on sniffing it to this day undeterred. Other brands soon followed suit, cutting the glue with either mustard or garlic, except for Pactra, which, according to connoisseur Charlie, was and still is "the champagne of glue." He rates Revel right under Pactra, along with Lepage's, who held off cutting their product for a long time, to the delight of Charlie and his friends. Of the top five commercial cements, Aurora was the only brand Charlie couldn't recommend: "Gave you this real geeky high. But the active ingredient in Aurora wasn't toluene or toluol but *acetone*."

The initial effects of toluene inhalation are experienced in seconds, the inhaled vapors passing rapidly from the blood into the brain. Makes your ears ring, an effect Stick and his friends call the wah wahs. I talked to Slim Jim at Bubba's Burger Bar in south-side Richmond, that part of the city famous for its separate-but-equal trash piles—black trash and white trash. "The wah wahs," said Jim from his corner booth, narrowing his pale

grey eyes thin as razor blades and looking through me over his short-boy bottle of Miller's High-Life. "Shore ah get 'em. Everybody gets the wah wahs that sniffs that shit. Feels like your head's an echo chamber and the fuzz-tone control of your mind's pounding out more reverb than a stack of pig-nose amps!" Slim Jim's been huffing glue since he was in short pants. He plays lead guitar in a C & W band Fridays and Saturdays and, I'm told, beats up the wife on Sundays.

"You get through the wah wahs, you get to a state you feel you ain't high no more," says Jim. "Say, damn, this shit ain't doing shit! Then you spit and hit a tree and knock the sucker down! This's really goin' on, right? And all this time, you're waiting to get high!"

Sniffing glue can seem to bodily remove the huffer from himself. Duane tells me: "Many times, I've been wheezing and look over there and see myself, sitting there wheezing from across the room, and say, 'Damn! That guy's getting all kinds of fucked up.'"

"I thought my head had fallen off once when I dropped my bag," says Slim Jim. "I was standing out in Reynold's Field sniffin' glue when *Bam!* my head falls off and I'm lookin' at it lying there on the ground. Well, freaks me out, naturally, and I feel up to where my head *should* be and there's just this *hole*, so I figure that's my throat. So I'm sure that's got to be my head lying there on the ground. Then the trip starts to go away, and here I am standing out in the middle of the damn field with my finger in my ear and my bag on the ground!"

"A lot of times I'd be out at Reynold's Field sniffing glue and suddenly take off running and fly off into the air," Stick tells me. "Fly all around over Richmond and come back in for a perfect three-point landing." Flight trips were common to Stick's glue-sniffing buddies, as his friend Jesse confirms. "Me and Duncan'd be standing on this patch of grass in the middle of the field, sniffing glue, and all of a sudden I'd hear all these roots tearing and ripping out of the ground like in a sci-fi movie. Next thing I know, this little patch of land we're standing on has torn itself out of the field and starts rising into the sky. This little green neon fence comes up around this patch of airborne grass, right, and I look down to see this dirt hole. Finally we get so high I can look down all over Richmond—see downtown, Willow Lawn shopping center, the radio tower, *everything*. I'm so scared that I drop my bag! And Duncan just jumps the green neon fence and takes off running into space, like in the cartoons. Finally the patch of earth would settle back into the hole it'd ripped out of, the green neon fence'd sink back into the ground, there'd be Duncan running all over the place and I'd pick up my bag."

Time gets distorted behind the brown bag of glue: years can breeze by like days,

and days can last for eternities. "We were whiffin' down at Fat Freddie's apartment on Lombardy, me and Duncan," Stick relates. "Duncan takes that big nose of his out of his bag and turns to me looking like some kind of prehistoric bird and says, 'We've been whiffin' glue for one hundred years! Y'all keep sending out for this stuff!'"

"It bugs me when these antidrug crusaders get on their soap boxes and start preaching about how drugs are 'an escape from reality,'" says Stick. "We did glue for the same reason people go to the movies—to get entertained. I mean, what fun is life without entertainment?" Stick and Charlie also swear by glue's propensities as an aphrodisiac. "We'd whiff in these little one-room crash pads, and somebody'd be fucking on the mattress on the floor, and everybody else'd be whiffin' an' watchin'—could fuck for hours on the stuff—maybe you'd come, maybe you wouldn't, it was cool either way—you'd maybe quit, get up and spin a Rolling

**A black junkie for
a principal, a
paregoric freak for
a history teacher and
an English teacher
who took LSD with
her boys—it was
really High School.**

Stones record and whiff some more." "In plain layman's terms," agrees Duane, "it makes ya horny as hell."

Drug-induced paranoia is rarely a laughing matter, but many glucinations have subtle, ironic twist endings that seem hilarious in their absurdity. "You can definitely get psychotic off the stuff," Charlie tells me. "And it can carry over into your straight life, too. We used to whiff over in this raggedy field down by the railroad tracks over in the south side—me, Willie and my brother Hank. We'd get there about dusk—dusk is a great time to start whiffing, 'cuz it's like nature's hole in reality that you can kind of slip out from. I ain't never surfed, but I imagine it's like catching a wave. Anyway, we'd make up bags and whiff till dawn. This'z during the summer, and crickets'd be chirping like mad all through the night. Well, we'd come back at dawn, make up a dozen eggs, scarf 'em down, sack out till about three in the afternoon, get up and wait till dusk so we could start whiffing again. Maybe kill a bottle of wine waiting. Well, during all this time, *I thought we were crickets passing ourselves off as humans, right? Didn't wanna tell nobody else, neither, 'cuz I didn't know if they was a cricket or not!*"

Stick tells me he tripped that he'd once led the Red Chinese into this country. "They'd dug this tunnel from China and were having some difficulty with the opening, and I opened it up for them and out pour millions of Red Chinese. They filled up the entire Reynold's Field, these soldiers, and they all bow in one direction. Well, I look in the direction they're bowing and I see this giant Buddha pop up on the horizon, and I say to myself, 'Maybe I'd better bow to this thing!' You get caught in indecision and you don't know what to do, but with any luck the trip'll go away and you'll get into something else."

"Once, Hal and I were tripping out at Reynold's Field in this heavy fog," Stick continues. "The fog looked like mosquito netting around us, and I thought we were in these army tents, like GIs in an army hospital. I look down and here's these surgical tubes coming out from every part of my body—even out my eyes. I look at Hal and he's got 'em too, and it feels *miserable!* This went on for what seemed like *hours*. Then suddenly it dawns on me, 'We've still got our bags!' And I realize in a flash it's got to be a trip, because what kind of hospital's gonna let us keep our bags!?"

Stick has had hepatitis five times; twice, he says, due to glue, the other times from shooting smack. He claims kicking a toluene habit is worse than kicking heroin, and he should know, having wrestled with what he terms "decent" junk habits that have taken two weeks to kick. "A toluene habit's more of an emotional attachment than smack, but just the same I found it harder to kick." And strange as it may seem, Stick sometimes found it easier to score heroin than to buy toluene from paint stores that had become too familiar with him and his crew. "We'd get old men to go in there and score for us. Students. Niggers. And still they wouldn't sell. But smack, hell. We had this ace space connection named Bulldog that was also a fence—take him a TV or movie camera and he'd fix our habits right up."

At a time when Richmond was just beginning to begrudgingly accept long-haired peace creeps, Stick and Charlie and their gang of long-haired rock 'n' roll space punks appeared like generation-zapped mutants from the twilight zone of futuristic glue galaxies, banging on the doors of both hip and straight conformity with electric crowbars in one hand and neon brown bags in the other. Refusing to be bell-bottomed or pegged into a slot, they kept Richmond even more confused than themselves trying to figure out this roving clique of intellectual hoods who were clowns, junkies, flunkies, lovers, bandits, thieves, vandals, poets, dadaists, nihilists or worse. Richmond coped with them by sending them off to a special experimental school that dealt with "problem teens with high IQs." Piney River, an old southern mansion on 13 acres of land, was a cuckoo's nest where

the staff and teachers easily rivaled their students for high scores in the derangement department. A black junkie for a principal, a paregoric freak for a history teacher and an English teacher who took LSD with her boys: it was really high school.

Stick, Charlie and his brother Hank, Virgil, Hal, Willie and his brother Junior and often their friends and girl friends huffed out at Reynold's Field regularly. Reynold's Field is approximately 65 acres of beautiful, lush meadows fringed by woods, right in the heart of residential Richmond. Here one lone white grand old southern mansion stands, where resides the sole heiress to the vast Reynold's Aluminum fortune. Stick grew up nearby, knew the area like the back of his hand and turned his south-side friends on to the land. They'd drive their mothers' cars there, or walk, and party all night. Though it was illegal trespass, they were seldom caught.

When they *did* get caught, it was invariably Willie who brought the heat down. Willie liked to take off all his clothes and run around naked save for a bag to his face when he whiffed. Sometimes he'd wander off Reynold's Field altogether and onto the quiet, affluent residential side streets, bringing the cops cruising the area who heard reports of a nude prowler coming over their radio.

Willie was a living legend during his short life spent behind the brown paper bag, and the legend lives on, though Willie doesn't. He died at 22 when he walked off a building in Berkeley, California. Like his life, Willie's death is shrouded in contradictions and myths. Some say he was chasing pussy and finally went too far. Some say he was reaching for the Milky Way and, even now, is dancing on a star as he reads about his and his buddies' adventures in the cosmic edition of *High Times*. Charlie has a more down-to-earth view. "He was pushed off by the cops who were chasing him. Had \$180 cash on his person that was never accounted for, and he landed on a ledge one flight up, so no wino picked his pockets."

Willie, the legend. Men who only briefly met Willie considered him their best friend. Every woman he ever slept with loved him. He'd shock complete strangers by walking up to them in downtown Richmond, screaming in their face and then rolling around on the sidewalk, splitting his sides laughing and pointing at them. Willie, feigning epilepsy in the Trailways bus station. Or blowing minds on a crowded elevator when he'd suddenly turn to the man in the grey flannel suit and say for all to hear: "You'd better quit following me, homo!"

On his eighteenth birthday Willie went out into the middle of Grove Avenue shortly after midnight. "I'm eighteen! I'm eighteen!" he screamed. Windows flew open and heads popped out to behold the

strange sight of a long-haired youth in his birthday suit jumping up and down with a brown paper bag in his hand. "What's the matter, ain't ya never seen dick before!?" he yelled to them. "I'm eighteen!!"

Willie the poet, who walked by the Pentecostal church one morning and peering through the stained-glass window saw a beautiful rainbow-colored young girl bouncing up and down high into the air on a trampoline crying, "Yes, Jesus! Oh yes, Jesus!" Willie sniffing glue in the back seat of Elron's customized '55 Chevy named Purple Passion, howling laughing while Elron is getting a blowjob from a pickup slut who gets so into it that Elron gets worried she'll bite it off and starts banging her on the head with an empty bottle of Ripple. Willie, who drew a giant dick on the blackboard in the ninth grade and then proceeded to argue with the teacher that it was a rocket ship.

Richmond high schools couldn't take him—a few kicked him out permanently on the first day of school. Then they sent him to the special experimental school for problem teens with high IQs called Piney Rivers—that old southern mansion situat-

**"During all this
time I thought we
were crickets passing
ourselves off
as humans!"**

ed on 13 acres of land. It was the kind of school where the lunch menu wound up on the walls and the teachers passed you in sixth-period science if you played a decent game of cards or even checkers—anything not to see you next year. Here most of the glue-sniffers elite of Reynold's Field finally met, if they hadn't already.

And though Willie spent most of his time at Piney Rivers in the principal's office, he managed to get into the University of California at Berkeley after hitchhiking out west. But death followed closely on Willie's floppy boot heels. The wah wahs had turned into screaming, shrill feedback, and Willie couldn't turn it off. "My ears are ringing with electrical current," Willie wrote a friend back home. "Please make it stop. I just want some peace and serenity before I die."

At Willie's funeral, his father said he half expected the boy to pop out of the casket in the middle of the solemn ceremony and scream "Boo!" as one last rebellious act. And Duane, who never met him, knew well the legends and told me he figured Willie must have been "God's gift to glue sniffers."

But it's been years since this band of whiffers was last seen speeding by the passing lane of the astral freeway like futuristic full-blown jacked-up funny cars, revving the gas-guzzling engines of their minds with hi-test from brown-bag superchargers, grinding their gears with every down-shift.

"One of the last times we all sniffed glue together, Jesse and Duncan were gonna make a movie of it," Charlie tells me. "They get the cameras and everything and start rolling. Hand me a bag and I start whiffing and begin tripping, and suddenly I hear something rattle in the bag and I feel something brush my face. Now one of the cardinal rules of huffing is 'Don't never let nobody else fuck with your bag,' and I'd pretty much stuck by this from my first whiffing days. I knew what they'd done, see, is put a rat in my bag, right? I'm standing there holding this rat up to my face and thinking, 'I'm so stoned I can't tell that this rat has already eaten half my face,' and there's just all this blood and gore and a rat's ass hanging out of my face. And I think, 'These clowns who I thought were my friends did this crummy-ass trick just so they can get some tasty film footage.' I thought my whole life of glue sniffing had led up to this—having half my face eaten away by a rat just so these guys could get a good movie. So I didn't take the bag down, to spite them, turned around and ran towards Duncan—he's holding the camera. I smack him upside of the face, he drops the camera and I go running out of there screaming. And that's the last time I whiffed glue."

Where are they now, the illustrious graduates of Piney Rivers, the crowd that spent half a decade huffing glue at Reynold's Field, by the railroad tracks in the south side, underneath the Robert E. Lee Bridge and at the Sunset Drive-In that played Hell's Angels movies dusk till dawn while the snack bar served pig-meat sandwiches, outlaw spuds and wino popcorn? Stick is an electrician and is happily married. His neighbor and friend Charlie is also happily married, to Willie's sister, has two healthy kids and works at an auto-supply parts warehouse. He hasn't lost his sense of humor and continues to see life as a stage comedy with himself cast in a starring role. Willie's brother Junior is a Jesus freak. Hal manages a successful stereo warehouse in Richmond. Virgil is usually "in the can somewhere for something." He still whiffs, as does Slim Jim. And Hank tried to shoot himself with a rifle a few years back, but the god of glue must have been protecting him. The bullet narrowly missed his heart, and he currently works alongside his brother Charlie. He's switched his choice of highs from Pactiv to Budweiser. And, if there's a glue sniffer's heaven, Willie is there riding cloud nine with a bag to his face and an angel before him on her knees. ☐

How to Grow

Backyard Marijuana

You'll never have to buy a \$50 ounce again

by Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal



Pruned, healthy plant.



Male flowers.



A hidden garden.



Easy-to-construct geodesic growing environment.

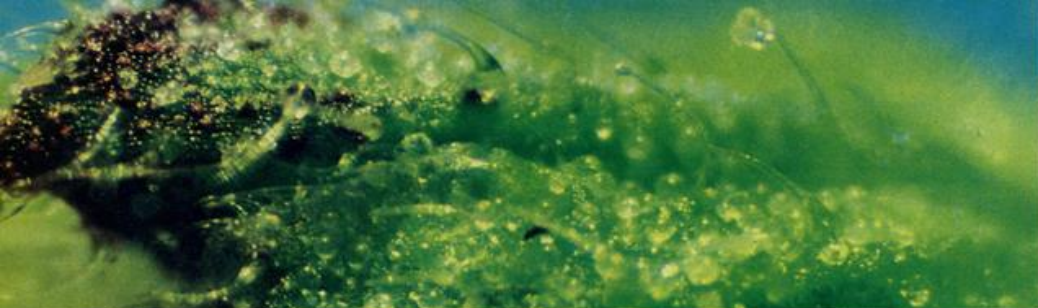
In 1974, Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal broke ground for a new era in pot farming with *The Indoor/Outdoor Highest Quality Marijuana Growers Guide*. One of the best books written at that time on marijuana cultivation, *The Indoor/Outdoor Guide* established the industrious pair as the world's foremost authorities on pot agronomy.

Now for the first time anywhere (and in time for spring planting!) High Times is pleased to present specially selected excerpts from their latest collaboration, *Marijuana Grower's Guide* (Deluxe Edition). This new guide is the product of hundreds of scientifically controlled tests on growing marijuana. It provides home growers with instructions for raising domestic dope with methods that the authors have personally perfected through painstaking experiments involving control groups and blind and double-blind tests. If you're paying top-dollar for dope in today's market, it is common sense to consider Frank and Rosenthal's alternative.

Some of the best grass in the world is grown right here in the United States (that is our very own stoned opinion of homegrown gratefully sampled from Hawaii to Maine). You can do it too—it's not magic, and it's not difficult to do.

Nurturing and watching these beautiful plants as they respond can be a humanizing experience. Marijuana farmers know their plants as vital living organisms. If you already are a plant grower, you may understand. There's just no reason to pay \$50 an ounce for superior smoke when it grows for free. Free grass, free yourself.

The way to begin is to choose your favorite kind of grass. You may not be able to tell what type plant you're smoking, but you can tell what you like. Seeds from high-quality marijuana will grow into high-quality marijuana plants. If you like the grass you're smoking, you'll like the grass you grow. You might want to consider the following broad categories: Mexican, Jamaican and homegrowns, including



Resin sacs on a young female flower.

Hawaiians. These strains often develop quickly and have a better chance of fully maturing in the shorter growing seasons over most of the northern and central states.

The grass you choose should have a good stock of mature seeds. Most Colombian and Mexican grasses contain between 1,000 and 2,000 seeds per ounce bag or lid of grass. Relative to smoking material, seeds are heavy. Colombian grasses average about 50-percent seeds by weight. A film canister holds about 1,200 Colombian seeds. From any variety, choose seeds that are plump and well-formed with well-developed color. Green or whitish seeds are usually immature and will germinate feebly if at all. Fresh, fully matured cannabis seeds have a high rate of germination; 90 percent or better is typical. It is sometimes helpful to have an idea of how many seeds you expect to germinate. You can tell simply by placing a sample number between wet paper towels that are kept moist. Most of the seeds that germinate do so within a few days of each other. After a week or two, count how many of the original seeds germinated. Keep in mind that the viability of seeds gradually declines with time.

Photoperiod and Flowering

For the marijuana farmer the most important plant/environment interaction to understand is the influence of the photoperiod. The photoperiod is the daily number of hours of day (light) versus night (dark). In nature, long nights signal to the plant that winter is coming and that it is time to flower and produce seeds. The longer length of daylight in northern areas prevents marijuana from flowering until later in the season. Over most of the northern half of the country, flowering is often so late that development cannot be completed before the onset of cold weather and heavy frosts. In practical terms it is little help to calculate the photoperiod, but it is important to realize how it affects the plants and how you can use it to your advantage.

The photoperiod is used to manipulate the plants in two basic ways: (1) by giving long dark periods, you can force the plants to flower, and (2) by preventing long nights, using artificial light to interrupt the dark period, you can force the plants to continue vegetative growth. Most marijuana plants cultivated in the United States begin to flower by late



Sturdy stem of a female plant.

August to early October, and the plants are harvested from October to November. For farmers in the South, parts of the Midwest and West Coast, this presents no problem, and no special techniques are needed for normal flowering.

In much of the North and high-altitude areas, many varieties will not have time to complete flowering before fall frosts. To force the plants to flower earlier, give them longer night periods. If the plants are in containers, you can simply move them into a darkened area each evening. Plants growing in the ground can be covered with an opaque tarpaulin, a black sheet of plastic or double- or triple-layered black plastic trash bags. Continue the treatment each day until all the plants are showing flowers. This usually takes two weeks at most, if the plants are well developed (about four months old).

Forcing the plants to flower early also means development while the weather is warm and the sun is shining strongly. The flower buds will form much faster, grow bigger and reach their peak potency. A good time to start the treatments is early to middle August. This allows the plants at least four weeks of flowering while the weather is mild.

Manipulation of the photoperiod can also prevent the plants from flowering until a desired time. For example, in Hawaii the weather is mild enough to grow winter crops. The amount of light needed to prevent flowering is quite small (about .03 foot-candles—on a clear night the full moon is about .01 foot-candles).

Soil

Cannabis grows poorly, if at all, in soils that are extremely compacted, have poor drainage, are low in fertility or have an extreme pH. For our purposes, all soils



Resin glands on



A bountiful

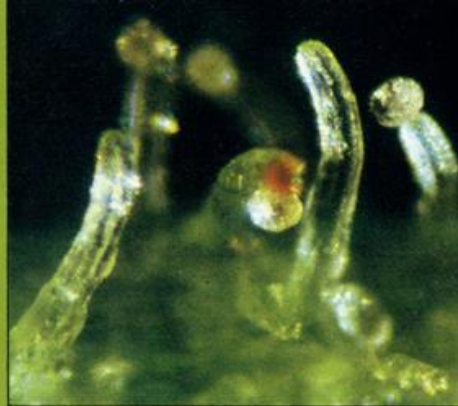
can be classified as sands, silts, clays, mucks and loams. Actually, soils are usually a combination of all these ingredients. If you look carefully at a handful of soil, you may notice sand granules, pieces of organic matter, bits of clay and fine silty material.

Cannabis does best in medium-textured soils; soils that drain well but can hold adequate water. Loams, silts and sands usually drain well and are loose enough to permit good root development. Some clays and most mucks are too compact to permit the lateral roots to penetrate and grow. In addition, they often drain poorly, and when dry they may form hard crusts or clods, a condition marijuana cannot tolerate.

The pH is a measure of how alkaline (bitter) or acid (sour) the soil is. The pH balance affects the solubility of nutrients and helps the plant regulate its metabolism and nutrient uptake. The scale for measuring pH runs from 0 to 14, with 7 assigned as neutral. A pH below 7 is acid; a pH above 7 is alkaline. Marijuana grows in soils with a pH range from 5 to 8.5, but it thrives in nearly neutral soils. Relative to other field crops, it has high lime requirements, similar to those for red or white clover or sunflower. But it does well



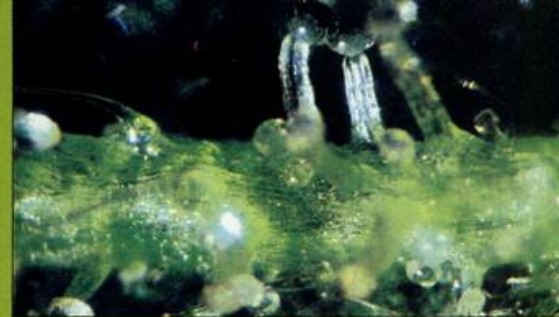
a small fresh leaf.



Resin stalks missing gland heads.



Speckles indicate mite damage.



Stalk glands concentrate along leaf veins.



Oregon garden.

in fields where plants with medium lime requirements, such as corn, wheat and peanuts, are grown.

Mineral soils in the dry western states may be slightly acid to highly alkaline. Most nutrients are very soluble in these soils, as long as the pH ranges from 6.0 to 7.5. Some of these soils are too alkaline (over 8.5); their pH must be adjusted to near neutral to ensure healthy growth.

You should test the soil pH in the garden area. Different soils vary in the amount of material needed to adjust the pH. Sandy soils do not require as much as loam, and loam requires less than clays, partly because of the chemistry and partly because of the density and physical qualities of the soil's particles. Acidic soils are treated with limestone, the amount of which is expressed as an equivalent of calcium carbonate (CaCO_3). Marl (ground sea shells) is also mostly lime and is used to raise soil pH. Eggshells are another source of lime. But acid soils can be limed profitably any time before planting or after, as long as the lime does not come into direct contact with the plants.

Soils that are too alkaline can be adjusted by adding gypsum, which frees insoluble salts, and sulphur, which neutralizes insoluble salts. To prepare alkali

soils with a permeable subsurface for cultivation, farmers leach them of their toxic accumulation of salts. The soil is thoroughly moistened so that it absorbs water. Then it is flooded so that the salts travel downward out of contact with the roots.

Soil Preparation

Tilling and layering are basic methods that are used with many variations. With a few exceptions, mulches can be applied practically any time of the year, but the best time is probably in the fall, after the crop is harvested and before the ground has frozen. Leaves, plant clippings and straw are applied in a thick layer from six to ten inches deep. Hay is layered two to six inches deep. Denser substances, such as manures and composts, should be mixed with straw and leaves to aid decomposition. This mixture is spread in an even layer, about two to four inches deep, over the entire surface of the garden. If winds pose a problem by blowing the mulch away, you can cover it with newspapers or sheets of plastic held down with rocks. If your area is dry, give the mulch a good soaking once before frosts.

By the spring, much of the material will seem to have disappeared. But underneath the top layer, you will find a soft-textured, earthy-smelling humus, teeming with worms, insects and other small animals. This indicates a healthy ecosystem and a fertile soil.

Containers

Plants can be grown full-size in containers that hold at least five gallons (larger would be better). Fill them with high-grade topsoil or a planting mixture. Planters are a convenient compromise where

the soil is particularly poor or for the home gardener who does not wish to get into large-scale gardening. But remember, eight good-sized plants can yield over four pounds of grass.

Plants in pots need to be watered frequently, but require much less total water than a garden. The gardener can also move the plants. Some gardeners use this technique to maximize the amount of sun the plants get during the day or to account for the sun's changing position during the season. And growers can easily induce early flowering by moving the plants to a darkened area.

Almost any large container that can withstand the weight of moist soil and that has holes for drainage is suitable. Containers that once held toxic chemicals, herbicides, insecticides or other possibly harmful substances should be avoided.

Forest Soils

Clearings in forests have always been popular places to plant because they offer security from detection. They vary greatly in drainage qualities, fertility and pH. The drainage qualities of forest soils depend on the depth of the humus layer and the structure of the underlying subsoil. But most of the forest area remaining in the U.S. is sloped, and water that is not absorbed by the soil runs off.

Mountain slopes characteristically have little soil matter; their surface is composed largely of rocks, gravel and sand. For long-term use they could be terraced so that newly formed soil is not washed away, but most growers are interested in more immediate results. The easiest way to adjust these soils is to use a well-balanced, slow-release, concentrated fertilizer. Bloodmeal, high in nitrogen, works well with these soils. Containers can also be used in this environment.

Swamps, Marshes or Bogs

Wet soils are usually highly acid and should be limed. Once the lime interacts with the soil, nutrients that were locked up become available to the plants. Since these soils are rich in organic matter and have a high rate of microbial action after they are loosened and limed, they may need little fertilization.

Grasslands and Fields

These soils are usually fairly fertile and can support a worthwhile crop with little effort. Their pH is usually between 5.5

and 6.5, although it may range up to 7.0. All weeds and grass should be pulled from the area. Some growers mulch the cultivated area with newspapers, leaves or dead grass. A grower in the Midwest adds crushed eggshells and a commercial time-release fertilizer when he plants.

Streams, Banks and Canal Ditches

These are some of the most convenient areas for growers to plant, since they provide an ample supply of water, which may contain fertilizer runoff. These soils are sometimes low in calcium, which dissolves readily in water. Lime should be added to correct for acidity.

Preparing to Sow

There are three basic techniques to sow marijuana: rows, hills and broadcast. Each method is suitable within a certain range of conditions and has its own advantages and disadvantages.

To construct a row, break up any large clods on the surface of the soil. In a garden-size area this is easily done by striking them with the tongs of a rake. In larger areas a tiller or externally powered cultivator can be used. Then level the soil.

In order to catch as much sun as possible, rows should be oriented along a north-south axis, perpendicular to the course of the sun. Plants sown in a square plot whose sides point northeast and southeast get about 10-percent more light than ones in a plot whose sides point due north and due east.

Hills and mounds are especially convenient for small plots. Low hills are often camouflaged to look like natural or wild stands and are very useful in areas in which the land is too wet in the spring, because the hills drain above the ground level. Hills are usually constructed between two and five feet in diameter.

Broadcast seeding is the fastest and easiest way to sow but is not an efficient way to use seed. Seeds are simply tossed or shaken onto the prepared ground at the rate of about 40 per square foot. This method is most effective in moist soils.

How to Plant

Finally, after the soil is adjusted and the rows or hills are built, it is time to actually plant the seeds and watch your garden begin to grow. If you are growing with clover as a cover or companion plant, dig it up to a depth of four inches and chop up the soil. Water the soil to the point that it feels almost wet. Drill a hole with a seed drill, stick or pencil, then drop one seed into the hole, cover it gently and pat the soil down again. Marijuana seeds are large enough to handle individually, so each one can be planted separately.

How deep one digs the holes depends on the kind of soil in which one is planting. Light woody or organic soils are planted $\frac{1}{2}$ - to $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch deep, so that the stem

is held firmly in an upright position. Sands and light loams are planted $\frac{1}{4}$ - to $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch deep, so that the sprout's energy is not expended before it breaks through the soil.

If you are broadcast seeding, you can increase the germination rate tremendously by screening a layer of soil over the seeds to help keep them moist. Seeds that dry out weaken or die.

Once they have germinated, the seedlings should be kept moist until the roots grow deep enough to absorb an adequate supply of water from the subsoil. If the ground is still moist from spring rains, as it is in many of the eastern regions, you may not have to water it at all. On the other hand, there are sections of the West that completely depend on irrigation.

When the seedlings are only an inch or two tall, you can protect them from heavy rains or frosts by using drinking glasses, jars or paper or plastic cups. You can protect larger plants with containers from which the bottoms have been removed. Transparent containers warm the soil by the greenhouse effect, capturing light and turning it into heat. In warm weather, use white or translucent containers, which prevent burn by reflecting some light and diffusing the rest. Containers also keep

**At high altitudes,
the leaves may
actually burn,
turn brown and fall.**

the soil moist, serve as plant markers and protect the plants from some enemies.

Seedlings should be transplanted after the last threat of frost. The best time to transplant is on a rainy or cloudy day, which allows the plants to adjust to the new environment without the strain of intense sunlight. Plants grown in a cold frame or sunny window adjust more easily than plants grown under fluorescent lights. Plants grown under artificial light usually show evidence of shock when they are moved to sunlight. Near sea level they may lose some of their green color and appear pale or yellowed. At high altitudes, such as mile-high Denver, the leaves may actually burn, turn brown and fall. Healthy plants usually recover quickly by adjusting the new growth to the changed conditions.

Growing Tips

Watering

Marijuana requires an ample supply of water to live and grow. The actual quantity that it needs depends on the plant's size, the gardening techniques, type of soil, temperature, wind, humidity and intensity of light. A vigorous plant may

transpire several gallons of water a day during the hot summer months. If it receives less water than it needs, it stops growing, wilts and then dries out.

A farmer growing near Tucson, Arizona, trucks water to her plants twice a week using a pickup truck and four 55-gallon barrels. She attaches a garden hose to her tanks and siphons the water to her garden, 200 feet downhill.

Farmers near Atlanta tapped into a city water main. The pressure from the water main allowed them to pipe water uphill.

Thinning

Thin the plants as soon as they begin to touch or crowd each other. This should be repeated as often as necessary. Seeds sown six inches apart in rows two feet wide require thinning several times during the season. Guerrilla farmers sometimes let the plants compete so that the garden looks more like a wild stand.

There are two methods used to thin: cutting the stem at the base so that the entire plant is destroyed, and cutting just the tops so that the plant's growth is thwarted and the uncut plants shade it. The cut plants remain relatively inactive and do not use much water or nutrients, but they do shade the ground and use otherwise wasted space.

Marijuana can be pruned at any time during the seedling or vegetative growth stage, but you should prune plants when they are young if you plan on harvesting growing shoots during the season. A seedling clipped anywhere from the fourth to the sixth node will usually form at least six strong growing shoots that can be harvested during the third or fourth month. If these shoots are cut again while the plant is still young, marijuana often develops into a small, very compact, hedge-like bush.

Wind Protection

Hemp cannabis planted closely together has been used by farmers to form a windbreak to protect other crops. If you are growing in an especially windy area such as the Midwest, you may wish to plant a perimeter of tightly spaced cannabis to protect your garden. Construct a rope and stick fence against the windbreak to hold the plants upright and prevent them from falling into the central garden. Keeping the plants clipped short is a simpler approach.

Variety and Intercropping

Outdoor growers are well advised to plant several varieties of marijuana, because some varieties adapt to their new environment better than others. Also, each variety (and to a small extent, each plant) has its own bouquet. By planting several varieties, cultivators assure themselves a varied selection of smoking material. ■

Adapted from *Marijuana Grower's Guide*, Deluxe Edition by Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal. Published by And/Or Press, Berkeley, California, 1978.

DOPE RIDER

TACO BELLE

THERE ARE THOSE WHO EARN AN HONEST LIVING, AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO TAKE FROM THEM THE FRUITS OF THEIR LABOR AND LIVE BY THEIR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS. AND THEN AGAIN, THERE ARE THOSE WHO DO NEITHER, AND GET BY SOMEHOW ANYWAY...

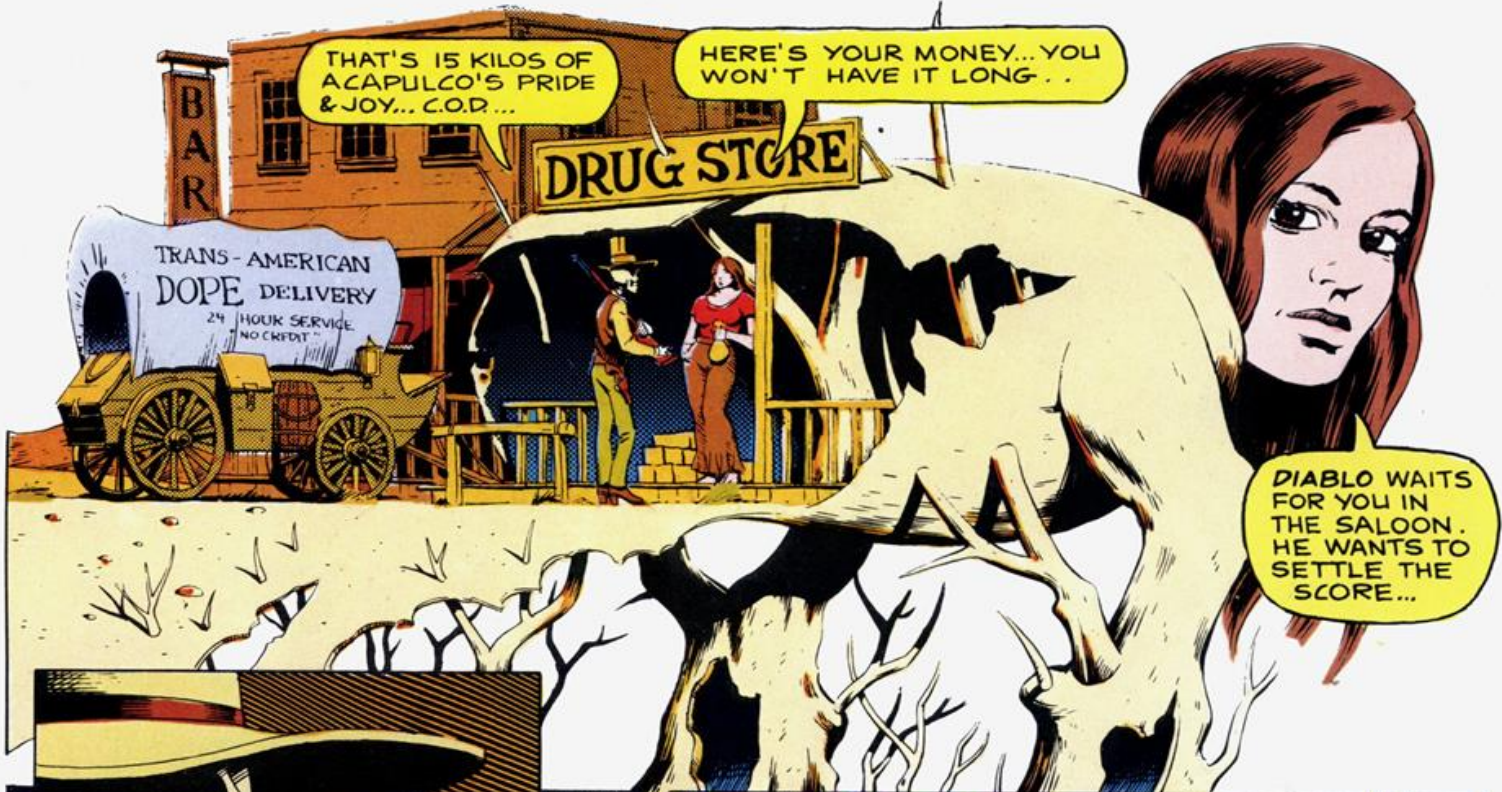
-MAO TSE TUNG

JUST GIMME WEED, WHITES, AND WINE...



FOR DOPE RIDER, WHO HAS FOLLOWED THE ROAD TO RUIN FAR BEYOND THE LAST EXIT, THE BRIEF INTERMISSIONS ON HIS ENDLESS JOURNEY SEEM LIKE BRIEF INTERMISSIONS ON AN ENDLESS JOURNEY...

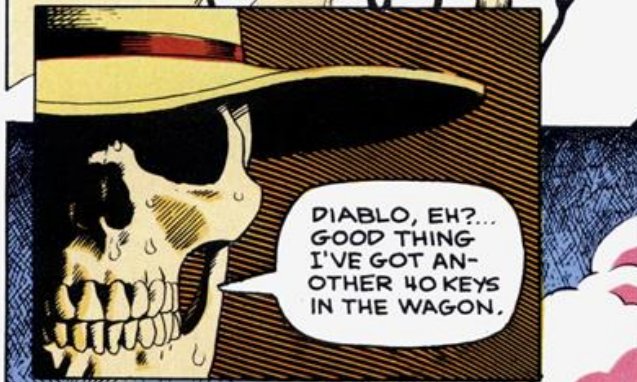




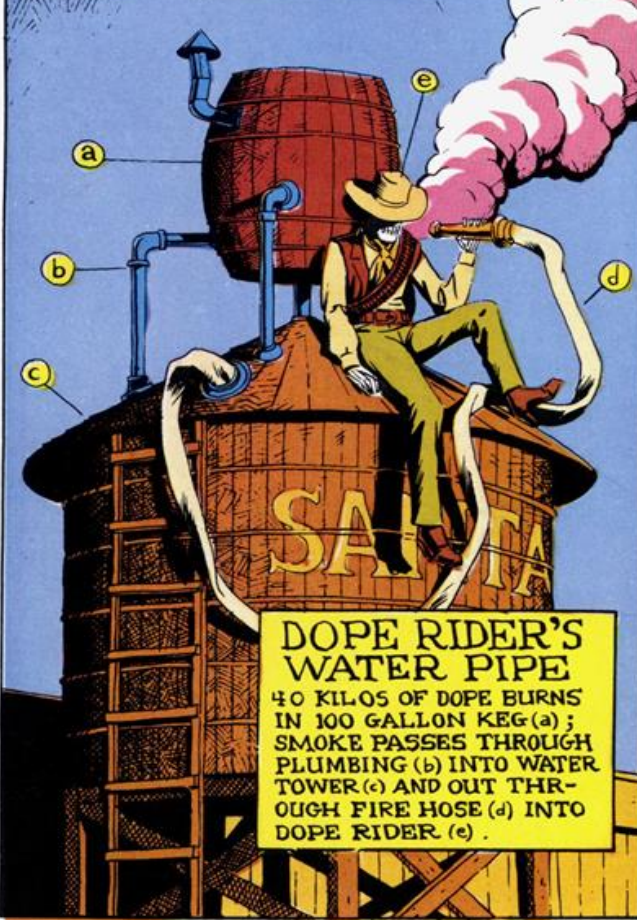
THAT'S 15 KILOS OF ACAPULCO'S PRIDE & JOY... C.O.D...

HERE'S YOUR MONEY... YOU WON'T HAVE IT LONG...

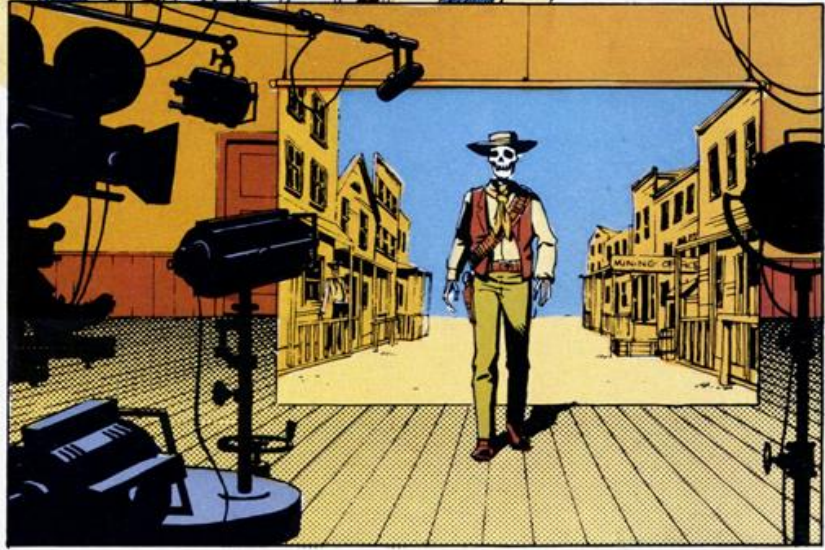
DIABLO WAITS FOR YOU IN THE SALOON. HE WANTS TO SETTLE THE SCORE...



DIABLO, EH?... GOOD THING I'VE GOT ANOTHER 40 KEYS IN THE WAGON.



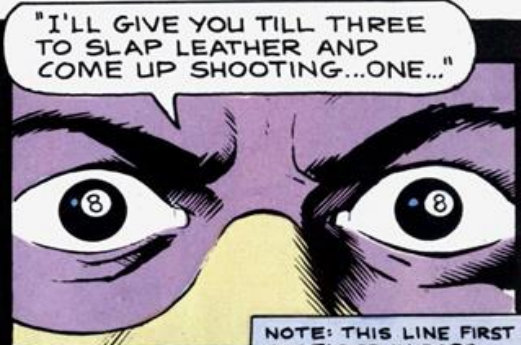
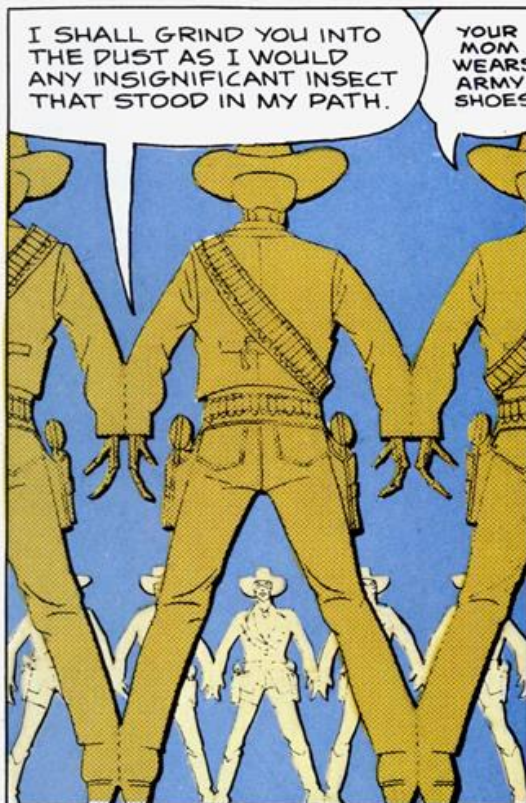
DOPE RIDER'S WATER PIPE
40 KILOS OF DOPE BURNS IN 100 GALLON KEG (a) ; SMOKE PASSES THROUGH PLUMBING (b) INTO WATER TOWER (c) AND OUT THROUGH FIRE HOSE (d) INTO DOPE RIDER (e) .



DIABLO!

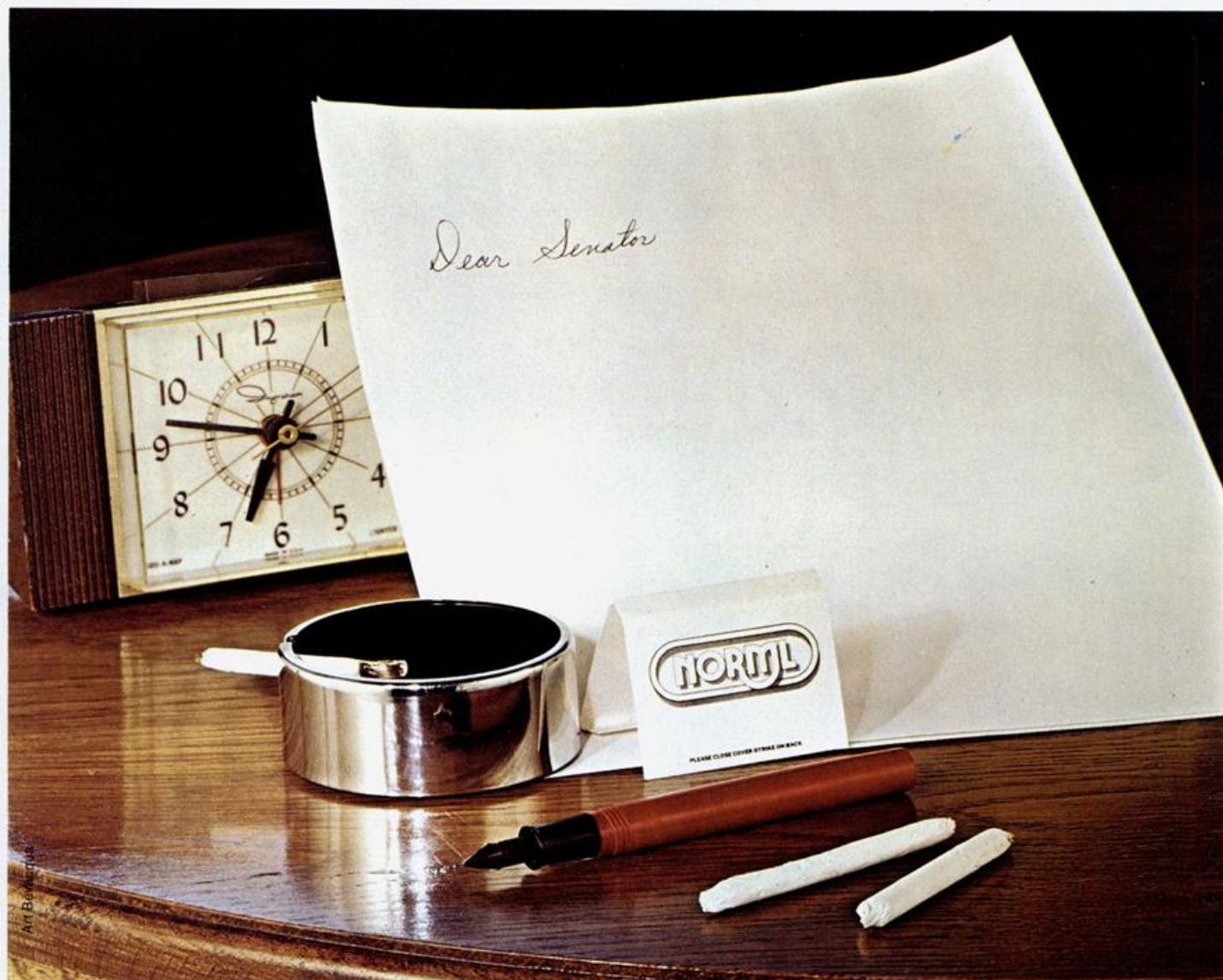
SO... YOU DARE TO FACE ME!

NICE SHOES.





In the time it takes you to smoke your next joint, you could write your Senator about it.



Get off your butt and do something about getting the use of marijuana decriminalized. The next time you light up a joint, let someone know how you feel about the issue.

Oregon, Alaska, Maine, Colorado, California, Ohio, Mississippi, and Minnesota have stopped arresting people for smoking marijuana.* Now it can be done in the other 42 states and under federal law.

Most state legislatures and the U.S. Congress currently have marijuana decriminalization proposals before them. If those of us who smoke marijuana take the time to make our views known, these bills will pass . . . and the senseless arrests will stop.

Write the letter. The pen has power.

You don't have to smoke marijuana to know that it's today's marijuana laws that are criminal. Let your elected representatives know how you feel.

JOIN NORML. Money is needed to finish the job once and for all.

WON'T YOU JOIN US?

NORML

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE
REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS
2317 M ST, NW, WASHINGTON, DC 20037

☐ **Yes.** Here's my \$15 annual membership fee (students \$10). Send me *THE LEAFLET*, Special Reports, Action Alerts, unique product offerings, a NORML pin and . . . more!

☐ I'm not a joiner, but here's a contribution \$ _____

☐ Rush the following NORML items. Sales proceeds help, too.

NORML

STICKERS (2 for \$1.00) S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____
T-SHIRTS (2 for \$5.00) S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____

MATCHES (50 book) (2 for \$3.50) GOLD LEAF PINS (2 for \$1.25)



STICKERS (2 for \$1.00) S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____
T-SHIRTS (2 for \$5.00) S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____
LAPEL PIN (2 for \$1.00)

Please enclose 50¢ for postage and handling.

☐ Send along additional information.

NAME _____

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Please Print

**Culture
Hero**





Joan Armatrading

An island lady and her exotic music by Harry Wasserman

She looks like *Roots*, she rocks and she throws in a little reggae. Today's sensitive, existential college students are flocking to her concerts like they used to for campus showings of *Women in Love*. Her hit song "Show Some Emotion" gives smart advice to the blank generation who have turned numb after years of being lobotomized, robotomized and sodomized. Critics have called her everything from "Dylan in drag" to "Joni Mitchell in blackface." She combines those characteristics with a lush sensuality derived from her childhood in the Caribbean and a lilting upper-class accent she picked up later on in England.

Joan Armatrading's eclectic singing style can handle the raspy blues caterwaul of a scorned, horny black bitch as easily as the smooth, fuck-fantasy passion of a fashionable bourgeoisie. She sings about herself as a poor girl seduced to robbing for riches ("He owned a gun / the caliber escaped me / but I noticed / straight 'way / it make me itch"), a lonely girl with a paranoid fear of psycho killers ("There's a madman / standing on the corner / and he keeps on looking / at my window"), a heartless, hard-boiled street-walker ("I love for money / and I can't leave my trade") and a nighthawk with an eerie fascination for sleaze ("Like those skinny burlesque queens / I love a neon skyline / got the card sharks hustling / at the break of the moon").

She closes her sets with "Tall in the

Saddle," a song she dedicates to "all the men in the audience who think they're God's gift to women." In America she has a reputation as outspoken feminist, yet she sees herself more as a symbol than spokesperson, as being in the spotlight just because she's a woman making it.

"Too many women in music make the mistake of putting their energy into how they look instead of what they sound like," says Joan. Onstage she wears T-shirt, jeans and sneakers—definitely not a Tina Turner glossy glitter queen—but she exudes an earthy sexuality nonetheless.

Armatrading had to leave school at 16 to help support her family by working in a couple of factories. At night she played colleges and small clubs in Birmingham's black section of Hansworth, singing songs by Paul Simon, Bob Dylan and herself. There she was hassled by blacks for not talking Jamaican patois but instead speaking in clipped upper-class British-twit tones of the whites she grew up with. At these clubs she experienced audiences that were the black equivalent of the mixed-up violent white kids who attend punk rock clubs there. "The clubs were sort of dance clubs, with weird and hostile audiences."

Next she went nude and toured the provinces in the chorus of *Hair*. She'd go into the theater early in the day, when nobody was around, and compose on the pit piano. She went from the pit to the

pendulum, because after *Hair* closed down she was "on the dole" for a year, writing songs in her ample spare time. When she and a friend, West Indian poetess and lyricist Pam Nestor (whom she met in *Hair*), took their songs around, "people zoomed in on my voice," says Joan. She immediately went from a publishing deal to a record contract with a small label called Cube, as in "sugar cube," the once-popular pseudonym for street acid. Her first record, a solo album called *Whatever's for Us*, brought hack-press applause but few sales.

It wasn't until her album *Back to the Night* in '75 that Joan received critical acclaim in the U.S. The roar of approval improved with her third album, *Joan Armatrading*, but her biggest hit proved to be her fourth, *Show Some Emotion*, which showed more emotion than her previous works thanks to lively production by Glyn Johns, a producer best known for his work with the Rolling Stones, Eagles and the Who. *Show Some Emotion* also shines with the sax appeal of Mel Collins and the supercharged drums of Henry Spinetti, among other classy jazz-funk accompaniment.

She's appeared on "Saturday Night Live," and last winter she toured the U.S. and Canada, 30 cities in 35 days. This spring she's touring Europe and in the summer Australia and Canada. Catch Joan Armatrading when you can—she's an island paradise all by herself. □

Sex Pistols Tour

(continued from page 54)

miles out of the established punk beat, the London-New York axis with branch offices on the continent, the West Coast and here and there, countless crackers trekked out of the mountains into tank towns to see the Pistols, decked out in their own torn T-shirts and blades and safety pins and flamingo sunglasses and every detail of the punk *couture*. Without any airplay or albums on sale, they knew Matlock's lyrics, they knew the band by their first names, they one-upped each other with the latest King's Row gossip about McLaren and the Clash and stuff that amazed even Drake, who usually knows everything before it happens. Yep, the Sex Pistols found their audience and even swung over any number of reconstructed rednecks.

San Antonio, Texas January 8th

About halfway through the San Antonio set, with his chest bare except for the word "Nazi" or "Destroy" or something like that written across it, Sid gave the front liners one of his finest Presley-style bows.

When his head was about as low as it was going to get, a green-haired punk groupie, a short fat mental case who'd been following Sid and Johnny since Atlanta, jumped and butted him dead on. Sid's nose bled profusely for some 45 minutes thereafter, but he appeared to enjoy it and let the blood run all over his chest while he kept playing. Of course, this only showed how truly vicious he really was.

A few minutes later he did it again when a young sheep rancher, who'd been shouting "I came here for the express purpose of beating Johnny Rotten to a bloody pulp" and "I'm gonna kill you motherfuckers" between songs and drawing his hand across his throat in a sawing motion, finally jumped onstage to carry out his threats. Just as he grabbed Johnny's leg and got ready to sink his teeth in it, Sid made a clean four-iron swing with his bass that knocked the guy cold. And, as the sheep rancher's father told the newspapers the next day, he'd deserved what he got and was lucky the Pistols didn't kill him.

The band played on, and the whole set sounded like a midair collision of two wide-body passenger jets, as intended. The Pistols were pretty good that night, and one pretty young thing showed her appreciation by writhing on the floor in a pair of crotchless panties, abusing herself and later humping a car in the parking lot.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana January 9th

The tour wore on. By the time the Pistols

reached Baton Rouge, they were feeling pretty down. Two things depressed the Pistols. One was the fact that they hated America. "Face it," Drake said, "this is the best goddamn country on God's earth, and you have to be a real asshole not to make a decent buck here. Look at Nixon. The Pistols just can't cope with happiness."

And the other thing was the talk that mounted about "selling out." There's a strand of fundamentally English working-class decency in them that's gritted and galled by the most idiotic charge, or suggestion, or sneaking suspicion of their own that they're breaking faith with their own sorry kind. And, as observed by Drake and myself and others on the tour, their fears of selling out grew and grew and made the Sex Pistols do strange things and drink strange things and blow the Baton Rouge concert, which should have been a classic, and fight with Warners and be beaten up by thugs in hotel rooms to force them to play when fear and fatigue had paralyzed them, possibly accelerated by drinking too much cold beer (the British drink it at room

**The pogo—bouncing up
en masse out of
nowhere—is just one of
those miraculous mysteries
of rock. It incorporates
the elements of both an
epileptic fit and a
neurological muscle spasm.**

temperature, I'm sorry to report).

But even if the Sex Pistols drop into oblivion, they can be proud of having cut *Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols*, a classic rock album in a dozen ways and the only *political rock oeuvre* of the whole lame, mellow, out-of-it stupefied decade, and a pretty good one with good, sharp, clear topical lyrics that sound as good as the best of Sixties protest songs—without illusions, without hope, unless you say, as you might of Samuel Beckett, that the commitment to a totally bleak series of observed horrors absolutely beyond any hope of repair or mitigation is itself a commitment to go on living.

Yes, the Sex Pistols have a lot to do with Samuel Beckett, but I see the generation gap undermining me here. The irony I'm extrapolating is that the Sex Pistols were, in the profoundest way, as political as anyone could wish, even in a totally negative, anarchistic way; their commitment to their political message was ultimately stronger than their will to survive as a band, that is, to succeed and be anarchists at the same time; and all they got for it as far as they could tell was a lot

of lip about how they were selling out. And Warners is deducting their royalties from the tour's deficits for a million years! If the Sex Pistols ever see another nickel out of having been the Sex Pistols, your reporter will be vastly amazed.

Dallas, Texas January 10th

The scene was the Longhorn Ballroom, easy to spot from the main road by its 4,000-pound plaster-of-paris cow with a sign reading:

**TO NITE
THE SEX PISTOLS
JAN 19
MERLE HAGGARD**

Tempted by several weeks of page-one bad news about the naughty Sex Pistols, the typical teenage cowboys and cowgirls had turned out in full country and western regalia, along with the usual amazing pack of ersatz Lower East Side punks whose Texas accents gave them away. They sported green hair and a wide array of body mutilations reminiscent of those described by Captain McGonigle in his well-known book on the South Sea Islands fetish cults. Really gross.

The Sex Pistols, preceded by a lousy band called the Nervewreckers who played in Nazi helmets that Drake said were "phony as hell," captivated about half the cowfolk, judging by the way punk pins were selling in the back of the house. Punk pins are safety pins with part of one side removed so you can just hang them on your nose without the slightest mutilation. I'm told that's how even full-time London punks do it. See, a simple explanation for everything.

The other half of the audience seemed to get into the Sex Pistols for the duration. Throwing bottles and beer cans and pogoing in great style. The pogo—bouncing up en masse out of nowhere—is just one of those miraculous mysteries of the universal language of rock 'n' roll. Though not an intentional mime of an epileptic fit or a degenerative-neurological muscle spasm, it incorporates the more disturbing elements of both.

Everyone was dancing, in a broad sense of the word, like malfunctioning robots, step forward, step back, mechanical arm movements front, back or just walking or jumping up and right back with their hands in their pockets. Or, in a variation with partner-directed nuances, couples were facing each other, so that one stepped back while the other stepped or jumped forward, then the first one jumped forward while the other moved back, and one moved forward while the other moved forward and mild concussion ensued.

But the interesting feature of the partner form of the pogo is the way the guy wraps his hands around the girl's throat in what looks like a stranglehold, and she holds his the same way with the same intention. It seemed fair and didn't look like much fun, but the whole house was hopping and you can't argue with that, even if they're kicking out slats and wall paneling and won't quit, even between songs, except to catch their breath for a minute and maybe pick up an empty and throw it in the direction of Johnny Rotten.

In the course of the tour, Johnny stopped quite a few projectiles, but to his undying credit he never threw them back. After a while he also started putting the deposit bottles in neat stacks next to the drummer, which, he said glumly when asked, was to supplement his meager advances from Warners and have a few quid to send to the folks now and then.

The morning after the concert, a lot of people had second thoughts about a lot of remarks Johnny Rotten made about cowboys being faggots. Later, everyone agreed this was what triggered the flood of death, arson and boycott threats subsequently received by the management of the Longhorn Ballroom. Boy, were they pissed off.

Tulsa, Oklahoma January 11th

Luckily, Tulsa was receiving its most severe snowstorm (nine inches) in memory, which prevented the wrong people from seeing the Bus of Doom cruising north with the slogans "Anarchy in the U.S.A.," "Fuck America" and "The Sex Pistols Fuck America Tour" that some jerk, possibly McLaren, had spray painted on the fuselage in the Longhorn Ballroom parking lot. The Pistols were still at peak fury, thanks to being down with the flu one and all. They had finally achieved thorough sickness in body as well as mind. Our happy family descended on Cain's Ballroom, founded some years back by the late, great Bob Wills of the Texas Playboys western-swing big band, and they were greeted for the first time in their long coast-to-coast catastrophe by nobody except 40 or 50 Jesus freaks.

The Jesus freaks were writing "Jesus loves you" in the snow on top of the windshields of parked cars, which was immediately covered up by more snow, but they took time off to warn anybody who'd listen about the evils of the Sex Pistols. Drake and I were suckers for this sort of thing and sat through it twice. Drake asked one of the Jesus freaks if he'd ever seen the Sex Pistols.

"About three or four times."

"How about you, how many times did you see the Sex Pistols?"

"Oh, three or four times."

"How many times did you see the Sex Pistols?"

"Three or four times."

Drake told them the Sex Pistols had never been in Tulsa, Oklahoma, or most

of America before, but they ignored him. I asked for some details about the performance to put in my story, but they didn't recall anything offhand. Sex Pistols were evil as sin, though. Finally we went into Cain's.

Turned out the whole sold-out crowd had pushed into the hall to get away from the snow and the Jesus freaks. The Pistols did it again. Johnny, crouching down about three inches more than last time, was as malicious a dwarf as anyone could desire and gamely dodged bottles and assured the audience they were idiots, faggots and "really crazy if you want to hear more of us. I wouldn't listen to us if you paid me." They did the encore anyway and went home and were sick.

San Francisco January 14th

After Cain's Ballroom, Johnny and Sid flew on to San Francisco for their last historic concert in the citadel of aging flower power, Bill Graham's Winterland, leaving Paul and Steve to make their

**Sid didn't look
very vicious when they
carried him off the
plane and put him away
to sleep it off in a
private room, padlocked
and upholstered, deep
inside the hospital.**

separate way by bus with a contingent of reporters, roadies and movie crew members.

The Winterland set began auspiciously with tens of thousands of fans straining the gates for the only 6,000 available tickets. Black guards, many of them seven feet tall, patrolled the theater and environs in a menacing way, occasionally disarming a Pistols well-wisher of a bottle or umbrella. As the house filled up, a near-naked neurotic climbed on stage and shouted, "Throw knives and bottles at me! I can take it!" Two security people grabbed him under the arms and took him backstage, his feet kicking helplessly in midair.

Behind the theater, in a loading zone where trucks came and went with stage equipment, the two guards picked up speed and rushed their prisoner toward a corrugated iron door and threw him out of it. Unfortunately, it was not open and the man hit it with a sickening crash, sticking to the iron door for a minute like a pair of wet panties and sliding to the floor like syrup oozing out of maple bark.

Johnny's stage presence hadn't suffered

as such; he continued to radiate the confidence of a born star. He just looked more like a hunted animal, assuming people hunt slugs. Leaning out over the audience, as if they were going to fall or jump into it, Sid and Johnny always created a specially tense situation at the edge of the stage, where the most deranged part of the audience gathered like the first bubbles in a pot of soup starting to boil.

New York City January 21st

Sid didn't look very vicious when they carried him off the plane and put him away to sleep it off in a private room, padlocked and upholstered, deep, deep inside Jamaica General Hospital, Queens, New York. He'd flown in from San Francisco to throw himself at Johnny Rotten's feet, to reunite the Sex Pistols after their break-up at the end of their San Francisco gig, but he'd chosen an unfortunate combination of cocktails and barbiturates to keep his spirits up during the long flight, and for a few days after that it was touch and go. Still, it was a fitting final touch to the Sex Pistols' first and last American tour, and their whole career, and pretty much what they'd really wanted all along, as any child psychiatrist could have told you. All the twisted snarls of hate had ceased. Sid radiated inner peace and contentment, and his brainwave was so flat that it proved perfectly safe to leave the meanest, nastiest bass player in rock history in the care of a single sweet young student nurse. After a few days of tender loving care, Sid was well enough to piss and hit the floor, which he did repeatedly until they handed him his walking papers and cardboard shoes and told him he was a free man. Soon he was returning to Punk London for a hero's welcome and all the heroin he was legally entitled to as an addict registered with the National Health.

Farewell Sex Pistols

Good-bye Sid Vicious, good-bye Johnny Rotten, good-bye Sex Pistols. THE END wrote the critics, reporters and court reporters to the strangest, most exciting, most violent rock 'n' roll tour America had ever seen. Without any airplay to speak of, without any records in the shops—in Atlanta, Memphis, San Antonio, Baton Rouge, Dallas, Tulsa, San Francisco—they made sell-out crowds sweat demons that hadn't been seen since Beatlemania. For the first time in a long time, in the line of James Dean, Marlon Brando, Presley, the Beatles and the Stones, the Sex Pistols brought it all together for the punks everyone forgot. Then, with nowhere to go but up, the Sex Pistols declined to sell out and broke up, leaving one tight classic lp, a tour movie in the can that's supposed to be terrific, a hundred bands and a million fans who've found their sound at last and one reporter heading back to La Guajira. ■

Government Research Scientist Discovers Methods to Increase Power of Pot

For the last several years readers of High Times have been aware of a process which may be done to grass called "isomerization". Few people are aware that this process was discovered by a team of government scientists in the 1940's.

The team, headed by Dr. Roger Adams, was trying to discover the active element in pot. They were not aware, as we are today, that it is the substance tetrahydrocannabinol (THC).

One of the methods they utilized was treating the purified extracts to convert the molecules to their isomeric form. Grass contains, along with the THC, a non-psychoactive chemical relative called cannabidiol. Cannabidiol (or CBD) is a mirror image of the THC molecule and, when isomerized, converts into THC.

HEAD REVIEWS THE ISO-2

It's an incredible sight that looks like something out of a science-fiction movie. The ISO-2 isn't science-fiction though. The product is a sophisticated piece of machinery.

There are basically five processes that the Isomerizer uses to improve cannabis: 1) ISOMERIZATION—converting the cannabidiol in cannabis to THC; 2) ROTATION—converting the delta 8 THC to delta 9 THC; 3) DECARBOXYLATION—converting THC acids to THC; 4) PURIFICATION—removing unwanted, unpsychoactive tars; and 5) EXTRACTION AND CONCENTRATION—making hash oil and "ISO-HASH".

In the isomerization process, the ISO-2 converts the cannabidiol in your pot, an element that doesn't get you off and which in fact inhibits the THC in the pot from getting you high, into THC. The essential oils in the pot, containing the THC and the cannabidiol, are extracted from the pot by the machine's constant recycling of a solvent such as isopropyl alcohol through the pot. The heating unit causes the solvent to evaporate, and when it hits the condensing unit on the top of the machine it is cooled so that it drips back down through the pot. In effect, the ISO-2 is like a coffee percolator with built-in safety features that minimize the danger of fires or explosions that often result when working with highly flammable and explosive substances such as alcohol.

HEAD MAGAZINE TESTS THE ISO-2

One of the most popular utilizations of the Isomerizer is making quality hash, at a low cost, from commercial marijuana.

The hash produced is very potent, and, when purified with the water wash, has a very high quality in taste, smell, and smokability.

One of the products that I was most impressed with was "Iso-Oil". The marijuana that I used was some cheap commercial Mexican which had been tightly brick-
ed. I chose this pot to test Thai Power's claim that they could produce high

SAFETY NOTE!

The process of Isomerization utilizes substances which may be toxic or explosive. The Iso-2 is designed to eliminate these dangers. It is a scientifically engineered, self-contained, electrical appliance. Don't be fooled into taking a chance with cheap kits and copies. There is no faster and safer way. Stove top devices are DANGEROUS!



(Actual transfer in full color)



\$179.50

THAI POWER INC. Drawer "T" Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

- ☐ Send me a free full color T-shirt heat transfer of the Thai Power dragon and an Iso-2 brochure.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$10.00, balance \$169.50 C.O.D. (+ \$2.00 ship/hand).
- Send _____ ISO-2 @ \$179.50 ea. Cert. check or M.O. (Personal checks held 4 weeks)
- Total enclosed _____ (Calif. residents add 6%)
- Charge to my ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ VISA

SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If purchased by mail directly from Thai Power you can try the Iso-2 in your home for 10 full days. If not completely delighted and 100% satisfied, return in original condition for immediate refund—no nonsense—no excuses—complete refund immediately.

Card Number _____ Expires _____ Signature _____

Name _____ You must be over 18

Address _____ P.O. Boxes must have street address

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

- BERNEY KARP, 2850 E. 44th St., L.A., CA 90058
- BERNEY KARP Midwest, 10380 Page Industrial Dr, Overland, MO 63132
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Interview

(continued from page 33)

perhaps the common people would think that something was being done for them.

Comitas: But, you see, many of the common people are against legalization; they say it would cut the market to pieces.

Rubin: They think legalization would lower their own income. They have mixed feelings about legalization, not on moral grounds, but on economic grounds. Medical people don't want it because ganja keeps people from being sick. It was only some of the nonsmokers who had strong feelings about legalization on religious or moral grounds.

High Times: Do you know of any efforts to make it illegal before the efforts in Western civilization?

Rubin: In Egypt apparently they did, and there were very Draconian laws against its use in the twelfth or thirteenth centuries. They removed all your teeth, you could be flogged, oh, terrible things could happen to you. Again, the upper classes were using opium.

High Times: Now that New Mexico and Hawaii have legalized research use of marijuana for glaucoma and terminal cancer patients, do you think marijuana will again become widely used in Western medicine?

Rubin: I hope so. I had a very close friend who was dying of terminal cancer, and he begged them to allow him to use marijuana. Morphine and the usual sedatives were not working. They put him in a straitjacket to keep him from jumping out the window. It still gives me a chill to think about it.

Anyway, there is a new book called *The Therapeutic Potential of Marijuana*, edited by Sidney Cohen and R.C. Stillman, which collects new medical research that was reported at the Asilomar conference in California. They describe excellent results in treatment of glaucoma and possible use of cannabidiol as an anticonvulsant in epilepsy. There are also reports of promise in using the herb as an anesthetic, antidepressant and an anti-tumor drug. So it has a whole range of potential therapeutic uses, if the medical profession would become less uptight. And now I understand that a judge in California has ordered the local sheriff to give some marijuana that had been seized to a young man dying of cancer.

Comitas: Sure, it's like rewriting history because it had been used widely.

Rubin: It was in the U.S. pharmacopoeia until 1941. It was in Lydia Pinkham pills used for mental illness, tetanus and so forth. But the problem with it then was that potency varied, it deteriorated with age, and it couldn't be synthesized. So when the synthetic drugs and the hypodermic needle came out, the new technology replaced it.

High Times: There's a lot of talk about political pressure on scientists to come up

with results one way or the other on marijuana—either terrible dangers or a clean bill of health. Have you felt this in your work?

Rubin: There's no political pressure as such. You're not going to be sent into the corner with a dunce cap if you come up with findings that are not the received opinion. But it's interesting that many of the consultants who worked on our study gave their report with an apology like, "I'm sorry the findings are negative, that there's no difference between the users and nonusers." Why is that negative? Only because it runs counter to the propaganda we've been fed since the 1930s.

I think that because we were unprejudiced one way or the other, it became a scientific expedition for us and we were able to look at ganja in a more open way. And also because we're anthropologists we understood that any ingestion of a substance like marijuana—which has all these legal, political, philosophical and psychological barnacles attached to it—must be seen in the light of the total human experience.

**“Does marijuana make you
lose interest in working?
We found that while
smoking, 65 percent of
the workers' thoughts were
related to the work...the
opposite of when not
smoking.”**

High Times: How much clout do scientific studies have? They're always cited as the eminent authorities, and yet they often seem to have no effect on the laws or people's reactions.

Rubin: Well, it's interesting that these new laws have been passed in New Mexico and Hawaii. This probably had nothing to do with any specific report, yet it clearly was the result of good research, good pressure and intelligent receptivity from the legislators. I think there's gradually more recognition of the human factors involved.

But there is an antimarijuana lobby, no question about it—that outfit the late Hardin B. Jones was in, and Gabriel Nahas, the American Council on Marijuana. And that's a tax-exempt organization, even though they're clearly a lobby. And for whatever reasons, which someone should investigate someday, they have tremendous impact, because they reach all the syndicated columnists. Even the editor of the *Saturday Review*, Norman Cousins, once did an editorial on the hazards of marijuana. I mean, what does he know about it? And I found out that he was asked to do it by one of these people.

One of the antipot people I was supposed to talk to claimed that marijuana stunts the growth during adolescence. I had never heard this one before, so I looked up our data. It turned out that the smokers and nonsmokers were the identical average height.

High Times: Do you ever do any experimenting on yourself?

Rubin: Well, it's difficult to be in a field situation and not to partake of a substance that is being used by your hosts, especially if they offer it to you. We had one especially fascinating experience. We were visiting the Rastas to find out what they know about the plant and what their religious beliefs are. This was an all-male gathering, in a wooden shack, and they're sitting on benches, and I was the only woman in the group. As we were talking, I noticed from the corner of my eye that somebody was rolling something.

So they produced a cigarette. And since I'm the guest, I got the first smoke. That's lovely. And then it passed around the group. I don't know how many were in the group, but it finally came back to me. This was the first time I had ever tried it. And I wasn't worried about getting high. I was worried about getting some kind of disease, if you must know; this was during a flu epidemic. So, you know what happened to me? Nothing. And this is a typical first reaction—either nothing or a pseudohysterical high.

And then as we left they gave us a bottle of rum full of ganja leaves to keep us from getting the flu. But we had to go back to the hotel. I said, "Lambros, we've got to get rid of this." He said, "Leave it in the basket in the hotel." I said, "You're out of your mind—we can't do that." So we drove around looking for a place to dump it.

Comitas: I was working in a fishing village in Jamaica years ago, in '57. For about three weeks I was getting nowhere. I had never seen marijuana. So once I said, "Gee, I'd love to see some of the stuff." So everybody stopped what they were doing: "We don't have that kind of stuff here." I had a room in the back of a rum shop and there was a table there, and on this table must have been two kilos of ganja. Now that I think of it, it was ludicrous. Like an idiot, I said, "What the hell is that? It must be ganja."

And then what they did was very funny. All the women were sellers because there was a law that they couldn't strip down a woman. So they were all really worried about me. Who is this white guy? Police? So they got this poor drunken slob who everybody knew had syphilis. And he rolled a cigar, lit it up and gave it to me—and I take a couple of puffs. No way did I ever think I was going to get a reaction. I was worried, like Vera, about catching something. Well, I tell you something, it was magical, it opened up the whole situation for me. I couldn't do wrong among those people after that. ■

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Hollywood Rat Pack

(continued from page 46)

Sierra Madre (1948) had provoked on-screen guffawing at life's cosmic ironies, but the rat pack plays it cool. Staggering along the strip in the unnatural harshness of the Vegas daylight, their eyes squinted down to their mouths, the Leader's voice is heard crooning a melancholy dirge: "I had a dream, but the dream got kicked in the head!"

That utopia, as expressed by Sergeant Sinatra and Lieutenant Lawford an hour earlier in the film, had been to use their Vegas millions to make movies and go into politics—both megalomaniacal pursuits, the only two, as old Joe Kennedy told *Time* magazine in 1940, "which get into your blood."

A few months after he took office, Joe's son, supposedly acting on a scenario that had been presented to him by the CIA as a *fait accompli*, presided over a failed invasion of Cuba. The ramifications of this botched attempt to kick Castro's dream in the head would set the course of Kennedy's administration down to its final days.

Almost as if to assuage the president's feelings, his rat-pack friends introduced him to Marilyn Monroe, ultimate femme of the Western world. Of course, her career too has a poetic logic all its own. Having previously been married to two apposite and opposite American demigods, Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller, it is said that she deliberately set her sights on the superstar of Pennsylvania Avenue.

By engaging Sinatra in what has been described as "a small and reasonably friendly affair," Marilyn entered the rat pack's charmed circle, and Lawford introduced her to the president in May 1961. The JFK-MM affair—said to have lasted about a year—was played out in New York and Beverly Hills hotels, at Lawford's home in Santa Monica and in the friendly skies of *Air Force One*.

That fall, the pivotal Sinatra was a weekend guest at the Kennedy compound in Hyannisport, and he was soon adding a "Kennedy wing" (with plans for a private heliport) onto the Palm Beach residence on Frank Sinatra Drive that *Time* was calling "The Clan's White House West."

Meanwhile, back on earth—even as John Glenn was orbiting the earth—Press Secretary Pierre Salinger announced that Kennedy was going over the script for *PT-109*, the only biopic that has ever been made about a reigning American president. The chief executive knew something about the mechanics of glamour. Thirty-odd years before, when his father was masterminding the series of mergers that resulted in the creation of the RKO studio, young John had served as a sounding board for movies in the works.

According to Julian Smith, who sees the heroics-drenched *PT-109* as having been

planned to serve as an all-purpose metaphor for Kennedy's first term, "The casting of the film was given more care and thought than is customarily given to the casting of the vice presidency." JFK had wanted Warren Beatty, but Beatty and the film's producer Brian Forbes did not get along. The president rejected Peter Fonda, Edd Byrnes (Kookie from "77 Sunset Strip") and Jeffrey Hunter (Jesus Christ from *King of Kings*) before the compromise candidate, Cliff Robertson, was finally decided upon. Lewis Milestone (fresh from *Ocean's 11*) was set to direct, but was relieved of command midway through the shoot.

The temper of the times was such that the film's production in the Florida Keys prompted rumors that a sequel to the Bay of Pigs was in the works, while the U.S. Coast Guard kept mistaking the Warner Brothers flotilla for a Cuban invasion of the mainland.

However, by the time *PT-109* finally chugged into neighborhood theaters and drive-ins coast to coast, Kennedy and Sinatra were publicly pffft. In the spring of '62, little more than a month after the release of *Sergeants 3*, the rat pack had gone to pieces. The struggle between the mafiaphobic Attorney General Robert Kennedy and his powerful underling J. Edgar Hoover (who had long refused to believe in the existence of an organized crime syndicate) had turned up an unexpectedly nasty piece of information.

The FBI discovered that for virtually the entire period that Judith Campbell Exner had been presidential nooky, she had been dating another one of Sinatra's powerful pals, Sam "Momo" Giancana, the reigning monarch of the Chicago-based Capone empire. Exner, who got around while fending off the passes of everyone from Desi Arnaz to Teddy Kennedy to Jerry Lewis, had evidently drifted from Sinatra's orbit into Giancana's at a party in Miami, one month after she met Kennedy at the Summit in Vegas.

If one pieces together the confused and often contradictory testimony that surfaced (as did Exner) during the 1975 Church Committee hearings, it appears that in Camelot the right lobe of the governmental brain did not always know what the left lobe was up to. Giancana was involved not only with Exner and Sinatra but a joint CIA-Cosa Nostra mission to regain Cuba by putting Fidel Castro to sleep. The FBI got wise to that one when the fun-loving Momo (who once told Exner, "I got Sammy and that fruitcake Lawford in Frank's suite at the Fontainebleau. I rolled a couple of cherry bombs under their chairs...they jumped so high their heads nearly hit the ceiling") used his CIA connections in a bungled attempt to plant a bug in the hotel room of comedian Dan Rowan.

Three days before Kennedy's long-awaited state visit to Hollywood, where he was to stay at Sinatra's specially refur-

bished home, he had a private lunch with J. Edgar Hoover. It is not known if he was confronted with Hoover's data on the "big shtup"—ramifications of sharing Judy Exner with Mr. Number Three on his brother's get-the-Mafia list—let alone the fact that Giancana was in bed with the CIA as well. But it was suddenly announced that the president would be staying instead with Bing Crosby.

This move set off a series of purges. Sinatra blamed Lawford for not using enough pull with his relatives and ran him out of the rat pack. And the Leader was conspicuously absent from the all-star birthday party given Kennedy in Madison Square Garden six weeks later.

Kennedy eased out of his relationships with Marilyn (who died that summer) and Exner (no longer would they lie abed, sipping frozen daiquiris and listening to "their song" as warbled by Sinatra, "All the Way"). The CIA dropped Giancana but apparently retained other underworld connections, and the FBI put Momo under heavy surveillance. "I can't even take a shit without one of those bastards coming in and holding my pecker," Giancana was heard to complain over his wiretapped phone; and after the Chicago crime boss sent a message to the White House to the effect that if the president wanted to talk to him he should have Frank Sinatra set it up, Bobby Kennedy had Sinatra investigated as well.

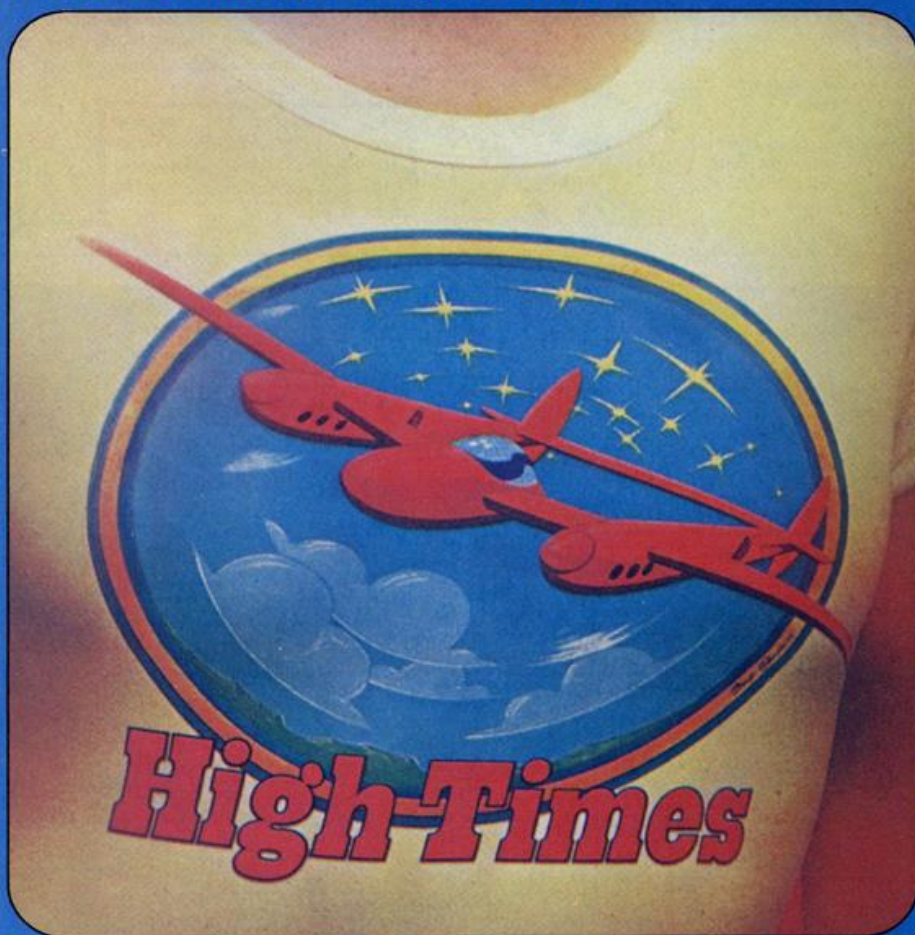
The show-biz politics and high anxiety that marked Kennedy's thousand days in office had stimulated Hollywood to create an unusual cycle of presidential melodramas. Audiences were confronted by the sellout liberals and guilty sex of *Advise and Consent* (1962), the bogey of a Mafia-Communist conspiracy in *The Best Man* (1964), presidents under the pressure of the apocalypse in *Fail-Safe* (1964) and *Dr. Strangelove* (1964) and the possibility of a right-wing coup in *Seven Days in May* (1964), a film that the president expressly wanted made.

Of all these expressions of the Zeitgeist, the most baroquely paranoid was *The Manchurian Candidate*—released in the midst of the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962. "An even sleazier picture of American mores and politics than *Advise and Consent*," in the words of one reviewer, the film orchestrated a number of topical obsessions from the specter of international communism to the threat of a fascist takeover to brainwashed dupes, demagogues and assassins around the figure of its hero, presidential guru Frank Sinatra.

When Lawford turned movie producer one year after the big shtup, it was with one of the grimmest and most violent films of the early Sixties. Rumored to have been partially directed by Don Seigel, *Johnny Cool* (1963) followed the life and times of a suavely robotic hitman (an

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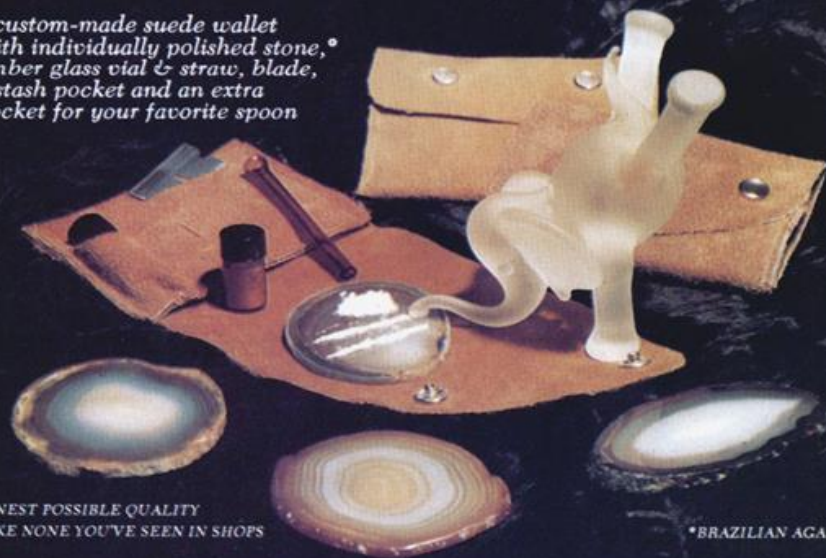
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ex-Sicilian freedom fighter groomed by a deposed Mafia don to eliminate all of the don's rivals) as he stalks through New York skyscrapers and Las Vegas casinos fulfilling his master's mission. It was released at a time of maximum Mafia consciousness, one month after the televised Valachi hearings and the news that Sinatra's association with Giancana had resulted in the Leader's eviction from Vegas, an exile that lasted until he married Mia Farrow there in 1966.

The film's eponymous one-man gang of destruction (played by Henry Silva, a pack pal who had featured bits in *Ocean's 11*, *Sergeants 3* and *The Manchurian Candidate*) is ultimately betrayed by his girl—a 27-year-old Westchester divorcee (the pre-"Bewitched" Elizabeth Montgomery)—who leaves at the end to testify without even pausing to change out of her bikini. *Johnny Cool* had all the characteristics of a rat-pack film: cameos by Sammy Davis, Joey Bishop and Hank Henry, a *femme fatale*, a Cahn-Van Heusen title song and scenes shot on location in Jilly's and the Sands—everything but the presence of the Leader himself.

Sinatra was working on a gangster film of his own, perhaps a corrective, for it was a light-hearted musical that would be set in Capone-era Chicago. Despite the fact that Sinatra once told Francis Ford Coppola, "I'd like to play the Godfather.... Let's you and me buy this goddamned book and make it ourselves," *Robin and the 7 Hoods* is the closest he has come to playing Il Padrone on the screen. While the film was in production, the president was murdered in Dallas and Frank Sinatra, Jr. was kidnapped in Nevada—twin traumas that may account for the flat, flaccid quality of the clan's swan song. By the time it was released in June 1964, the nation had new phenomena to ponder: Barry Goldwater, the Beatles, Vietnam.

Unlike *Johnny Cool*, *Robin and the 7 Hoods* posits good gangsters (Sinatra, Dino and Sammy Davis) and bad gangsters. The bad gangsters are creeps who knock off the boss of bosses and upset the status quo. The good gangsters sing and dance their way into a beautiful public-relations setup—running soup kitchens, befriending orphans, concealing their speakeasies behind a Salvation Army facade. Although the good gangsters defeat the bad gangsters, in the end they are betrayed by a treacherous femme in cahoots with their front—none other than Sinatra's own adolescent idol, Bing Crosby.

It was with this bitter image that the last of the clanbakes ended, although there were to be a number of postscripts sprinkled throughout the Sixties. In 1967 Dino and Joey Bishop teamed for *Texas Across the River*, a *Sergeants 3*-style Western advertised as "Believe you we—it's a real put-on!", while Lawford and Davis formed a less-than-dynamic duo that lasted out the decade.

In the low-budget psychodrama *A Man Called Adam* (1966), Davis attempted to redeem himself by playing a temperamental and self-destructive jazz musician. Lawford was bizarrely cast as Manny, his tough-guy agent, while—in superb cinematic sublimation—Frank Sinatra, Jr., appeared as Sammy's protege. The star wallowed in self-pity for most of the film until he dropped dead on the bandstand, trying to hit a note "that isn't on the horn."

Two years later, Davis and Lawford were back again wearing lovebeads and Nehru suits for *Salt and Pepper*, in which they played the owners of a topless gambling casino in swinging London. Then they fell into the hands of Jerry Lewis, who directed but did not appear in *One More Time* (1970), a sequel to *Salt and Pepper*. Lewis turned the two aging pack pals into a nostalgic replay of Dino and himself, grossly sentimentalizing (even as he parodied) the rat-pack tradition of punk buddy-buddydism.

Poor Jerry—he never held a Summit, he struck out with Judy Exner, he wouldn't have cut the mustard in Bogie's living room. In the Bizzaro World he would have played Sinatra to Richard Nixon's Kennedy, except that even there Sammy stole the show at the '72 RepCon when he snuggled up to Nixon on nationwide TV.

As for the Leader, after *Robin and the 7 Hoods* he went on to direct his first (and only) film, *None but the Brave* (1965). It was a curiously ambivalent antiwar tract appropriate to the still fluid state of American involvement in Vietnam. Although the film featured none of the old pack pals, its depiction of war as a good excuse for a swell bunch of guys to get together and hack around would have pleased the veterans of *Ocean's 11*. The presence of both Tony Bill (who had played wide-eyed kid brother to Sinatra's self-satisfied swinger in the 1963 *Come Blow Your Horn*) and son-in-law Tommy Sands suggests that the Leader—at 50—was playing poppa to a new generation. In truth Sinatra did frug on ahead into the future: marrying space-child Mia Farrow, recording his manifestoes "My Way" and "Strangers in the Night" (with its existential exhortation to "do!be!do!be!do!"), switching from Jack Daniels to vodka, campaigning for Ronald Reagan and renaming the old Kennedy wing after his new friend, Spiro Agnew.

Last November, Las Vegas officials reported that Patty Hearst—out on \$1,200,000 bail—had been treated to a week on the town, including a ringside seat at the Norton-Young fight, as a guest of Frank Sinatra. What could have prompted this complex public gesture? Was it Il Padrone doing something for a kid who'd had a few bad breaks? Or a connoisseur indulging his curiosity to meet one of the Seventies' weirdest chicks? Or, in his professional capacity as the emperor of show biz, was Sinatra just welcoming her home...to America? ☐

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Bold Red Kelly

(continued from page 49)

day. The chief, looking grey and stern, shook the force's ace dog handler roughly. Handberg's wife no doubt looked surprised to see the chief in his yellow slicker in her bedroom at six in the morning. (He usually left by 2:00 A.M.)

"Get Tusker," said the chief. "Kelly's abandoned car number 1 about seven miles out. The track's pretty well lost, but he left a sock in the car, so Tusker should be able to take a pretty good scent."

Yes indeed, it was the same sock. Red had carried it in his pocket these two long months, and it would prove his undoing.

Now Constable Handberg and his dog Tusker were very important people in this little town. The Eagle ran at least three features a year on the man-and-dog team and constantly praised their work. Why not? It was only last spring Tusker had sprung, at his handler's urging, into the still chill waters of Bainston Lake and swum 60 feet to rescue a badly scared seven-year-old girl adrift on a small log. "Hold tight to the doggy's neck," Handberg shouted, crying, "Here, boy!" as the sturdy hound pooch-paddled to shore.

"Lisa Loves Tusker," ran the Eagle's unusual heart-shaped headline, and inside were pictures of the adorable child presenting Tusker with a bone and a cookie she had baked herself from dog food. There were many pictures of Lisa hugging the dog, but Constable Handberg was always careful to have a hand on the pooch's muzzle. After all, Tusker was attack trained and a spirited tracker; he just might rip adorable Lisa's face off.

While Constable Handberg pushed Annie's soiled sock under his dog's nose, Bold Red leaned exhausted against a tree some six miles deep into the woods. His wrists were ripped and torn by the cuffs, and he constantly lost his balance in the waist-deep snow, pitching headlong over hidden logs and slipping down ugly little gullies.

Behind him Tusker was running fairly quickly on the snow crust, barely sinking six inches, silently distancing his handler and the others, who were struggling with unfamiliar snowshoes. Snow was falling lightly.

After a 20-minute rest Bold Red resumed his struggle, and minutes behind him, far ahead of the cops, Tusker ran silent.

Standing on a stump, looking ahead to try and seek the semblance of a trail or a wisp of cabin smoke, Red peered into the dawn light. Tusker leapt from behind, hitting him full in the back with his 120-pound weight. Red found himself face down in the snow, struggling to breathe, something tearing at his back and shoulders. Tusker got a good grip on his elbow, and Kelly used that for leverage to spin himself around. The mutt, for it was

he, dove at Red's throat. Fortunately for the criminal, adrenaline was rapidly replacing his blood, and with his hands knotted together he knocked the beast aside.

He staggered to his feet for the dog's next spring. It again caught the elbow of his right arm and spun him around. He reeled with the dog still attached, his hands coming to rest beneath the snow on a tree limb. He jerked it out, and the force of his swing knocked the dog clear of his elbow; he swung the limb back behind him and began to pull it down in the general direction of the snarls and hot breath. Bold Red Kelly, former amateur hockey player, was pulling that limb in for the slap shot, and it was coming down hard enough to drive a bowling ball through a goalie, through his net and right through the glass into an admiring girl's lap.

The limb caught old Tusker right below his slavering jaws, from which bits of Red's shirt and bits of Red were hanging in frothy threads. The head went back and back and back, and then there were two loud cracks as the limb and neck broke almost simultaneously. Seconds later Red stood panting over the twitching dog, unsteady, broken-limb butt in his bloody hands. "I'll be a son of a bitch," said Red, wondering where the hell a crazed dog had come from.

"Alsation cocksucker," he added, kicking weakly at the dead dog. Then, not knowing what else to do, he set off again in the snow. Eventually he came to a jeep track. The jeep track led him to a trail. The trail brought him to Bob Brothers Hunting Lodge, your host Johnny Bob.

Johnny's handy cable cutter unlinked Red's hands, but there was no way to take off the bracelets without expert assistance. "Maybe I'll keep 'em," said Bold Red Kelly. Red had a bath and slept for the next few days concealed in the basement blanket safe.

Overnight Kelly had changed from a hero into a monster. In children's games he was no longer played by a child but was usually a hated stuffed toy, cuffed and kicked repeatedly as a dirty dog-killing criminal. The Eagle ran a black front page: "Tusker Dead." The editorial said that murdering a dog like Tusker was not like killing an animal but like killing a decent citizen and that if there were any justice in the world Kelly should pay for his crimes with "the ultimate penalty." The Handberg family was pictured in mourning. The dog was given an inspector's funeral attended by all. The mayor and McTargle (who said this dog died for Annie and bought a tombstone which played a lullaby and soft barks when you pressed a button) both spoke at the event.

Chief William Donald spoke too, after the priest, and fired his service revolver six times to end the ceremony. The chief said he didn't know if it was a sacrilege to say so, but he believed that Tusker was

going to heaven. Even alone in her room, Annie McTargle cried. Doug and Karen Farndale didn't go to the funeral, but that afternoon they turned themselves in for having helped Red Kelly and were released on their own recognizance. Van Durban of Van's Vanguard Van Sales drove the chief mourners and the dog's family back to town, backwards in a black-painted Econoline van with black interior. People said the pictures of Mordor painted on the sides only added to the solemnity of the occasion. In the Flaming A, patrons who had known Red for years talked about what they'd like to do to him if they, personally, caught him.

"I'd cut his fuckin' nuts off," said Bill Tramble.

"I'd tie him between two trucks and pull the cocksucker to pieces," said Dick Thwackneigle.

"I'd barf on the bugger," said old Black Nickle, who got a dirty look for his pains.

Even the women agreed Bold Red was an "animal." Except Jane. But everyone said she was "uh hoor," 'cause of the way she got caught with him in the utility shed and lost her job at the drugstore for being such "uh hoor." Now she was drunk a lot, and people said she should get cut off unemployment insurance.

Well, most all of this was in the paper. Things didn't look too good for old Bold Red. People were actually looking for him. He was bound to get caught sooner or later.

He did, one morning by about five cops. Apparently he phoned Annie one night and she'd walked around with a seraphic smile the next day and old McTargle got suspicious and beat her up and she told where Red was. Of course they took in Johnny Bob too, even though he was a licensed AAA guide and not likely to stash desperadoes like Kelly at his place.

Johnny got six months. Six of which he served, using the time to catch up on his dope smoking, there being plenty of time in jail.

Bold Red Kelly got 15 years for rape, five for grand auto theft, a couple for escaping lawful custody and one for trespassing and malicious vandalism. The judge said he wanted to throw in something extra for the dog but wasn't allowed to, and anyway almost everyone had forgotten about the dog.

He served six months.

The story is, he carved a gun out of soap and made his way out of prison where there was a car waiting for him. Sounds like bullshit to Johnny. Who would help a guy like that, particularly as he was a white man.

Some might be interested to know that Bold Red is now a citizen of the USA, illegal of course. He doesn't like American beer too much but says that's okay, 'cause the bars stay open later.

Last thing he ever said to Johnny was, "I don't think of myself as an escapee but as a pilot project in self-supervised parole." ☐

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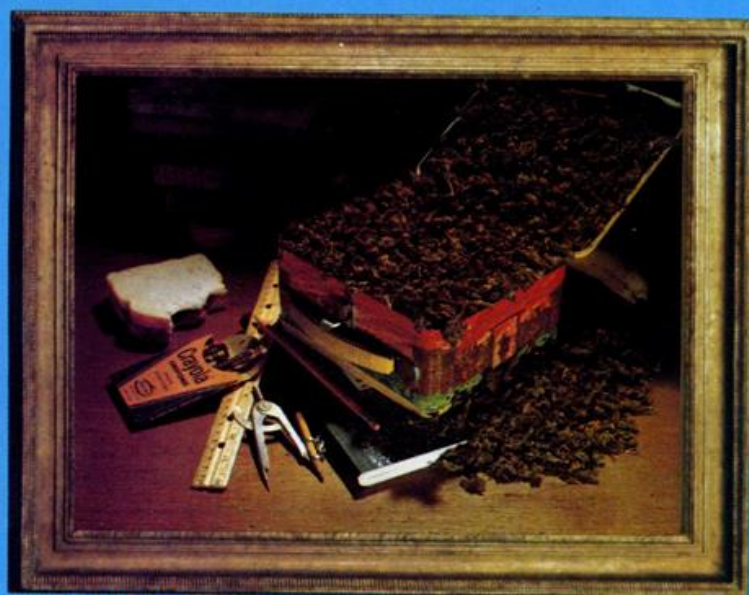
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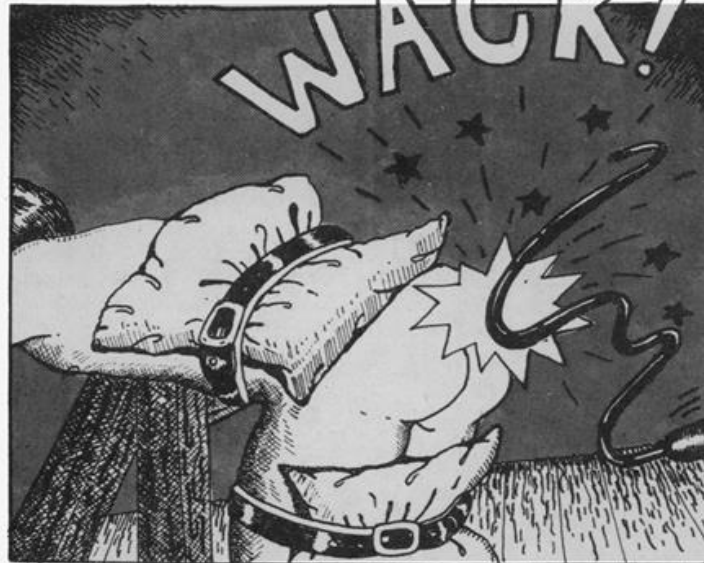
Whipmasters of Borneo

by Ed Dwyer

Malaysia is a far-flung nation stretching from the Malay Peninsula across the South China Sea to embrace two large areas of the island of Borneo called Sarawak and Sabah. Primitive conditions prevail, and the criminal code is often disregarded or forgotten. Malaysian justice is swift and terrible, relying upon the fear of Allah and the deterrent power of the rotan, a traditional Malay whip.

The rotan is so painful that the heinous crime of rape is avenged by a mere six administrations, so severe that some courts are hesitant to pass the sentence required by the Malaysian penal code.

For over two years, judges in Sarawak and neighboring Sabah avoided sentencing criminals to strokes of the rotan, thinking there was no expert whipmaster available. One William S. B. Lee in Sarawak told a convicted extortionist, "It is a pity that there is no trained whipper here, or else I would impose a whipping." Lee



Karen Katz

was unaware that there were indeed two master whippers in Borneo, both trained in the fine art of rotan wielding at an elite police center in Kuala Lumpur. Supreme

sadists, they have been ready and waiting to strike flesh for the state.

The rotan ritual has been strictly specified by the Malaysian penal code. The prisoner must accept

totally the decision of the court; there is no appeal. Punishment comes exactly 24 hours after sentencing. No women are flogged.

The criminal is stripped totally naked and taken to a sound-proofed room so his screams won't disturb any other inmates. He is stretched across a rude frame, and his ass is slightly prominent. Pillows are placed at his waist and lower buttocks, leaving about six inches of tight, bare skin for the rotan.

The whipmaster aims to strike the same spot each time, in order to break the skin and inflict complete agony. But every time the rotan falls on the prisoner, even if on the pillows, it counts as a stroke. Should the prisoner faint, the doctor present will examine him and, if he is weak, ask for the flogging to stop. This is reported to the court, which cannot order the strokes to be administered later, but which can pass up to a year's jail sentence in place of the undelivered strokes.

CANNABIS CABARET DEBUTS

At first glance it appears to be a warehouse. During the day workers grunt and sweat behind parcel-laden dollies. Stacks of boxes tower to the ceiling, packing and shipping forms litter the floor. But on weekend nights the downtown loft joins the discos, juice bars, coffee shops and leather dives as the latest in New York social settings: Sacco and Vanzetti's Smokeasy.

Guests begin to arrive around nine, pay five dollars and enter a large room with sofas, comfortable chairs, tables and a bar. At one end is a stage where bands, performers, comedians, poets and politicians take their turn trying to entertain the onlookers. Patrons bring their own weed or sample the house specials: weed from Mexico, Colombia, Jamaica and Southeast Asia. People wait on themselves or dispatch attendants.

The smokeasy got its start last fall when the proprietors decided New York was ready for an alternative to the bar scene. "At least for people who prefer reefer," ex-

plained the maitre d'. "We're curious to find out if we're really illegal," he added. "An Alaska Supreme Court decision said smoking pot in the confines of one's



Richard Sheinhaus

home is legal. Essentially, we're just a private party. Everybody knows everybody. Money paid at the door goes directly to the band and for food. The pot is donated."

It is a scene reminiscent of the early coffee houses, with artists, writers, models, musicians and

other culture vultures sipping on espresso and wine, gossiping about politics, art, rock and sex above wisps of burning Thai.

When and if pot becomes legal, the organizers say they "may come out of the smoke and go public."

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John Farrell

by Michael Falco

Bored with your present job? Searching for a meaningful and exciting occupation you can be proud of? If so, Certified Dealer's School (CDS) of southern California may have the answer for you: become a dope dealer.

Following in the footsteps of the Famous Writer's School and Learn-to-Wheel-a-Semi academies, the CDS in Los Angeles is hoping to cash in on the mushrooming future of recreational dope. More than eight courses are currently being offered by the innovative staff of CDS, which plans to expand the curricula as dope legislation changes.

Owing in part to the low-key ad pitch and mostly word-of-mouth solicitation, fewer than 100 students have so far taken courses at CDS. "We can't really advertise a lot, but then we really don't need to," said one instructor. "For instance, our course on dope law is packed. At the lecture on the new United Nations international laws of the sea there were 50 people, including a half-dozen lawyers. Dealers who've heard of us send their lawyers, bagmen and buyers here to learn the fine points of the trade.

"We designed it to deal with the realities of the dope world, not the paranoid, self-righteous liberalism of the campus dope-information centers."

Classes are held at nights in a rented school classroom. A few of the CDS offerings as described in the course catalog are:

- Detecting Electronic Surveillance: in-depth training in the use of surveillance techniques, how to spot and avoid them.
- Drug Transportation: methods of smuggling, from radio-wave locators to fake tires, with lectures from professional contrabandistas.

- Cocaine: testing, cutting, storing and transporting of the popular powder.
- Pot Buying: in Mexico, South America and elsewhere. Includes lessons such as "avoid the shaded side of the mountain."
- International Law: laws of dope-exporting countries, the high seas, international air space.
- Federal and State Law: crossing state borders, "hot" states, the DEA, FBI and local law methodology.
- Informants: adapted from the Los Angeles Detectives Training seminar and U.S. Customs Prevention and Detection program.

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Feds Bust Banana Blow

U.S. Customs agents have seized **46 pounds of top-notch toot** hidden on the **Miami River** banana docks, almost a third of the total coke busted all last year. Though specifics of the bust are vague, it appears that a Customs officer was walking the beat in the banana port when he spotted a man "placing something into a car" and acting suspiciously. The cop followed the vehicle, stopped it and shook down the 16-year-old driver. Fifteen pounds of blow were found hidden under a box of plantains, a green bananalike fruit. Additional Customs agents called to the area then canvassed the docks, where they found additional packages on the ground.

● Two Colombian women claimed that their luggage was lost on arrival at **Miami International Airport**. Later that night, Customs officers notified the couple that their suitcases had been found and that an examination had revealed **5.4 pounds of coke** in one suitcase and **5.1 pounds** in the other, concealed in false tops and bottoms. The pair was arrested and whisked off to the DEA.

● Fuzz at **Miami Airport** also re-

cently put the cuffs on a man accused of smuggling in **16 pounds of coke, 3 pounds of coca paste** and 12 pounds of an "unknown powder which would be analyzed," all tucked in four fire extinguishers. A Miami truck driver was nabbed when he

claimed the extinguishers at an airport cargo warehouse.

● A kilo of blow was nabbed by **Las Vegas D-men** after a man sold a half-dozen tennis balls to an undercover narc. Police claim the tennis-ball routine was borrowed from a "Hawaii 5-0" plot. The Fort

Lauderdale used-car salesman and his powder-laden tennis balls were incarcerated when a D-man flashed \$31,000 in a Hilton Hotel.

● A well-hidden coca plantation was tracked down by Colombian police after a six-hour march through the steaming jungles from the nearest town in **Boyaca** province. "Several thousand" coca bushes were torched by eager cops, who proceeded to search for a refining laboratory believed to be stashed somewhere in the area.

● D-men in **Phoenix, Arizona**, were left with an empty wallet after some of their informants ripped them off. The cops had set up a college student from Arizona State University and his partner to buy coke from a big supplier. As it turned out, the partner pulled a gun on the student as they sat inside a Tempe restaurant and relieved him of \$3,200. He then left without paying his bill. Meanwhile, agents outside sat in the parking lot waiting for the pair to score two ounces. Deputy County Attorney Ron Reinstein said drug and money ripoffs of informants by middlemen had become a problem of late.

Hit Parade

Spring is busting out all over, as are the narcs dedicated to stopping the flow of seafaring smokables. Here's the latest count of impounded poundage.

34,000 lbs: SE of Grand Bahama, 75-ft. Honduran freighter *Jose Gregorio*, 9 arrests.

30,000 lbs: Orange Cay, Fla., 70-ft. fishing vessel *Lady Sarah*, 3 arrests.

20,000 lbs: 55 miles SE of Miami, Fla., shrimp *Lady B*, 5 arrests.

20,000 lbs: Charleston, S.C., DC-6, 7 arrests.

16,000 lbs: Homosassa, Fla., two boats, 4 arrests.

7,000 lbs: Fort Lauderdale, Fla.,

57-ft. Chris Craft *Princess Charlotte*, 2 arrests.

6,000 lbs: Miami, Fla., 55-ft. cabin cruiser *Anjolin*, 4 arrests.

4,350 lbs: Carrollton, Ga., DC-3, no arrests.

4,000 lbs: Sydney, Australia, 2 vehicles, 4 arrests.

4,000 lbs: Miami, Fla., 32-ft. fishing boat *Business Stinks*, 2 arrests.

1,100 lbs: Tampa, Fla., twin-engine Aerocommander, 2 vehicles, 5 arrests.

1,000 lbs: Bartow, Fla., twin-engine plane, 5 arrests.

800 lbs: Monroe County sheriff's office, Fla., no arrests.



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Bobbies Put Bite on Acid Farm

Details are sketchy on what is being called the biggest acid raid of all time at a remote farm in the **Dyfed Mountains in central Wales**. At least **13 million hits** were seized along with manufacturing equipment, spare change and an undetermined number of people. There has been some speculation that the alleged LSD ring was connected to the phantom Brotherhood of Eternal Love. Bobbies made their score on a tip from U.S. D-men.

- Pot smokers on the streets of Laredo, Texas, can rest easier after the capture of "Smokey," a marijuana-sniffing border dog who escaped from U.S. Customs officials and made a mad dash for safety. A Nuevo Laredo resident just across the border in Mexico caught the unfettered canine and claimed the \$100 reward. Local officials feared a repeat of an incident occurring a few years ago when another escaped pot-sniffing dog attacked a local resident with marijuana in his pocket.

- For the third time in two years beachcombers in **Hernando County, Florida**, have turned out to scour the beaches for bobbing bales of boo. At least **50 bales** rolled in with the tide late one night recently and were promptly reported by a fisherman.

"You could see the bales for half a mile," Sheriff Melvin Kelly said. Fuzz scarfed up 4,500 pounds after a brief and fruitless stakeout for the mother ship. A community source said that a DC-3 had been seen swooping low over the area. In April 1976, 6,000 pounds washed ashore in Hernando, and before that 13,000 pounds of sea weed were discovered in the area.

- **Zambian** parents are worried about what seems to be an acid and pot epidemic in their midst. "Even seven-year-old juveniles are taking the tablets and smoking dagga," complained a Ndola district social welfare officer. Parents



Swabbies haul tons of fun to waiting Coast Guard freighter after six tons got popped waiting for shipment at Gun Cay, Bahamas.

complain that their children are getting LSD and pot in school, returning home too stoned to help with housework. Police maintain they have seen no psychedelics and that the pot trade is no worse than usual.

- Fate was not flying with the pilot of a DC-3 seized at a **Georgia** airport loaded with **4,350 pounds of smoke**. Carrollton police got an anonymous tip that a suspicious airplane was sitting at the end of the runway at West Georgia Regional Airport. They found the pot-laden plane and a van, later arresting a Florida man at an Atlanta hotel. Police explained their lucky find: "If you've got a plane parked at the end of a runway and a van backed up next to it, especially in the middle of the night, you know something is going on."

- **Eight tons of Thai sticks** seized off the coast of **Oregon** have been burned by the city of Eugene to provide heat. The frugal Oregonians torched the superpot after the state's Department of Environmental Quality determined the weed-heat would not be dangerous. Marty Douglas, a spokesperson for the agency, explained the marijuana was burned at a 1-to-20 ratio with the regular timber residue called hog fuel. The sticks were seized after a running gun battle on the beach and ocean

near Bandon.

- A gang of suspected gringo smugglers hightailed it across the **U.S. border** in a World War II B-29 plane peppered by a hail of Mexican narc gunfire. The smugglers left **half a ton of weed** behind. Federales ambushed the plane as it was about to take off from a clandestine airstrip near the village of Los Moscos. The eight lawpersons were greeted by volleys of M-1 and submachine-gun fire. They say they were able to hit the plane as it took off.

- In a combined operation by the

Colombian police and navy, a shipment of Santa Marta gold bit the dust on the beaches of **Palo-mino**. A light freighter loaded with at least **150 bales** was captured, but the crew abandoned ship in time and no arrests were made.

- Another of the alleged big shots behind the **Jetmore, Kansas, ten-ton plane-load of Colombian**, busted last year, has gone down to Colombian narcs after six months on the lam. "El Flako," as he is called, was arrested in Barranquilla recently on charges of dope smuggling: specifically, that he was flight engineer on the scam, responsible for the difficult mid-flight switching operation on the extra long-range fuel tanks installed. Still being searched for is one last member of the ill-fated conspiracy.

- A private drug-abuse foundation says that since Oregon became the first state to decriminalize marijuana in 1973, pot use has increased by about 6 percent. The report says that among Oregon residents aged 18 to 29, 62 percent of those polled said they had tried the evil weed at least once.



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COAST GUARD GETS NEW EYES IN SKIES

by Bob Kleinman

Contrabandistas around the Southeast will have to learn new tricks as the Coast Guard deploys heavy technological warfare along the South American dope trail. A fleet of supersonic, highly sensitive surveillance jets is being assembled to aid the sea fleet.

At present the Coast Guard's aerial fleet consists of a few helicopters and four-engine carriers. These will be supplanted by the Falcon Jet 206, a medium-range surveillance aircraft capable of surveying hundreds of square miles of ocean each minute. The Falcons are set for delivery in late 1978 and will cover the entire East and West coasts of the U.S. with "impenetrable surveillance," according to Coast Guard sources. No specific number was available other than an official "lot of them."

The planes' main jobs will be to monitor three key smuggling routes: the Yucatan Channel between Mexico and Cuba, the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti and the Mona Passage between the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico. Ships tracked through this area will be cross-checked with the El Paso intelligence center in Texas, which assembles information on ships coming and going to and from South America that have a history of smuggling.



U.S. Coast Guard

"There are only two kinds of dealers...those who need forklifts and those who don't," said an anonymous smuggler once. He could have added that the DEA uses forklifts too, here to unload 15 tons.

CLASSIFIED

Rates: \$4.00/word; min. 10 words. POB nos. - 2 words each, abbreviations, ZIP codes - 1 word each. Classified display is available at \$125/column inch (column width is 2 1/8"). All ads must be typewritten for legibility. Check/M.O. must accompany copy. Ads will appear 60 to 90 days after receipt. All classified ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. High Times, The HT Classified, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

GROWING AIDS

GROW KITS—WITH INSTRUCTIONS and enough materials to grow 4 lbs., includes colchicine supply. Free details, **GREEN GOURMET**, Box 1292A, Detroit, Mich. 48232.

SAN PEDRO CACTUS (*Tricocereus pachanoi*). Grow your own! Rooted plants \$20 per foot. Will grow indoors! Unrooted cuttings \$14 per foot. Minimum order one foot. Send check or m.o. to **TYLER**, P.O. Box 1172, Aptos, Ca. 95003.

HYDROPONICS. YOU HAVE heard how it works better, faster. Now, see how the professionals do it. We have a system which is more than a toy; it can be as small or as large as you want. It can be used in a closet, a spare bedroom, outside, or in a large greenhouse. \$2.50 for booklet. **HYDROPONICS**, POB 8523, San Jose, Ca. 95155.

HERBS & HIGHS

SAGACIOUS NATIVE AMERICAN'S smoke. Big sample \$5. **PEACEPIPE**, Box H591, Tenino, Wash. 98589.

LEARN HOW TO GROW SUPER marijuana! For details send \$1 to **B&C ENT.**, P.O. Box 26, New Hartford, N.Y. 13413.

SHOOTING STARS FOR STIMULATION and energy. 30/100 mg. capsules for \$5. **MCDONOUGH**, P.O. Box 2030A, Las Vegas, Nev. 89101. Cash or money orders, instant service.

BOOKS

TOM ROBBINS!!! LIKED EVEN Cowgirls Get the Blues? You'll love the Tom Robbins Newsletter. Send \$1.50 for sample copy to Robbins Newsletters, 239 E. 2nd St., NYC 10003.

DR. MUNCHIE'S SURVIVAL manual. The how, when and wheres for surviving the munchies with new & different recipes from the munchie people. Stories, recipes, tips; \$2.50 to **DR. MUNCHIE**, 7828 N.W. 44th Street, Sunrise, Fla. 33321.

A GOLDEN GUIDE: HALLUCINogenic Plants written by Richard Schultes. 160 pages, over 100 illustrations. \$1.95 plus 25¢ postage to: **QUALITY BOOKS**, Dept. HT2, 139 West Maple, Birmingham, Mich. 48011.

MISCELLANEOUS

NO TINY RED EYES FROM cannabis when using Visocon. \$4.95. **INVEC**, 206 Walnut Street, Lambert, Quebec, Canada J4P-2T1.

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TATTOOING. THE ONLY COM-plete course of its kind. Learn all the secrets that took me many years to learn. It's now available to you for only \$29.95. Send money order to: CAPT. JACK'S, 91 Rt. 23, Riverdale, N.J. 07457.

SEND TWO DOLLARS, RE-ceive two-dollar bill plus! stone, ring and name on mailing list! Buzzy's Cat Company, Box 64, Lisbon, Ohio 44432.

REFILL DISPOSABLE BUTANE lighters. Easy illustrated plans—\$1. APPLETON RECYCLING, RFD #1, Maine 04862.

FREE TRAVEL WORLDWIDE—complete details—\$3 and S.A.S.E.—FREE ASSOCIATES, Box 1637-H3, P.G. Plaza Branch, Hyattsville, Md. 20788.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF proving that God lives! Prove to yourself, in the privacy of your own bedroom, that God exists! Satisfaction, money-back guarantee. Send \$1 with self-addressed envelope to 1229 N. Meta, O.C., Okla. 73107.

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ENRICH YOUR MUSICAL senses with Indian sitar music, a must for smokers and tokers, 8-track tape only \$3. Also hard to find party-tapes. Send \$3 for

party-tape and list or \$1 for list. **PARTY-TIME UNLIMITED, P.O.** Box 718, Newark, Ohio 43055.

HEY MOMMA!! MAKE YOUR live penis bigger. For details, send \$5.95 to F. & B. ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 109, Bush, La. 70431.

OPPORTUNITIES

HEAD SHOP. ESTABLISHED over five years. \$18,000. CHRONOSYNCLASTICINFIN-DIBULUM, 220 East Independence Boulevard, Charlotte, N.C. 28204. (704) 332-5298.

NATURAL FOOD STORE FOR sale in Humboldt County, Northern California. Beautiful coastal range, back-to-the-land community. Store open 7 years. Completely solvent. TED, P.O. Box 325, Garberville, Ca. 95440.

SUPER DISCOUNT ROLLING papers. For free price list and ordering information, send 25¢ (for postage) to OUTER SPACE PRODUCTS, P.O. Box 23127, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

IMPORT OR TRANSPORT your planes or mine. Anything, anywhere, anytime. Experienced. OCCUPANT, P.O. Box A228, Waukegan, Ill. 60085.

DEALERS: SELL IT BEFORE you buy it. That's what our full-color catalog does. Illustrates almost 200 handmade items both Indian and non-Indian jewelry. Supplement to be issued in the spring. Catalog \$6, refundable first order. Information pack free. MILAN SILVER & GOLD, Box 68, Grants, N. Mex. 87020, 505-287-9402.

BUMPER STICKER PRINTING device. Cheap, simple, portable. Free details. BUMPER, P.O. Box 22791 (FE), Tampa, Fla. 33622.

FOR SALE: HIP BAR IN MOUN-tains of northwest Montana. 1

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Send Check or Money Order to:
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Money Back Guarantee-Allow 4 to 6 Weeks Delivery

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hour from excellent skiing. 5 minutes from beautiful Flathead Lake. P.O. Box B, Bigfork, Mont. 59911.

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MARIJUANA-LEAF RUBBER stamp, 1 1/4" square, professionally cut. Green stamp pad included. Personalize match books, stationery, memos, etc. Specify plain or with "Free Me" slogan. Send \$5.95 plus \$1 postage and handling to LASTING IMPRESSIONS, 403 Lagunitas Ave., Oakland, Ca. 94610. Ca. residents add 6% sales tax. Money orders speed delivery.

SMOKING THAT PARAPHER-nal organizer; pine, rosewood finish. \$14, money order. 'NOTHER HIGH, 12717 Clarion Road, Oxon Hill, Md. 20022.

HASH FROM YOUR STASH w/o chemicals, screens. Azobides Instant Hashmaker. Free details: BLEAK, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Ca. 93406.

FEELING GOOD PLAYFUL card game(s) brings you closer to your higher self. Enliven parties, groups, trips. Thought-energizing questions. Creative Tarot. \$5.75, FEELINGGOOD HT, 507 Palma, Mill Valley, Ca. 94941.

CHICKEN LEG PIPES. AS FEAT-ured in January High Times, page 48. The original! \$30 postpaid. Send check or money order to: RICHARD BEARD, 651 Brannan Street, Office 5, San Francisco, Ca. 94107.

MINIATURE CHROME-PLATED Chopper roach clips. Quality built. Joint-sized bikes—\$6. Trikes—\$7.50. Send stamped envelope for pictures. Dealers invited! RICHARD GAFF, 2760-1/2 Coburg Road, Eugene, Ore. 97401.

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WE MANUFACTURE PIPES, clips, etc. Send \$1 for catalog. See our low prices. MR. ZIGG'S, Box 238, Underhill, Vt. 05489.

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TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS

MARKET



AFGHANISTAN

| | | | |
|--------------------|--------------|---------|---------|
| Local kabul hash | good | oz | 1-2 |
| Water-pressed hash | marbled | oz | 40-70 |
| Shirac hash | stupefying | oz | 2-3 |
| Mazar-i-sharif | black, primo | oz | 100-175 |
| Opium | knockout | oz | 5-8 |
| | | oz | 50-80 |
| | | oz | 5-10 |
| | | kilo | 150-250 |
| | | 6 pipes | 20 |

BERLIN

| | | | |
|---------------|-------------------|------|-----------|
| Afghani hash | good to excellent | oz | 50-75 |
| Lebanese hash | soft red, good | lb | 500-725 |
| Moroccan hash | just OK | gm | 2-5 |
| Thai sticks | high quality | kilo | 1200-1350 |
| LSD | blotter | oz | 35-50 |
| Cocaine | decent supply | lb | 475-575 |
| | | one | 15-25 |
| | | 100 | 800-1200 |
| | | 100 | 200-400 |
| | | gm | 65-110 |
| | | oz | 500-750 |

CANADA

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|-----|-----------|
| Domestic | fair to good | oz | 15-25 |
| Top-grade Mexican | rare of late | lb | 150-200 |
| Commercial | glut | oz | 40-50 |
| Colombian | increasing flow | lb | 475-700 |
| Connoisseur | variety, good to excellent | oz | 30-45 |
| Colombian | lacking | lb | 350-450 |
| Hawaiian | black slabs, worthwhile | oz | 40-60 |
| Thai sticks | excellent when found | lb | 450-550 |
| Afghani hash | fair supply | oz | 180-200 |
| Kashmiri hash | ambrer, tremendous | oz | 2000-3100 |
| Honey oil | off-season, but there | one | 20-25 |
| Magic mushrooms | blotter, microdot, caveat emptor | oz | 180-220 |
| LSD | short and sweet | lb | 1200-1800 |
| Cocaine | available in East | gm | 1800-2500 |
| MDA | | oz | 35-50 |
| | | oz | 450-550 |
| | | oz | 450-600 |
| | | oz | 20-25 |
| | | hit | 3-5 |
| | | 100 | 100-250 |
| | | gm | 75-125 |
| | | oz | 1450-2000 |
| | | gm | 40-60 |

COLOMBIA

| | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|----|-----------|
| Santa Marta gold, red | good selection, quantity | oz | 4-10 |
| Punta roja | mostly dated | lb | 55-75 |
| Commercial | leafy brown | oz | 7-10 |
| Colombian hash | improving | lb | 50-75 |
| Colombian hash oil | poor to fair | oz | 2-4 |
| Mushrooms | OK supply | lb | 30-40 |
| Cocaine | excellent flake and rock | oz | 25-50 |
| | | lb | 1000-2000 |
| | | oz | 150-200 |
| | | lb | 1000-1250 |
| | | oz | 3-5 |
| | | lb | 100-300 |
| | | oz | 100-300 |
| | | lb | 2500-3000 |

COPENHAGEN

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------------------------|------|------------|
| Domestic | some good violet | oz | free, 8-10 |
| Thai sticks | costly treats | kilo | 150 |
| Moroccan hash | dusty green | one | 15-20 |
| Lebanese hash | prices dropping | gm | 2.50-3.50 |
| Afghani hash | tasty, fresh shipments expected | kilo | 175-250 |
| Paki hash | oily | gm | 250-350 |
| Nepalese hash | hand-pressed eggs | kilo | 1500-2500 |
| Opium | exclusive item | gm | 3-5 |
| LSD | microdots | kilo | 2.50-4 |
| Cocaine | direct from South America | hit | 12-15 |
| | | 100 | 2.50-4 |
| | | gm | 150 |
| | | gm | 75-100 |
| | | oz | 1800-2200 |

GENEVA

| | | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------|-----|--------|
| Afghani black | rare slabs | gm | 3-4 |
| Brown Lebanese | good head | oz | 80-90 |
| Moroccan brown | delicious, reliable | gm | 2.50-4 |
| Senegalese | stony, by way of Amsterdam | oz | 65-75 |
| LSD | orange, purple, brown microdots | oz | 2.2-50 |
| | | oz | 55-75 |
| | | oz | 40-50 |
| | | hit | 2.50-4 |

JAPAN

| | | | |
|-----------|--------------------------------|--------|---------|
| Paki hash | dark, OK head | gm | 20-25 |
| Thai | Buddha sticks, supershake | one | 20-25 |
| Vapors | industrial toluene | oz | 75-100 |
| Heroin | Burmese and others, top drawer | gallon | 10-15 |
| Speed | resurgence | gm | 150-250 |
| | | gm | 20-25 |

LONDON

| | | | |
|----------------|-----------------------------|-----|-----------|
| African grass | plentiful | oz | 35 |
| Moroccan hash | small amounts of quality | oz | 30-40 |
| Lebanese hash | cloth wrapped, OK | lb | 400-600 |
| Afghani hash | thin slabs, good | oz | 70-100 |
| Colombian hash | quality up | lb | 800-1000 |
| Hash oil | some Afghani | oz | 75-150 |
| LSD | big blotter | lb | 800-1250 |
| Cocaine | OK to good | oz | 50-65 |
| Mandrax | large demand, steady supply | lb | 500-800 |
| | | hit | 25-35 |
| | | 100 | 1-1.50 |
| | | gm | 75-150 |
| | | oz | 75-150 |
| | | one | 1600-2000 |
| | | 100 | 1-3 |
| | | 100 | 100-200 |

MEXICO

| | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|----|---------|
| Torreón violet | breathtaking | oz | 8-12 |
| Guadalajara | scant supply | lb | 50-75 |
| Oaxacan tops | rising potency | oz | 5-10 |
| Guerrero gold | smooth, but seedy | lb | 50-75 |
| Pueblo | good | oz | 4-6 |
| Magic mushrooms | fresh, excellent | lb | 65-90 |
| Cocaine | brown to pure white | oz | 20-50 |
| Opium | supply up | lb | 3-6 |
| | | oz | 20-70 |
| | | lb | 5-10 |
| | | gm | 50-125 |
| | | oz | 30-50 |
| | | oz | 300-500 |
| | | oz | 50-75 |
| | | lb | 400-500 |

PARIS

| | | | |
|---------------|--------------------|-----|----------|
| Congo grass | short supply | oz | 50-80 |
| Thai sticks | excellent if found | lb | 500-800 |
| Lebanese hash | fair to good | one | 10-25 |
| Moroccan hash | OK blond | 100 | 750-1200 |
| Nepalese hash | scarce of late | oz | 50-60 |
| LSD | some blotter | lb | 400-700 |
| Opium | available | oz | 25-50 |
| | | lb | 350-500 |
| | | oz | 65-100 |
| | | lb | 900-1100 |
| | | one | 2.50-5 |
| | | 100 | 200-350 |
| | | gm | 10-15 |

RIO DE JANEIRO

| | | | |
|------------------|-----------------------------|-------|-----------|
| Amazon grass | excellent, increasing | oz | 20-25 |
| Paraguayan grass | sublime | lb | 200-300 |
| Cocaine | the toast of the Copacabana | oz | 25-35 |
| LSD | dandy windowpane | gm | 40-50 |
| Magic mushrooms | 4 bites to heaven | oz | 650-800 |
| | | hit | 2.50-3.50 |
| | | 15 gm | 10-15 |

SPAIN

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|-------|-----------|
| Spanish griffa | good grass | oz | 15-20 |
| Moroccan hash | fresh commercial chocolate, good | kilo | 400-500 |
| Lebanese red hash | sacks, blond & red, not the best | oz | 40-50 |
| Chitral hash | hard to find | kilo | 1000-1200 |
| Hash oil | Moroccan dark green, abundant | oz | 50-60 |
| LSD | good blotter | kilo | 1500-1700 |
| Cocaine | good to excellent | oz | 70-80 |
| Quaaludes | different kinds in quantity | kilo | 2000-2500 |
| | | liter | 1200-1500 |
| | | hit | 3-5 |
| | | 100 | 200-300 |
| | | gm | 80-100 |
| | | oz | 1000-1500 |
| | | 100 | 20-25 |
| | | 1000 | 2000-2250 |

USA

| | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|-----|-----------|
| Contiguous | tasty colas | oz | 30-60 |
| Top-grade Mexican | good brown | lb | 150-400 |
| Quality Jamaican | mucho | oz | 20-40 |
| Commercial Colombian | likewise | lb | 125-300 |
| Connoisseur Colombian | top stuff, scarce | oz | 25-40 |
| Seedless Colombian | powerful, perfumed, oft disguised | lb | 250-400 |
| California sinsemilla | sweet and seedless, astronomical | oz | 40-50 |
| Hawaiian Puna buds | not moving | lb | 375-650 |
| Moroccan hash | dirty blond, zzzz | oz | 40-75 |
| Lebanese hash | overpriced | lb | 750-1000 |
| Black Afghani hash | pressed balls, good | oz | 100-125 |
| Nepalese hash | just decent, no buy | lb | 800-1200 |
| Paki hash | lacking | oz | 80-100 |
| Thai sticks | rare | lb | 625-800 |
| Hawaiian | potent Afghani to honey | oz | 85-120 |
| Hash oils | powder blotter, microdot, others | lb | 1000-1400 |
| PCP | available fresh, frozen | oz | 150-225 |
| LSD | rare, many "boots," some no good | lb | 1500-1800 |
| Psilocybin mushrooms | various qualities | oz | 100-150 |
| Quaaludes, 714s | | lb | 1000-1200 |
| Cocaine | | oz | 75-100 |
| | | one | 800-1200 |
| | | oz | 15-30 |
| | | oz | 150-175 |
| | | oz | 100-175 |
| | | lb | 1000-1750 |
| | | gm | 25-40 |
| | | oz | 350-750 |
| | | gm | 60-75 |
| | | hit | 2-3 |
| | | 100 | 75-200 |
| | | oz | 25-45 |
| | | lb | 100-250 |
| | | one | 3-5 |
| | | 100 | 350-500 |
| | | gm | 60-120 |
| | | oz | 1000-2000 |

Alaska

| | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|----|-----------|
| Domestic | green, plenty | oz | 25-45 |
| Regular Mexican | thin supply | lb | 250-350 |
| Cocaine | fair to good | oz | 25-35 |
| Colombian | mostly commercial | lb | 250-350 |
| | | gm | 100-120 |
| | | oz | 1500-1750 |
| | | oz | 75-100 |
| | | lb | 400-600 |

Hawaii

| | | | |
|------------|-----------------------------|----|-----------|
| Kona gold | piney taste, excellent high | oz | 30-75 |
| Maui | delicious, tourist prices | lb | 750-1000 |
| Kaui | stoney, overpriced | oz | 20-40 |
| Puna buds | sweet, red | lb | 1000-1250 |
| Oahu shake | nice buzz | oz | 20-40 |

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

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Kit Includes:
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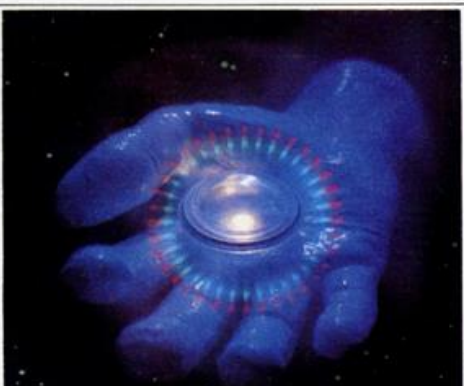
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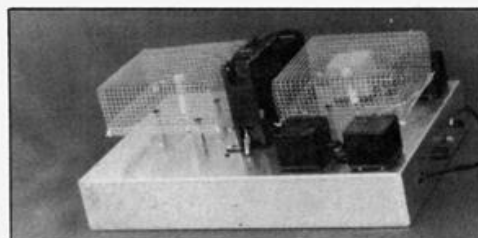
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by Gary Stimeling

Negative Ion Generator

One of the most popular articles *High Times* has ever published is Jim Hougan's July '77 story on negative-ion generators. The ion, he found, can be a unique, dopeless high that for many people improves mental alertness and creativity. The negative ion has been found to be the source of that peculiar tingling relaxation that happens near waterfalls and just before thunderstorms. Since the story's appearance, however, we've found there is occasionally a less positive side to



The Ion-Air, built by Golden Enterprises (Box 1282, Glendale, Arizona 85311), is one of several heavy-duty generators available in the \$250 to \$275 price range. The 20-watt Ion-Air's output is controlled by Faraday cages to a constant 9 billion ions per second, enough to pleasantly charge a large room. Ozone and radiation production is nil. FDA regulations prevent any company from mentioning health benefits, but generators are tax deductible if your doctor recommends one for you.

negative ions. One source of information is an unusually detailed letter from a physicist in Geneva, Switzerland, who prefers to remain anonymous. Part of his message is quoted below:

"Brain cells have filaments used as senders and receivers for signals. Connecting one cell's sender to another's receiver is a fluid through which an electronic signal can travel. When a sender does its thing, it becomes increasingly negatively ionized until it reaches its firing threshold. The conductor picks up the charge and transfers it to the receiver until the reception threshold is reached and the charge is absorbed. When the level of negative ions in the air is increased, all senders and receivers are brought closer to their thresholds.

"As a result, signal transmission is faster and requires less energy. But—as with

many good things—too much can be worse than none. Raising the nerves too near their thresholds results in an intolerable sensitivity to stray signals, either inside or outside of the body or brain. Raising the level beyond the thresholds will burn out parts of the brain and cause all muscles to contract with maximum force, tearing them or breaking the bones to which they are anchored."

Researchers seem divided on possible dangers. For example, George W. E. King of the American Institute of Medical Climatology says there is no foundation for this concern, that no lab experiments or commercial machines have even come close to generating enough ions to be dangerous. But Rockefeller University's Dr. Jonathan Charry says that, because individuals vary greatly in their sensitivity to negative ions, some people may experience depression or irritability. He cites a 1958 study in which persons treated with negative ions were bothered by throat congestion, smarting eyes and dry, inflamed nasal passages. An experiment in the previous year showed a decline in brain alpha rhythm in most subjects exposed to either positive or negative ionization. Charry emphasizes that there is very little research on the effects of negative ions on especially sensitive people.

The upshot is: Use an ionizer judiciously to enhance your head or health, but watch for symptoms of overuse and don't test any mammoth experimental units on anyone but yourself.

New Auto Transmission

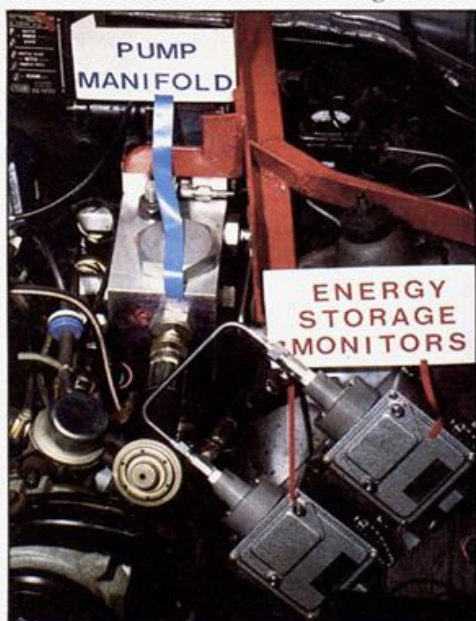
A revolutionary new auto transmission that can double gas mileage has been tested by its inventor, but disagreements with the U.S. Department of Energy (DOE) have stalled it on its way to market.

Vincent Carman's Inertial Storage Transmission (IST) features several devices to store power that is wasted in normal transmissions. For instance, when you slow down at a light, the engine keeps running at optimum speed as the excess energy builds up in a pressure accumulator. As soon as you ease up on the accelerator the wheels are automatically hooked up to a hydraulic pump and the energy that would normally go to heat up the brake linings is also stored, while the car's forward motion is absorbed in driving the pump. As soon as the pressure accumulator is charged, the IST shuts off the engine and cuts in a hydraulic motor to run the car, automatically restarting the engine when the stored power is used up. Tests on a Ford Granada racked up mileage of 40 miles per gallon, compared to the standard model's 20.

Once you learn that the device would add only \$200 to \$300 to the price of a new car, you might want one. But control your enthusiasm. The IST was endorsed by the National Bureau of Standards over two

years ago, but federal agencies and Detroit car makers have declined to order test models without preliminary tryouts by DOE.

A long argument developed. Carman wanted a limited series of tests, geared to



U.S. Postal Service and stop-and-go urban requirements, conducted at a local lab in Portland. DOE wanted a large group of tests—for emission controls, highway, urban and bus use—done at NASA / Cal Tech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California. Carman distrusted this choice because JPL is under contract to test a competing but unproven flywheel transmission as part of a Transportation Department electric-vehicle contract. After pressure from the Oregon congressional delegation, however, DOE has settled for fewer tests, and at press time they were scheduled for mid-March in Portland, using Carman's new prototype—an IST-equipped Volkswagen diesel Rabbit.

Ultrasonic Pest Repellent

A polio-crippled veteran and ex-guitar player has become a millionaire in the traditional American way—by inventing a better mousetrap. In fact, Bob Brown's ultrasonic generator gets rid of rats, cockroaches, ants and fleas as well as mice. The device works by emitting sound frequencies up to a million cycles per second, far above the range of human hearing but to vermin a shrill whistle that drives them crazy and, eventually, away. So far, Brown and his Amigo Ecology Corporation have sold over 18,000 of the instruments to such clients as local chicken farmers and to the governments of Venezuela and Spain to clear out granaries and groceries. The company, based in Los Angeles and Tijuana, has been contacted by the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development about using the machines in low-rent New York City apartments. ☐

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CIA Acid Assassins Sued Again

A 59-year-old former air-force recruiter who claims he was dosed with LSD by a Central Intelligence Agency coworker in 1962 is seeking \$450,000 in damages from the agency for a nervous breakdown. Robert R. Green, who allegedly worked on a CIA study of foreign industrial production, recently used the Freedom of Information Act to get copies of medical records that convinced him he had been an acid guinea pig.

A virtual pariah on the CIA project because of his blue-collar background, Green blames a suspicious piece of candy given him as a supposed peace-offering by an "arrogant, class-conscious" woman with whom he was on unfriendly terms. Soon after eating the dainty, he was racked by uncontrollable hallucinations. Green recalls that his symptoms were followed with keen interest by the woman. Subsequent intense flashbacks often made him unable to work and led him to be committed to a half-dozen mental hospitals in the intervening years. Green is now awaiting a hearing under the Federal Employees Compensation Act, while the compensation board seeks classified documents in proof of Green's employment with the agency.

Court Allows Patent on Life

A recent ruling by the U.S. Court of Customs and Patent Appeals allows researchers to patent life forms as well as inanimate gadgets. The case resulted from a patent request by the Upjohn Company, which developed a way to purify cultures of the microorganism that produces lincomycin, an antibiotic. The creatures exist in nature, but the ruling could apply equally well to new organisms made by gene recombination. The Patent Office may appeal the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Pot Shrink Appeals Conviction

Controversial psychiatrist Dr. Martin Shepard is now appealing his conviction for nine tiny pot plants weighing a total of 0.86 ounce. Shepard, author of *Games Analysts Play* and *The Do-It-Yourself*

Psychotherapy Book, was busted on his return from a vacation after narcs had intimidated his 12-year-old son into naming his father as owner of the seedlings, which the fuzz claim they spotted in a third-story window from a road 100 feet away from Shepard's Sagaponack, Long Island, home.

With the help of NORML, Shepard and his lawyer, Michael Kennedy, are turning the case into a constitutional challenge of the law, claiming the right of privacy protects the possession of small amounts of pot for personal use in one's own home.



Dr. Martin Shepard awaits appeal verdict in his conviction for possessing 0.86 ounces of pot plantlets.

Despite testimony on pot's harmlessness by Dr. Norman Zinberg, the trial judge disagreed, and Shepard awaits the decision of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court in Brooklyn.

Two Small Steps Toward Justice

Two recent decisions from the same Bloomington, Indiana, courtroom may help certain marijuana and cocaine defendants although they set no binding precedent within the state itself.

Jeffrey Annis, who admitted scoring five pounds of marijuana for an insistent buyer-narc, was nevertheless acquitted by a jury on the grounds that the laws are unjust. Bad weather made it necessary to select jurors from among passers-by on the street, many of whom proved to be young, aware Indiana University students. In fact, the jury came close to overturning the pot prohibition itself under a provision of the state constitution that allows a jury to nullify a law it deems unconstitutional. Instead, they opined that grass should not be classed in Schedule I with heroin and cocaine. As a result

of the decision, the Morgan County prosecutor has decided to drop many of the other weed cases on his schedule.

In a bench trial, the same presiding judge, Phillip Smith, refused to declare the cocaine laws unconstitutional but was so impressed with scientific evidence for its harmlessness that he sentenced defendant Blaine Hall to one year on a felony rap that could have meant 20 to life. Expert testimony from researchers Dr. Joel Fort and Dr. Ronald Siegel was instrumental in the ruling. Both the constitutional challenge and the sentence are currently on appeal, with a decision expected soon.

Indians Lose Cape Cod Suit

An all-white jury recently decided that the Wampanoag Indians of Mashpee, Massachusetts, were not a bona-fide tribe at key points in their history and thus ended their suit for 11,000 acres of land in the town.

The Wampanoags—one of the few eastern tribes to convert to Christianity and ally themselves with the colonists to escape white scalp-bounty hunters—had occupied land near Mashpee ever since it was ceded to them by Massachusetts in 1834. In 1870, a state law allowed the Indians to sell their land, which many did to pay debts or taxes. Mashpee was still predominantly an Indian town until the 1960s, when an influx of real-estate developers began turning it into a resort and attracting white landowners who suddenly became the ruling majority in the town government.

The Indians then attempted to regain control of their home by recourse to a 1790 law that prohibited sales of Indian lands without consent of Congress—thus claiming the 1870 state law was unconstitutional. But to gain this remedy, the court ruled they first had to qualify as Indians under U.S. law by proving they had "not abandoned" their ancestral tribal government during their centuries of coexistence with the white man. The jury decided otherwise, and the Wampanoag defeat is expected to have adverse psychological effects on other Indian land suits scheduled for trial this year.

Juror's Goof Acquits Doper

Larry Watson recently escaped up to ten years in jail on a heroin felony even though the jury found him guilty. Luckily for Watson, the foreman of the jury mistakenly checked the "Not Guilty" box on the verdict form and neglected to tell the judge of the error until court was adjourned. The constitutional protection against double jeopardy then prevented Watson's retrial on the charge, but codefendant John Huff went to the slam immediately as the jury intended. ■



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Bob Weir: Heaven Help the Fool

Heaven help the fool who passes up Bob Weir's first solo album just because of ugly rumors that producer Keith Olsen is trying to make Weir sound like Olsen's chart-busting buddies Fleetwood Mac, like he did when he produced Weir and the rest of the Grateful Dead on the recent *Terrapin Station* album. Guitarist Weir, who composed such Dead classics as "Looks Like Rain," "One More Saturday Night" and "Crazy Lightning," has certainly lost the kaleidoscopic sound of the unadulterated Dead, but on *Heaven Help the Fool* (Arista AB 4155) he does have every spiffy gimmick, from doo-wopping



Charlie Frick

black girl singers, slapping tambourines and snapping their fingers, to the slick reed work of jazzman Tom (Mr. Instant Airplay) Scott, on great catchy tunes like "Bombs Away," "Easy to Slip" and "Salt Lake City." Meanwhile, look forward to a supersession album starring Olsen's two hot groups called *Deadwood Mac*.

—Doc Rock



Charlie Frick

Peel carouses with rank-and-file punkettes at CBGB's, a New York subterranean pissoir.

David Peel: King of Punk

Greenwich Village vagabond singer David Peel, the Woody Guthrie of pot and yippie politics, has a new image. Now he calls himself King of Punk, and he's declared war on all other punk-rock bands. What's more, he means to show no mercy. At his recent debut in New York's Bowery punk dive CBGB's, he made sure to heap abuse on his star-studded audience filled with Ramones, Dead Boys, Dictators, Talking Heads, Yuppies and Hell's Angels.

"Where were you in 1968?" wailed Peel. "Leather jackets / Greasy faggots / Go home and masturbate. / Fuck you / Phony punks / Why don't you all go back to the suburbs with your plastic parents?" There was an outburst of psychosexual violence when a free-lance groupie threw beer on Peel. He slammed the offender on the head three times with a beer mug, and for the rest of the performance she stayed in the front row rubbing her vagina in mute but lustful appreciation.

Peel's latest album, appropriately titled *King of Punk*, features sure-fire top-forty hits like the title song ("I'm the king of punk from the streets of the lower east suicide / I'm the king of punk from the streets of the lower east homicide") and an indictment of McDonald's called "Murder Burgers," plus all-time classics like the Washington Square Park favorite "Who Killed Brian Jones?" ("Was it one of the Rolling Stones?"). Like all his previous albums (*Have a Marijuana*, *The Pope Smokes Dope*, etc.), *King of Punk* was recorded by Peel in his living room, but you'd never guess it from the sharp precision of Tommy Doyle's wild lead guitar and the expert overdubbing of Peel's ear-splitting vocals. Available for \$4 (plus 50¢ postage and handling) to Orange Records, c/o David Peel, 209 East Fifth Street, New York, New York 10003.

—Spy Smasher



Color Xerox: Felipe Orrego

Eno: Before and After Science

Brian Eno is the kind of cosmic jokester who had to have a nurse pry his hands away from his bloody forehead after he had been run over by a taxi because, as he told her, he was "keeping my head together, man." Eno got famous playing synthesizer with Roxy Music until lead singer Bryan Ferry fired him from the group because the audience kept yelling "Eno!" even during Ferry's singing parts; Ferry, according to Eno, "got progressive-

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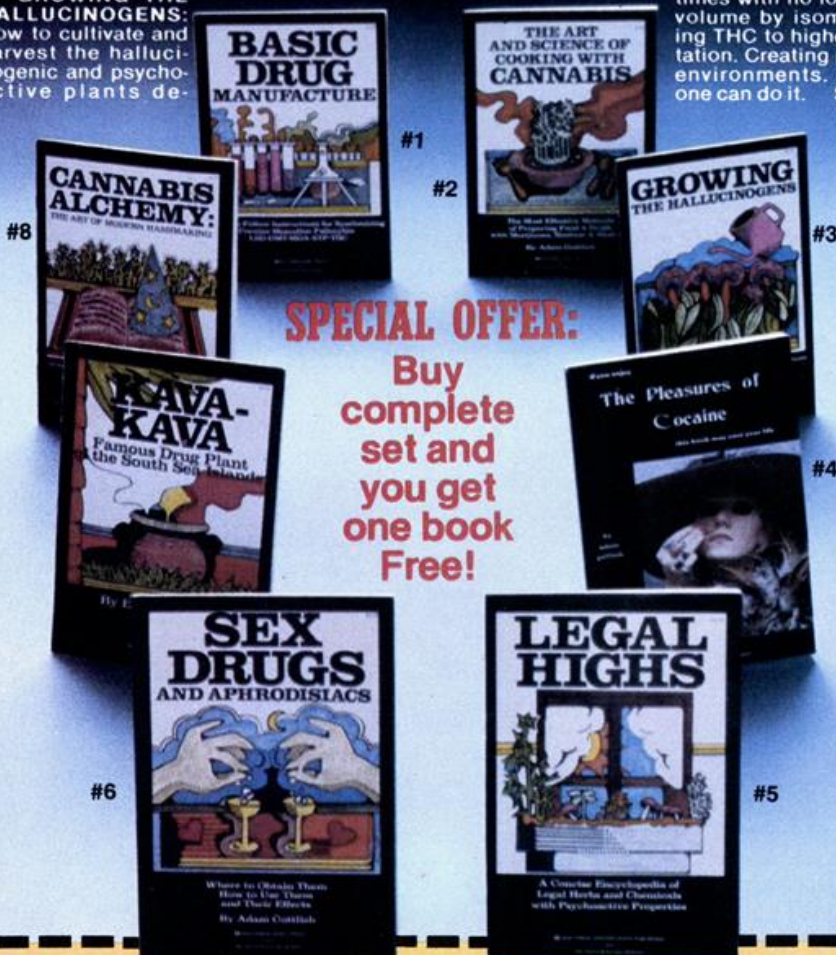
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ly more pissed off." Since then, Eno has successfully collaborated at various times with King Crimson's Robert Fripp, Velvet Underground's John Cale, former Roxy guitarist Phil Manzanera and David Bowie; he has recorded three previous solo albums and is currently producing the punk bands Talking Heads and Devo.

On Eno's latest solo album *Before and After Science* (Island ILPS 9478) his vibrant lyrics conjure mystical landscapes, but the star is once again Eno's rhythmically pulsating synthesizer, which can simulate the familiar lub-dub of open heart surgery as easily as sonar blips, Sputnik messages, the religious tones of a cathedral organ, beach-blanket Blondie-style keyboards or West Coast laid-back Eagles-like tinkling guitar. The spacey wizardry of Eno's synthesizer creates sounds that ricochet and boomerang like a taut rubber band, while the blazing guitars of Manzanera and Fred Frith ally with the sizzling bass lines of Percy Jones. On *Before and After Science* Eno shows he's still the premier Renaissance man of avant-garde rock and the transcendental master of moog. —Antonio Huneus

EVOLUTION (THE MOST RECENT), by Taj Mahal (Warner Bros. BSK 3094). Taj



Mahal, of "Ain't Nobody's Business But My Own" ("champagne don't make me crazy / cocaine don't make me lazy") and *Sounder* fame, sheds

his runaway-slave image and remembers his father's Jamaican heritage on his new calypso-flavored *Evolution* lp. Steel drums, a mambo-like flute and perky rhythms from the islands combine with New Orleans funk, western harmonica and banjo on such upbeat tunes as "Sing a Happy Song" and "Southbound with the Hammer Down" and the country-blues "Queen Bee." The successfully eclectic Taj can easily master any musical trend he chooses to tackle; calypso hasn't been this good since the days when Harry Belafonte used to sing with his shirt open on "Ed Sullivan." —Charley Crespo

RUBY, RUBY, by Gato Barbieri (A & M SP1655). Gato Barbieri, the Argentine



jazz-sax virtuoso who wrote the score for the Bertolucci sextravaganza *Last Tango in Paris*, is being sued for \$750,000 because a neighbor claims his

loud sax practice and wild parties have become "intolerable and unbearable." Obviously she has no taste in music.

Gato Barbieri's hot and juicy tenor-sax sound combines an Argentine heritage with modern-jazz contacts—from his Sixties collaborations with "new thing" jazz in Europe, to his reworking of Latin root

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| Tuesday, July 4 | March at noon to Lafayette Park for WHITE HOUSE SMOKE-IN. |
| Wednesday, July 5 | Future Directions Conference (location to be announced). |

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music in the early Seventies, through his lush and haunting theme from *Last Tango*. On his new album *Ruby*, Ruby Barbieri and producer Herb Alpert have matched solid American session men like fusion-king drummer Lenny White and electronics wizard Steve Gadd with Latin masters like Cachete Maldonado on percussion and Eddy Martinez on keyboards. The summit meeting is a happy success, as Gato's unique high-register sax screams throughout thoughtful arrangements of songs like Stevie Wonder's "Ngiculela Es Una Historia—I Am Singing" with exciting bass work by Gary King. Be like Gato—turn the sound up real loud and disturb the neighbors with some great jazz. —Cris Cioe

WILLIE ALEXANDER AND THE BOOM BOOM BAND (MCA-2323). Willie "Loco"



Alexander is a punk, but he's also a romantic. At 35 his culture heroes are James Dean, Ronnie Spector, Jack Kerouac and Marilyn Monroe. Musically this emaciated singer-songwriter-bizarro is steeped in tradition: as the patriarch of Boston punk, he sang and played keyboards 13 years ago with the legendary Lost and then later toured Europe with the Velvet Underground.

On his debut album this wayward son of a Baptist minister spins emotional fandangoes with the help of stiletto-sharp guitarist Billy Loosigian, flashy-fast drummer David McLean and throbbing Fender bass player Severin Grossman. Alexander feverishly gulps, moans and slides up, around and through his love song "Everybody Knows," his musical panegyric "Kerouac" (Alexander dedicates the entire album to the mystic-alcoholic-Beat author imperial) and his hard-rock rendition of the Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'." Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band succeed in combining the raw outlaw energy of punk with the burnished technical virtuosity of rock 'n' roll veterans.

—Debra Weiner

96° IN THE SHADE, by Third World (Island ILPS 9443). Third World is a reggae sextet who transplanted themselves from Jamaica to San Francisco to lay down their guns and machetes, wear flowers in their hair, hunker



down and mellow out. The result is subtle, laid-back reggae infused with flowing jazz, soft R&B and a blend of Cuban, Latin and African rhythms. On their second album *96° in the Shade*, new vocalist Johnny "Rugs" Clarke is smoother than his predecessor Milton "Prilly" Hamilton was on their debut album *Third World*; and here they experiment with more ex-

otic instruments like the akete, which sounds like a vibraphone. Stephen "Cat" Coore's transcendental guitar shines on "Tribal War" and on Bunny Wailer's "Dreamland" in a brilliant marriage of soul and reggae. Third World is less didactic, hence more romantic, than the Wailers and Burning Spear. But Third World has created a revolutionary new sound in reggae, as finely textured as a coca leaf. —Bob Grossweiner

ALBINONI: Adagio and works by Vivaldi, Gabrieli and Jannequin La Grande Ecurie et la Chambre du Roy (Columbia/Odyssey Y-34605). Inspired by the inven-



tion of the violin, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Venetian composers were the first to make non-vocal music a respected genre in the West, as they developed a concerto form that remained viable for 300 years. This record highlights the evolution of the Venetian concerto from beginnings in the late Renaissance to the glories of Vivaldi.

Clement Jannequin's "The War" was a big hit in the 1500s. A musical description of the Battle of Marignol (1515, France vs. Switzerland), the piece cashed in on the contemporary vogue for martial music, although it sounds more like dismayed realism than macho tunes of glory.

Two generations later, Giovanni Gabrieli's polyphonic horn music became a landmark of the early Baroque with its balance of quiet solo sections and massive brass choruses. The two *canzone* played here show an elaborate intertwining of melody that stems from Gabrieli's practice of writing choral pieces.

Later composers polished the concerto idea to a form that resembled a setting for a gemstone. Two fast movements of bright bravura fanfare surround an inner slow movement of such melodic immediacy, it seems like a long-kept secret promising fabulous good fortune.

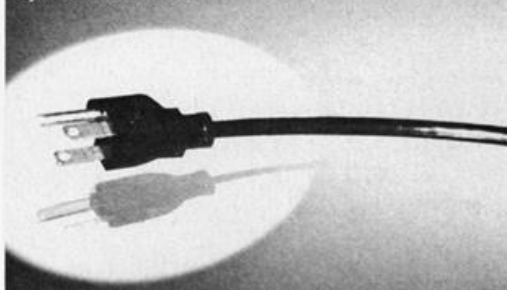
Thommaso Albinoni's "Adagio" is a reconstructed sapphire from a fragment of such a concerto. The rest has been lost in the intervening centuries. A simple harmonic hum by strings and organ supports the unwinding of marvelously effective, long-lined melodic emotions.

Venice's "Red Priest," Antonio Vivaldi, achieved great fame in his lifetime with the hundreds of concerti he wrote in 30 years of teaching music at the Venice Girls Conservatory. The slow movement of the "Piccolo Concerto" given here shows a surprisingly modern, impressionistic sound with many unexpected modulations. Both the opening allegro and the finale display the virtuosity he insisted upon from his performers. The murderously difficult filigree work is stoutly played on the sopranino recorder by Jean-Claude Veilhan.

—Gary Stimeling

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Art Bevacqua

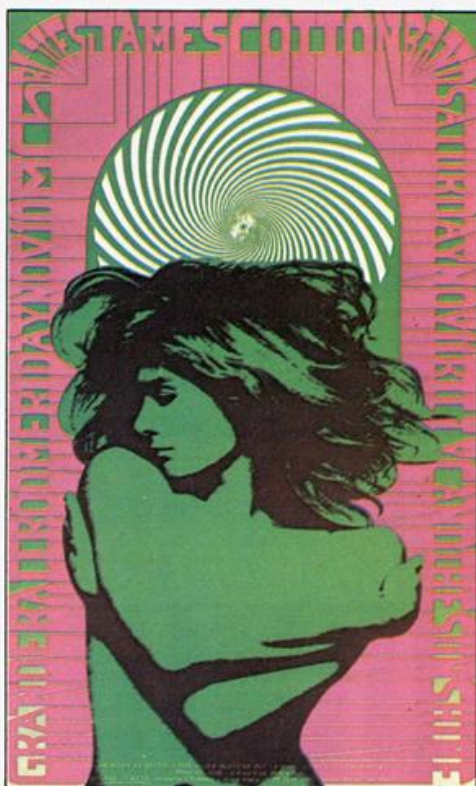


Get On Down

The rock 'n' roll poster has been beautifully celebrated in the portfolio-sized volume *Get On Down: A Decade of Rock and Roll Posters*, edited by Mick Farren (London: Big O Publishing, \$9.95).

Get On Down explains and illustrates how the underground press and motives other than profit enabled rock-poster artists to experiment with print technology, producing exhilarating free-form designs and clashing colors like a gang of space-walking Fauvists. The LSD lettering is often impossible to read, but pure psychedelia is augmented by posters depicting such heroes as Che Guevara, Zig Zag rolling papers and Bob Dylan (a favorite motif with his ambiguous sexuality and birdlike face). In its heyday the rock poster belonged to the wildly creative hippie free-lancer, obviously influenced by hallucinations from exotic dope and the dripping colors and shapes of a Zenith on the fritz as much as by rock music itself.

"After 1969... the production of rock-and-roll posters was firmly back under



Pisces Eyes

the wing of the music industry," writes Farren. Designers culled from art deco and gangster movies, and greasers and glitter ruled the day. Now, says Farren, "The black leather and grease moved from machismo to the more limp-wristed sado-masochist / gay hustler / street-corner punk / junkie persona, more in line with William Burroughs." The next stage is up to the record companies, but *Get On Down* is a shimmering memento of the best of rock art past. —Craig Silver



David Scharf

A marijuana leaf as seen through a scanning electron microscope shows magnified cystolith hairs and glandular resin nodules.

Magnifications

With his scanning-electron-microscope photographs, David Scharf presents a living universe matched only in dreams and science-fiction visions. The blow-ups of marijuana, cocaine, aspirin, razor blades and insects in *Magnifications* (New York: Schocken Books, \$24.95) reveal a vividly otherworldly hallucinogenic microscopical landscape. "I glide over the landscape," writes Scharf. "I gaze in awe at the topography

of a female marijuana flower ripe with resin nodules (the sacs which contain the pure essence of hashish) looking like tiny beings, each one having a different personality in my imagination."

Elsewhere in this panorama of microscopic majesty, a razor, magnified a thousand times, becomes two shiny cliffs sheering off a narrow ridge, while flakes of cocaine thrust jaggedly upwards like

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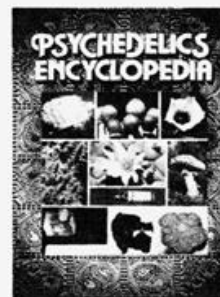
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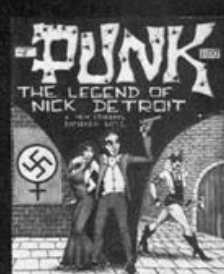
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IF YOU **PUSSIES** THINK YOU CAN TAKE IT!

the iciest of Himalayan peaks. And pity the poor spider mite, caught like a Martian dinosaur in the sticky resin from a broken nodule on a marijuana leaf. —Rick Fields

THE LINCOLN CONSPIRACY, by David Balsiger and Charles Sellier (Los Angeles: Schick Sunn Classic Productions, \$2.25). There are at least a dozen great stories and

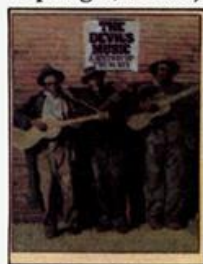


innumerable punch lines in this book. At Washington receptions President Lincoln had to ask his fashion-plate wife, "Mother, which women may I speak with tonight?" John Wilkes Booth, that bloodthirsty ham actor,

wrote his diary in iambic pentameter: "I go to see and share the bitter end." The sergeant who shot Booth's look-alike in Garret's barn, Boston Corbett, was a self-castrated religious maniac who later shot up the gallery of the Kansas legislature. Nearly everybody in the country was involved in one plot or another on Lincoln's life, it seems: Booth was mainly funded by a cabal of northeastern food-service plutocrats who wanted Lincoln dusted to facilitate a north-south shipment of "five million pounds of pork." These and countless other gems are to be rooted out, if you wish to take the time, from whole unnecessary and unrealistic chapters in which the authors—who mainly write screenplays for "only G-rated family motion pictures" like *In Search of Noah's Ark*—have piped in entirely fictional dialogue and narrative after the fashion of *All the President's Men*. Despite this, and the nonexistent proofreading, and the lack of an index, it makes fairly wonderful reading.

—Dean Latimer

THE DEVIL'S MUSIC: A HISTORY OF THE BLUES, by Giles Oakley (New York: Taplinger, \$14.95). This is not only a play-



by-play account of the rise of the blues from pre-Civil War plantations to the urban ghettos' honky-tonks and speakeasies but a musical history of the black American ("Tote that barge! Lift that bale! Shoulder that yoke!"). Through the "nigger" minstrels, slave preachers, Baptist shouters, Texan ragtimers and singers in the barrelhouses of the Mississippi delta, the book travels the underground railroads and riverboat mainstreams that carried their kind of music down through the years, coming to rest in the capable hands of the modern masters of the blues: the King boys (B.B., Albert and Freddie), Bobby Blue Bland, Little Johnny Taylor, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Reed, Little Walter and Elmore James. In all, over 750 separate artists and

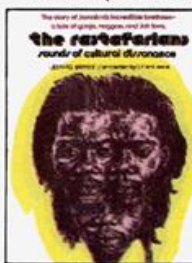
groups are chronicled; *The Devil's Music* is a great illustrated textbook for any course in the history of real American music. Says author Oakley: "For those who sang it—and still do—it is the music of feeling, of direct observation and statement of what is—rather than might be, unadorned, unelaborated, of no pretension." —Charlie Frick

CELESTIAL PASSENGERS: UFOs AND SPACE TRAVEL, by Margaret Sachs with Ernest Jahn (New York: Penguin Books, \$2.95). Flying saucers mostly love to



hassle and baffle U.S. Air Force flyboys. The illustrated *Celestial Passengers*, based on cases from the files of NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena), includes such aerial encounters as the F-89C that disappeared in the skies in 1953 after colliding with a UFO its pilot had been chasing over Lake Superior; the 25 officers and personnel from Offut Air Force Base in Omaha, Nebraska, who sighted and filmed the technically wild maneuvers of a cigar-shaped craft in 1958; and the "unknown" lights that buzzed the Capitol in July 1952 and were reported by Al Chop, former Pentagon and NASA official. And for those readers jealous of the happy-go-lucky planet hoppers there's good news in the final chapter on earthlings' future opportunities for space migration. —Antonio Huneeus

THE RASTAFARIANS: SOUNDS OF CULTURAL DISSONANCE, by Leonard Barrett (Boston: Beacon Press, \$3.95).



Leonard Barrett's *The Rastafarians* has a wealth of vital I-tal Rasta info and provides detailed descriptions of Jamaica's past and present revolutionary movements. It also documents the desperate plight of most Rastas (on several occasions deluded dreads have actually flocked to island airports for rip-off junkets to Ethiopia, their espoused homeland).

The Rastafarians is also rife with bizarre Rasta trivia. The Rastas, for example, are forbidden to eat pork, which they commonly refer to as "that thing." Should a famished dread find the cupboard bare but for a piece of "that thing," however, he'll dub the pork "Arnold" and scarf it down—a ploy worthy of a Rasta Woody or Shecky.

Barrett's belief in the Rastafarians' sociopolitical importance in Jamaica is both sound and well documented. As a readable intro into a complex and frequently misreported culture, *The Rastafarians* is definitely I-ree. —Joe Kane

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Flash



Jack Abraham

The Bong Show

Join Rex Reed, Jaye P. Morgan and Jamie Farr with Chuck Barris tonight as they preview the amazing acts on tonight's Bong Show: The Lightnin' Laser (left) has a built-in circle stash, match striker and tray, all for \$12. The Gamma Probe I (center) features twin chambers, glow-in-the-dark tubing and uncommonly graceful design for \$18. The Enterprise Stash Bong (right) includes a built-in Toke-o-matic, ash tray and swirl-action carburetor, \$25. All from Toke at Box 9973, Marina Del Ray, California 90291. Add \$1 per item for postage.



Jack Abraham

1978... a Vintage Year

Every year will be a vintage year for moisture-free, powder-fine cocaine when you stash your trash in a D-Hydro Bottle. The secret is in the crystals ensconced in the see-through metal cap. When blue, they indicate that moisture is being sucked up out of the coke. When they turn pink, place the cap in a 400-degree oven for ten minutes for recharging. Comes complete with glass pestle and plastic replacement cap, \$12 from D-Hydro Container Corp., Box 805, Stony Brook, New York 11790.



Art Walker

Ever Drop a Penny on a Buffalo from 1,000 Feet?

Don't think Dan'l Boone wouldn't have done it if he'd had the chance. The only really safe way to hunt moose, elk, caribou and Chevys is from a hot-air balloon safely moored above the scenic

San Luis Valley in southern Colorado, courtesy of the Balloon Ranch, America's only dude ranch for hot-air fanciers. Saunas, hot tubs, groovy guys and well-greased girls are all in abundance at the Balloon Ranch, Star Route, Box 41, Del Norte, Colorado 81132. Write for reasonable rates, ask about their fine tacos.



Steve Cooper

Dressed to Maim

No wonder Cherry Vanilla, Mumps and the Helen Wheels Band do their buying at Manmaid boutique, America's leading purveyor of punk fashions. Each 100-percent cotton T-shirt is individually silk-screened in metallic-silver razor blades, safety pins, alligator clips and zippers. At \$5 they come in black or white, small, medium or large, and Manmaid will customize yours with break-away shoulders and fronts, held together with real zippers, only \$5 extra. Write to them at 511 West 27th Street, New York, New York 10001.

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, send it to the Flash editor. ☐



John Farrell

Lawlessness

When he's not supporting himself by writing articles on the selling of the Sixties (see "Media"), Fenton Lawless exploits whatever other medium is at hand. Born naked in Pennsylvania, "Fenton-ioni" came to New York in '68 to work as gofer for the writers of the "Tonight Show," which led to writing chores on the short-lived "Blankety Blanks" game show. In 1976 he filmed *The New York Graffiti Experience*, following the outlaw artists in the streets and up the walls to create a definitive documentary. And now Lawless has recorded his own hit tune, a poignant ballad called "The Prisoner of Weed."



"Bring Back Dope Rider!"

It became the urgent cry of a generation fed up with flesh-and-blood heroes. And now, after a two-year absence from the pages of *High Times*, the Dope Rider is back. But artist Paul Kirchner prefers to keep his distance, living in a ramshackle hog farm in Connecticut. "I'm just preparing for the collapse of civilization," he says. Kirchner's comics also turn up fairly often in the *New York Times*, *Screw* and *Heavy Metal*.

Paraquat Watch

The current paraquat scare has many dope smokers wondering what the poisoned Mexican weed looks like. Who wants fibrosis of the lungs? Truth is, we're betting that not much of the stuff will be seen on the streets, since the following pictures show that paraquat-dosed weed is pretty bad stuff indeed. Even a seeing-eye dog could spot the stuff for the shit it is. Even without paraquat, it looks like garbage.

However, if you've purchased some pot that you suspect is from a paraquat-sprayed load, send at least two grams to PharmChem, 1848 Bay Road, Palo Alto, California 94303. Enclose \$5 (in cash) for the test, and code your sample with a random number. Call PharmChem a week after you mail the sample, mention the number, and they'll tell you if paraquat is present.



Aerial photo of paraquat-treated marijuana. Yellow pot doused with paraquat (upper left of photo) as opposed to healthy marijuana (lower right of photo).



Healthy Mexican pot plant.



Mexican pot plant doused with paraquat.



Healthy kilo of Mexican reefer (left). Paraquat-infected marijuana (right) appears very powdery and yellowish, almost gold. Can be sticky to the touch, but not always. Spots looking like burn holes appear in leaf. Paraquat is tasteless, colorless and odorless. ☠

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Psilocybe cubensis remains the easiest and most popular mushroom for home cultivation. It is the largest of the *Psilocybe* mushrooms, some reaching weights of up to a pound apiece! It grows readily at warm temperatures common to its native Mexico. Homestead's new grain kit provides an excellent medium to produce a rewarding crop for the novice cultivator. The kit includes all the inoculating tools, alcohol lamp, malt-agar medium and petri dishes that come with our larger kits. The mycelium is transferred directly to the grain that is already contained in two bottles, and the mushrooms grow directly out of the bottles. Casing soil is included as well as our usual lifetime supply of proven-fertile spores. For larger crops, we have available a non-manure compost the *Psilocybe cubensis* thrives on. Simply transfer the already growing mycelium into this compost and your crop will be increased many times over. The spores are also available separately.

BEGINNER'S CUBENSIS KIT \$25

Psilocybe cyanescens is a particularly favorite mushroom in the temperate climate of the Pacific Northwest where it thrives on wood mulch. The mycelium spreads rapidly at warm temperatures in the 70's and fruits at about 50 degrees Fahrenheit. When the climate is suitable, this mushroom is ideal for growing outdoors in your garden. Once established you can transfer this species without sterile culture. We include two pounds of a non-manure wood compost that is also available in larger amounts at a very reasonable price for more extensive cultivation. This is a beautiful little mushroom that will more than satisfy the most particular mushroom fancier with its prolific growth. With some ingenuity it can be grown indoors using a thermostatically controlled refrigeration system, as described in the instruction booklet which is enclosed in the kit. The spores are also available separately.

OLYMPIC MUSHROOMKIT \$34

Panaeolus cyanescens grows in the tropical environs of Hawaii, where it is highly prized and loved. This small mushroom springs forth from compost in only ten days after the spawn is added to it. The kit includes two pounds of a specially-blended washed straw manure compost, which has been scientifically proven to be the most productive medium for dung-inhabiting mushrooms. The proper hot and humid climate can be reproduced in an indoor or outdoor setting in many parts of the country. A green house is ideal. As in all the kits, we include all the tools and supplies you need, grain for spawning, and the booklet illustrated from Bob Harris' **Growing Wild Mushrooms**. Compost for this mushroom is not available from us in extra quantities, but it can be easily produced in unlimited quantities using the Pasteurite Electric Compost Machine, invented by Bob Harris. The spores are also available separately for a limited time only.

HAWAIIAN MUSHROOMKIT \$37

The Homestead Book Company introduced the first *Psilocybe* Mushroomkits a year ago, and now we are pleased to introduce the latest developments in mushroom cultivation. Our 3 new kits include all the tools and supplies needed, a generous amount of fertile spores, and a completely illustrated booklet excerpted from Bob Harris' **Growing Wild Mushrooms**. We recommend that you purchase the revised edition of the book, which includes information on all three species.

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